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EX-VOTO.

Somewhere she hides in the waking woodlands,
For her voice has gone forth in the whispering streams;
She has kissed the valleys to sunny rapture,
She has clothed the hillsides with purple dreams.

She is near at hand, her chosen know it,
And winds and bourgeoning boughs confer.
She is near at hand, and the misty willows
And flaming maples are witness of her.

And where the touch of her light feet brushed them,
Warm still places or waiting hills,
There has trembled a sudden dawn of greenness,
Or has flashed the laughter of daffodils.

Shall I be silent where all is singing—
With calling robins and buds a-start?—
Have I no pledge for the old allegiance
Of a heart that is one with spring's own heart?

Arthur Ketchum.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BELIEF.

There has always been a feeling that the natural sciences are gradually despiritualizing our conception of the universe. This has expressed itself among conservative thinkers in violent, and often unreasoning, attacks against the new theories and their authors. Even with the more liberal minded it has not been absent. It has influenced literature, and the bewailing of lost illusions has been a constant theme for the minor poet. The currency of the phrase, "the conflict between science and religion," evidences its prevalence; and also, quite as much, the mass of apologetical literature, itself, which has endeavored to show that no such conflict exists.

It would be foolish to deny all legitimacy to the feeling, prevalent and instinctive as it is. The reason for it is obvious. Science not only has caused the theist to modify his argument considerably. It has done far more than this. It has made another conception of the universe possible besides the theistic conception. To unscientific men the natural world has always seemed an essentially miraculous manifestation of a supernatural power; the argument from design, was unanswerable. Science, by showing a cause and effect relation to exist between all the observable phenomena of nature, has suggested an hypothesis by which the natural world may be conceived as a unified system, evolving in an orderly way according to universal laws inherent in itself. Moreover, it has shown that man in his intellectual and moral, as well as

in his physical being, may be regarded as a product of this cosmical system. "Any animal," says Darwin, "endowed with social instincts, would become ethical if given intelligence." The doctrine of evolution outlines the history of this development.

To be sure, science does not deny the existence of the supernatural behind the natural; nor even the possibility of the intervention of the supernatural in the realm of the natural. Science interests itself wholly in phenomena and the relations between them, and neither affirms nor denies the existence of a noumenal behind the phenomenal. But, by showing that the natural world, if we consider it endowed with certain forces, may be conceived as existing without a supernatural ground, it has made way for a metaphysical doctrine which denies the reality of such ground, or rather identifies it with the phenomena themselves.

Such is the Monism so common among scientific thinkers to-day. In its crudest form, in which the universe is considered as essentially material, it calls itself Materialism or Naturalism. But the doctrine thus stated is so repugnant, and so vulnerable to criticism, that it has never been generally accepted by reflective men. It is, in fact, the fetichism of the more logical and less repulsive system, Idealistic Pantheism: a philosophy which explains the universe in the same general way, but considers it as psychic instead of material in its essence. The whole is represented as a self-sufficient mechanism ever evolving according to its own eternal laws, these being revealed to us in the so-called physical sciences. Man is but a part of it,—a mode of the Absolute.

It is clear that such a philosophy is utterly subversive to religion in the ordinary sense of the term. It does away with God, except as one by a polite desire to appear religious may call the whole cosmic process God; it takes away any true

selfhood by making the individual a mere phase of this process; and it denies the freedom of the will, thereby destroying at a blow the basis of morality. That a man can honestly hold such a creed and still take his world optimistically, is only to be explained by "that precious faculty" (as Mr. Balfour calls it) "which the human race enjoys of quietly ignoring the logical consequences of its own accepted theories."

But are we not forced to accept some philosophy of this sort? If it is a theoretically adequate explanation,—and no doubt it is as adequate theoretically as any other—what right have we to go further? The injunction always to accept the more immediate and simple explanation in preference to one remoter and less simple, seems almost a truism to the modern mind, trained in the school of rationalism. If a house is reputed to be haunted and we discover that it is overrun with rats, who, unless he be "superstitious," will accept for a moment the ghost hypothesis to explain the strange noises which gave the house its bad name? But most people would go further. Even though no physical cause were found to account for the noises, they would affirm dogmatically that ghosts do not exist, and therefore the noises must have some natural cause. We all agree with Hamlet, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy; yet these things undreamt of, we feel sure must somehow be within the domain of those laws which science lays down as ultimate for the explanation of all physical effects.

Does not candor demand the same conclusion in the matter of our world philosophy? If natural laws will explain all phenomena, what right have we to drag in the supernatural, and enthrone it back of the phenomena, simply because our position in the world would be bettered thereby?

It is due to the fear that the progress of science will

eventually compel an affirmative to such questions as this,—and not, as some think, because it is seen that outward forms of religious creeds must be somewhat changed,—that those who interest themselves especially in the spiritual welfare of the race, have thought it their duty to counteract the influence of science,—the unyielding conservatives by direct attacks, the more concessive by gingerly apologetics.

I think we must admit that there is a basis for the fear. Still an examination of belief,—a more curious and intricate process than many might think—may dissipate apprehension to a certain extent.

Of what belief consists in its essence, little can be said. It is an attitude of the mind toward the presentations and representations before it. Some of these, it says, stand for realities,—things which are permanently true for all minds constituted like itself; others have none of this realness back of them. The attitude in the former case, is that of belief; in the latter we call it disbelief. But a closer examination will show that both are believing attitudes, and essentially the same, except in the affirmations they make. In the first case, the mind affirms that something exists; in the second, that something else cannot exist, because the place it claims to occupy in the world of realities, is already preëmpted by a third something, which has secured from the mind the concession of being. Disbelief of an idea, then, is simply the recognition of its incongruity with existing reality. Man believes all he can, and only disbelieves, when there is a conflict between possible realities. The notion, that an idea carries with it some mark distinguishing it as true or false, is quite erroneous.

But we may take another attitude toward our ideas, than that of belief or disbelief: we may doubt; and doubt is the true antithesis of belief. This, however, is a temporary con-

dition, and one the mind is always striving to free itself from by choosing one or other of the contingencies as its realities, and relegating the rest to the region of the unreal. How is this process accomplished? In other words, how does one pick out his beliefs from the infinite number of conflicting possibilities.

The average man would probably say, that strictly speaking, we have no active part in the operation. The possibilities on any point are marshalled before us; we weigh them in the balance of reason with which we have been endowed, and accept, or rather are forced to accept, whichever has the greatest amount of rationality in it. He might admit, that in many cases men are mistaken in their judgments, and even that, influenced by bigotry, they often force themselves to accept illogical conclusions; but still he would probably maintain, that the normal process of forming opinions worthy to be called beliefs, must be purely intellectual, or at least, one in which the reason shall so far preponderate over the feelings and will, as to render their contribution to the result insignificant. A prominent preacher, who called himself orthodox, was once heard to affirm that he believed nothing that he could not demonstrate. Faith, he said, came only with understanding; otherwise it was an absolute absurdity.

But an examination of the psychology of the process, demonstrates the fact that, not only there is and must be an irrational element among the causes of belief, but that this, in most instances, predominates over the rational element. Walter Bagehot calls the act of believing "the emotion of conviction"; and Professor James, the feeling which causes one to give reality to an idea, "the sentiment of rationality."

If such be the case, when two or more conflicting proposi-

tions come before the mind, each backed by its logical arguments, what will be the characteristics of the one which is eventually to cause in us this "emotion" or "sentiment," that is other than its theoretical adequacy?

In the first place, it must be congruous with the "intellectual climate" as Mr. Balfour aptly terms it, in which we chance to live. If one should try, for instance, in any country store in Yankeedom, to defend the proposition, that monarchy is to be preferred to democracy as a political ideal, he would be immediately hooted down. His arguments, however good they might be, would not be considered even important enough to be controverted. Kings and their courts are relics of the dark ages; democracy is the ideal of the enlightened modern world. That was settled when the eagle flapped her wings in King George's face. And yet Mr. Lecky can seriously discuss the question, as to whether democracy has not proved itself a failure.

This intellectual climate seems to affect the formation of our beliefs in three ways. It limits the number of possible alternatives that can present themselves to the individual; it causes some of these to be considered as genuine alternatives, and rules others of equally good logical standing summarily out of court, as in the instance cited just now; and lastly, it often coerces conviction on some particularly favored alternative: for instance, were one living among Jews, and not actually prejudiced against them, he would undoubtedly believe that Captain Dreyfus was innocent, and Major Esterhazy a rascal, even though he knew nothing of the evidence in the case.

But passing the limitations which climate puts upon the possibility of gaining the truth by simple intellectual process, we find still other irrational causes that influence us in deciding our beliefs. It will be possible to mention but a few of

these. Bagehot in his essay on the "Emotion of Conviction," gives four irrational causes of belief. The first is clearness. "Half the world," he says, "only understand what they believe and always believe what they understand." The intensity of an idea also makes for its acceptance. A third is constancy, which corresponds to the influence of climate; and the fourth—by far the most important—is interestingness, "by which," the author says, "I mean the power of the idea to gratify some wish or want of the mind." Philosophical beliefs are accepted or rejected largely on this ground. Pantheism in its purely philosophical form, has never gained acceptance by the mass of men, because it is notably lacking in this respect. In India, as has been remarked somewhere, it is the character of Buddha, the man and the hero, that has made it the national religion.

These are a few instances which go to show the importance of the non-rational element in most of our beliefs. In some, of course, the rational element wholly excludes the non-rational, with sane men, as for example in mathematical relations, or in the case of well-authenticated facts of the past. If one, for any reason, chanced to be in error concerning the result of a proposition in geometry, or the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a simple rehearsal of proofs would force an admission of the error. But in the greater number of our beliefs, the reason plays an inferior part. It is, in fact, a critical instrument, and nothing more. It cannot search out the truth for us, as most people naïvely think, but can only act as arbitrator,—and often it is an arbitrator of a very human, fallible sort—when new beliefs try to oust the old ones from the mind.

But, one might ask, what is to be the result of accepting this as fact? If we allow that the reason can decide but a very few of our beliefs, must we not give up, for once and all,

the search for truth, admitting that absolute skepticism is the only attitude one may take in this befogged world?

This would seem to be the case, unless we are willing to give up the criterion of theoretical rationality as the sole test for the truth of a belief, and frankly admit the rightfulness of another criterion—that of faith. That we use this test in every-day affairs, and are perfectly well satisfied with it, is beyond question; it would be impossible for us to do otherwise. If we stopped to argue the pros and cons whenever we came to a place where there was a possibility for doubt, we would accomplish absolutely nothing in practical life. In reality, we trust to instinctive impulses, and usually call in the reason only to defend our decision when it is made. How many men base their allegiance to the state to which they belong on a demonstration of its rightfulness? Or, for that matter, how many men have ever justified to themselves, theoretically, the existence of the state at all? Its existence is its own justification.

The faith element is involved in the simplest of beliefs about concrete things. The unity of nature, and the universality of the law of causation, are themselves mere postulates of our emotional nature. We have no reason for believing that the sun will rise to-morrow simply because it rose to-day and yesterday, except the belief itself. Professor Fiske calls such a postulate "a supreme act of faith,—the expression of the trust in God that he will not put us to permanent intellectual confusion."

If this be the case, are we not justified equally in giving credence to instinctive impulses in the matter of our religious beliefs? And if freedom of the will or the existence of a personal Creator seem necessary to make life square with our highest ideal of it, is it not legitimate to believe them actualities? It seems fair to think that the

Power we trust so firmly "will not put us to intellectual confusion," may also be trusted not to put us to moral confusion. Here, then, is a treatment for doubt, old-fashioned and mediæval as it may seem at first to the rationalistic mind.

The practical advantages of firm beliefs cannot be denied. Belief insures decisiveness in action. Contrast the effectiveness of two men like Cromwell and Amiel. The latter had an acuteness of mind that was extraordinary, but was absolutely incapable of any action demanding confidence in his own opinion. "The life of thought," he writes in his Journal, "alone seems to me to have enough elasticity and immensity; to be free enough from the irreparable. Practical life makes me afraid." In practical life, it is necessary to decide; and the very irreparableness of it gives it its zest. Skepticism is paralyzing to the active functions. In the "Inferno," Dante represents Vergil as blindfolding him, lest he should see the Medusa of doubt, and be turned to stone. "O, ye of sound minds," he exclaims, "marvel at the doctrine hidden under these mystic verses!"

While asserting the necessity and consequent rightfulness of believing more than that for which there is conclusive theoretical proof, it must be kept in mind that honesty demands an acknowledgment of complete intellectual skepticism. We must be ready to question every belief we hold, admitting that it is nothing but an hypothesis which experience may prove to be false any day. Emerson, whose message to the world was: Trust yourself and your world, can also say,—"Nor do I fear skepticism for any good soul. A just thinker will allow full swing to his skepticism." This attitude of practical faith and theoretical doubt secures at once efficiency and intellectual freedom.

One must have some belief as to the constitution of his universe. A working hypothesis is necessary for the regu-

lation of every-day affairs and the attainment of the mere material success which is a first condition of being a self-respecting human being, as well for a continuance of the search for the truth. That such an hypothesis must be provisional is evident. There are two before the world at present, Theism and Monism. The latter is certainly as adequate theoretically as the former, but it is utterly inconsistent with the ineradicable emotions and impulses of our nature. Professor Fraser in his "Venture of Theism," contrasts the two doctrines by calling them Pantheistic Reason and Theistic Faith. This is just enough and serves to emphasize the more noticeable elements in the two creeds. But it should be remembered that it is by no means a complete description; Monism itself falls back on faith for its sanction—the faith that nature is uniform and knowable. This assumption the reason can never prove. Therefore if Theism, despite some as yet unexplained logical difficulties, gives us an hypothesis which allows the freest exercise of all our powers, and is not rejected by the reason, we have a right to accept it as truth,—at least until another and a better is suggested.

Of course we may be making a mistake. The universe may be proved to be the non-moral, predetermined mechanism that the Monist believes it is, or indeed any of a thousand and one other unpleasant things. In that case one can only say with Carlyle, "What act of legislature that thou shouldst be happy. A little while ago thou hadst no right to be at all." But on the other hand the guess may be a correct one. If so, it would be folly not to strive for the best when the best was to be had for the striving. Even if this world were so constructed that man's instructive ideal isms were possibilities, and yet every one believed them illusions and acted accordingly, they would be as far from being

actualities as though the Monist's world had put its physical ban upon them.

Faith is more than a wager with active men, and more than a reliance in blind impulse. It is, as it were, the ultimatum one publishes in the face of the cosmical Sphinx, stating the conditions under which one is willing to expend his energies in this questionable world. The bold man puts his price high. He will have the best or nothing for his pains. No pessimistic creed will he accept, nor yet any pejoristic compromise with apparently adverse circumstances. He acts on the supposition that his universe is the best of universes, or is capable of being made so, and waits in peace of mind for time to justify his conviction.

Percival Henry Truman.

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FROM HELOISE TO ABELARD.

In the dim church at Vesper-time last night
Amid the surge of canticle and prayer
And ecstasies of adoration, there
With the great cross high in the tapers' light,
I crouched where all the nuns knelt, hushed and white.
Those still, pure women! Have they aught to share
With hearts that yearn, and mad desires that dare
To barter Heaven for earthly touch and sight?

Across the singing came a dream to me—
Lo, it was April and we twain a-stray
Down drifted orchard-paths in that old place
My heart has folded safe in memory.
Do you remember, Dear, that sweet spring day?
Ah, pity, Lord! Let me forget its grace!

Arthur Ketchum.

A TRUCE.

The baronial mansion of Hohenau stands on a low hill just west of the great city of Vienna. Around its base the Danube makes a sharp curve and spreads out into the plain, taking various curves as if rejoicing in its new freedom. On the opposite bank nearly hidden by a cluster of tall poplars are the ruins of an old castle. It is quite deserted, and the lonely wind moans through its broken turrets and battlements as if still sighing over its fate. Hohenau with its strong walls looks proudly across at the ruin with the air of an over lord and victor; but the piles of crumbling masonry still have a defiant aspect as in one place they tower up above the trees.

Here I cannot repeat the story, but one may still hear it told around many a simple hearth in Tulln or Krems beside the great river. Men fought and hated in the old feudal days only because it was more natural then to hate than to love. The reason for the feud was forgotten before history began—but what's in a reason? The hatred was instinctive. Generation after generation each prince of Hohenau, as soon as he could walk, was taken out on the battlements by his austere parents and taught to shake his little fist at the opposite fortress and cry out, "Der Feind! Der Feind!" And no doubt the little county Tulln would have shouted back, "Trotz! Trotz!" from the ramparts of Doneck, could he have heard.

But of course this was long ago, just before the days when war raged back and forth across the valley till at last the Hohenau battle cry echoed through the doomed halls of Doneck and the streets of Tulln.

It was all so long ago that now even Count Tulln in his far Italian home bears no grudge against the family that drove his ancestors from Austria, and only the ruined castle still reminds one of bygone times. Perhaps he even thanks them as he walks through the blossoming gardens of his villa with a beautiful dark girl, his eldest daughter, at his side. He is the Conte del Tullano now, and on his sunny estates south of Ravenna, enjoys life infinitely more than if he had been born Graf von Tulln in a wind-swept corner of the Danube.

It was a fine October morning, and Karl, the young prince of Hohenau, picked up his gun and whistling a favorite hound to follow, started down the hill toward Klosterneuburg.

To be a prince in Austria usually means to be poor. It certainly implies unimportance, and as Karl trudged down through his parks with but a dog for company he thanked Fortune that at least the latter half of this blessing had been bestowed on him.

Doneck, in course of time, had become the royal game reserve, and Hohenau being so near at hand, the Emperor had invited or commanded, which in Austria amounts to the same thing, that Karl should look over the grounds now and again, just to see that the foresters kept them in order. So on this morning he was doing both his duty and pleasure by going across the river for a day's shooting in the forests which had once belonged to his enemies, the counts of Tulln. The thought struck him perhaps for the first time and he

laughed, idly recalling the stories his father used to tell him of the old days.

At last, after passing through the narrow streets of Klosterneuburg, he reached the river's edge and embarked in a flat ferry which a bare headed peasant-girl, still in her teens, sculled rapidly out into the blue stream.

"Don't hurry, Janet," the prince remarked, "I am lazy to-day and wish to enjoy your good boat as long as I can."

"Your Excellency is very kind, I am sure," the girl replied. "The last passenger wanted to go quick, like this, all the way—but she paid me most nobly—a gulden, sir."

"So will I for going slowly. Who was this lady you have just taken over, Janet?"

"Oh, a most beautiful lady," said Janet, dropping her oar and sitting down on the gunwale. She knew that the prince was not above chatting with her. "She had a dark foreign face, and was an artist I think. She wished to get to the 'Ruine' before the sun should be too high and drive away the dark, cool shadows. That is what all these artists desire."

"She was not alone, I suppose?"

"*Ach, nein*, I told you she was a great lady—"

"You only said she was *beautiful*, Janet," the prince interrupted, "but go on."

"Is it not the same thing?" and Janet cast down her eyes coquettishly.

"Not at all," said Karl laughing. "You are pretty and still you are only 'Janet.' I don't even know your last name."

These idle gossips with the peasant girl amused the prince immensely. It was such a relaxation from what was constantly required up at Hohenau or in the presence of his grand Viennese friends.

"Your Excellency is most gracious," said the girl, affecting a blush and still keeping her eyes on a pair of new slippers.

"I only tell you what you think yourself, Janet. They say you are the prettiest girl in Klosterneuburg. Is it not true?"

"Of course your Excellency must have very good judgment," murmured Janet, with a roguish arch of her eyebrows; and then seeing that the prince did not frown she threw her head gaily backward and laughed aloud.

"Come, you little goose, quick! We are drifting way down stream. Who was with this grand lady? I do n't believe you took her across at all."

"I was just telling your Excellency, when you interrupted me," said Janet very reproachfully, as she resumed her oar, "that she was a beautiful, oh, a so beautiful lady that of course there were two maids to carry her camp-stool, lunch basket, and things—and to protect her perhaps from any handsome young hunters—"

"Shame, Janet! Your tongue's too glib. She was a foreigner. What nation do you think?

"I do not know, Roman perhaps, she did not talk our language," and then suddenly brightening up as if struck by a sudden idea, "but you can see for yourself, Excellency, by going to the castle. She will be there till afternoon when I shall bring her back again."

The boat ran up beside a flat rock and tossing a silver gulden to his pretty ferry-maid, Karl jumped out and started up a beaten path toward the high fence which surrounds the reserve, when Janet called after him, "Excellency!"

She made a very pretty picture standing in the boat with one hand on an oar and the other raised toward the sun. "Excellency!" she called again, "I thought perhaps you had forgotten—"

"I've paid you, wench, what's the matter?" he laughed back.

"Only that the other path is shorter to the castle!" and with a mocking peal of laughter she pushed the boat away into the current, while Karl turned on his heel half indignant and half amused.

In a shady corner of the old court, with a low easel placed before her and paints, brushes, and cloths lying in confusion at her feet, sat Katrina del Tullano. Even as she leaned forward on her camp-stool, rapidly sketching in the details of the opposite wall and ivied tower, one could see that she was rather tall for an Italian girl and of slender figure. She had an indescribable dark face with that soft depth of light in the skin which comes only to the daughters of the south. On the wall behind, a tangle of vine with scarlet berries made a charming background.

After a time, she let her pencil drop, and gazed through an archway, which framed in a bit of the opposite bank, including the palace of Hohenau, with its fine old parks and meadows. Katrina was a romantic girl, as are most Italians of the higher class who manage to escape their teens without being married off by their fond papas and mammas. Since she arrived in Vienna, she had heard enough about the young prince—who had a "reputation" in the society of that city—to decide her to wreak vengeance upon her ancient foe at the first opportunity—only she intended to do it in a rather guileless and gentle fashion.

And even now, while she looked across at Hohenau, and was letting her imagination run completely away with her, a large hound suddenly appeared at the opening and looked in, then, sniffing the air a little suspiciously, he began to approach her. At first she was inclined to be frightened,

but as the dog came nearer, wagging his tail, she stretched out her hand and patted his great, shaggy head. Then she drew him to her, and, pushing back the furry locks from his collar, she read on the silver mounting, "*Kaiser.* Karl von Hohenau." At the same moment, a step was heard on the path outside, and the prince entered.

Karl pretended to be surprised at finding a stranger in the castle yard, but whatever may have been his schemes for getting up a conversation, they were all scattered to the winds by the lady's suddenly exclaiming: "So you are the prince of Hohenau!"

She spoke in French, and looked up at him with a bright smile, her black eyes taking him in at a glance. Her sudden speech had just the effect Katrina desired, for the prince drew himself back haughtily, and replied: "I have not the pleasure of knowing you, mademoiselle," adding, under his breath, "some mere Bohemian, after all!"

"Yes, I have the advantage of you, Prince," she went on, quite unperturbed. "Your hound has already made friends with me. Come here, Kaiser," she said, familiarly, as if she had known the dog all her life.

"Yes, I understand," Karl replied, becoming more indignant as Kaiser laid his head on Katrina's lap. "I should think you would be afraid to wander out alone, this way, but doubtless you can take care of yourself."

"I have servants within call," she replied, simply, and went on sketching.

He watched her for a few moments, and realized that she was extremely beautiful. "This is a lovely spot," he ventured at last, "but there are others nearer Vienna."

"I have a peculiar interest in Doneck," she observed.

"So have I," he responded, "my great great grandsires ruined this castle."

"Ah!" she said, with infinite sarcasm. "Then to you I owe the possibility of making this sketch. Your grandsires did it most artistically, sir."

"I imagine the counts of Tulln, whom we banished, would not agree with you, mademoiselle," he laughed.

"I assure Your Excellency that the counts of Tulln are only grateful. They are living in Italy, at Tullano, and are most happy," she rejoined.

"So I have heard," the young prince remarked. "You are an Italian, mademoiselle. Perhaps you know them? Perhaps you are making that sketch for them?"

"Perhaps," she replied dryly, and went on sketching. Karl could not see that she was including him in the picture. At last she continued: "Yes, the young countess expects to spend the winter in Vienna. You may do her the honor of meeting her, Prince, before the season is over."

Karl's eye was wandering from the artist to her various belongings, which filled the corner, when he suddenly caught sight of a sketching-case, and on the cover was stamped quite plainly, in gold letters, "Katrina del Tullano."

He smothered an exclamation, and turned away toward the river.

"Indeed!" he said, at last, "I have been told that she is remarkably beautiful, and expects to create a great *éclat*."

"I do not think so," the girl replied, quickly. "She has not been in Vienna before, and has known little of society."

"All the better, then," he continued, adding, "her name is Katrina, is it not? You seem to know all about her."

"Yes, Your Excellency. You seem to know a good deal about her, yourself," she answered, glancing up with some surprise, but Karl was gazing off through the archway.

"I do," he replied. "One naturally likes to keep track of one's enemies."

"Oh, the countess has forgiven Your Excellencies long ago," she laughed. "You need fear nothing from her, Prince."

"I am not so sure," he replied, trying hard to control his features. "They say she is a terrible flirt!"

Katrina rose, quickly and majestically, her eyes glowing, and her head tossed well back with indignation. "I am the the Contessa del Tullano!" she cried.

Karl turned, and at last pointed laughingly toward the sketching-case. "I hope Your Highness will some day find means to forgive me," he said, bowing.

"You are just as cruel as you were two hundred years ago, if I may be allowed the phrase," she said at last, in some confusion, and extended her hand with a laugh, adding, "You are still bound to have your revenge, are you not?"

He touched the fingers lightly to his lips, saying, "Let us call it a truce, contessa: what do you say?"

"Then will you stay and lunch with me in *my* castle? We can negotiate beautifully here."

"Janet," said the prince some hours later, as he helped the countess from the ferry at Klosterneuburg, "you are a very truthful girl."

Richard A. Rice.

AFTER THE QUARREL.

FIRST ADVANCES.

To Phyllis:

Let Phyllis keep this eglantine;
'Twas picked when grassy streams and blinking stars
Were putting off the mask of boisterous night.
Outfolding slow its filmy sheen,
Like rosy child that early wakes and smiles,
It feels the unspoke joy the dawning brings.

WAYWARDNESS.

To Latimer:

I care not for your briar-rose;
My casement flings it free.
The morning was your love, not I,
Mere fancy sent it me.

REMONSTRANCE.

To Phyllis:

The romping dawn is glad to mate with day,
Nor stands aloof, with ever froward way.
The rose forgets her love's offence—and see!
How sweet once more is kiss of sweet-lipped bee.
The dawn is but an hour—then night.
The rose is but a day—then blight.

REGRET.

To Latimer:

The garden wall had bruised the bud;
I found it scarce alive.
But now it sucks a perfumed draught;
I think it will revive.

Philip R. Dunbar.

THAT BABINGTON AFFAIR.

"You will pardon my being so abominably personal," I said to my friend Reeves in a burst of confidence, as we sat smoking before the open fire, talking over our summer at Babington. "But did I ever tell you the little stunt that happened to Miss Marston and me on the links last summer?"

He moved rather uneasily at the mention of that name, I thought, but listened with interest.

"Well," I continued, "you know that, thanks to your exploiting of my peculiarities and a natural diffidence which I must admit, I got a reputation with those girls for being the most bashful thing there; I don't think *she* seriously believed it though.

"It was the afternoon that you were feeling rather rocky from meeting those Yale people the night before. I was much flattered when she accepted my services as instructor, and with a few remarks as to the uselessness of engaging a caddy, I proudly took an armful of clubs and we started.

"You are also aware that the Babington golf course was not laid out with a view to pleasing the novice. Those apple orchards and swamps that diversify the landscape and the omnipresent Sackett brook, so dangerously near, are very trying. But that is neither here nor there.

"Miss Marston progressed rapidly under my competent tuition. Going through Profanity Lane we chatted about Farmington, and upon my remarking that I should probably

see Alice Walker in August, she exclaimed: 'Why, really? *Do* give Alice my best love!'

"'May I keep it until I see her,' I asked, rather clumsily, trying your favorite *bon mot*. But just then the lusty Mrs. Wrenn-Smith (you remember seeing her avoirdupois galloping over the links) cried 'Fore!' about twenty yards behind us and we turned around inopportunely to see a large area of turf lose its connection. So my maiden effort was lost.

"We passed 'Sleepy Hollow' and 'Despair' easily, but in approaching the eighth green a long mashie shot sent the ball across the brook where it poised defiantly. I admit I was up a tree.

"'Thunder!' I think she said—some forbidding word of two syllables. 'How *can* I cross? there does n't seem to be a sign of a bridge. And I so wanted to make this my record.'

"'A toppy lie, and you had such a good show for the bogy! Won't you allow me to carry you over?' I suggested, and I swear I saw mischief in her look as she smiled at me and then turned in the direction of Mrs. Wrenn-Smith—a friendly hill had already managed to conceal that lady."

Reeves had removed his feet from the mantle early in the narrative and now he clutched his chair nervously. I refused to notice this agitation and went on:

"I imagine Miss Marston was surprised when she found herself speedily transferred to the other side. Any way, she played the stroke in silence. We recrossed as before.

"There was rather a long pause as we walked up. Finally she could n't refrain from laughing: 'Are you the Mr. Jackson they spoke of at the hotel as being so unfortunately—'

"I supplied, 'Such a bashful fool?' and assured her the accusation was entirely just.

"Later, as we were seated on the club house porch with

several others, I alluded to our experience: 'You know, Miss Marston and I had such an amusing adventure to-day,' I began.

"'Yes, and we only lost two strokes by it,' she deftly interposed, and commenced a discussion on the use of the niblech in putting.

"My reputation for diffidence continued as good as ever—except with one person, and on the whole I am glad it is that way, as she is the only girl—"

Reeves leaned forward eagerly: "Eh! You don't mean that you and she— But Ethel Marston *was* a corking girl—quite the queen at Babington. I have some pleasant memories of her myself."

Reeves did not seem to care particularly for my story. I confess I was too dense to see why at the time—but four months later their engagement was announced. I am planning a trip around the world—after graduation.

John Barker.

EACH HIS LITTLE WORLD.

Dramatis personæ:

JACK JANGLER, of the *Daily Getahead.*
MISS GRACE NONPLUSSED, Jack's acquaintance.
THE MAID.

SCENE I.

[*Parlor of Nonplussed house. Fireplace l. c. Several easy-chairs. Piano deep right. Couch in bay-window deep centre: cushions. Door with portieres at r. t. front.*]

GRACE (looking out of window).—"There's Jack now. Why does n't he walk faster? Perhaps he has something on his mind. I hope so. I'm sure I've been thinking of him. He is *such* a hard worker, and will surely be editor of the *Getahead* some day. (Bell rings.) I wonder if he has brought tickets for 'The Devil's Talisman,' to-night."

[*Exit Grace.*]

SCENE II.

[*Same place. Enter Jangler, ushered by maid; takes chair.*]

MAID.—"Miss Grace told me to tell you she would be down immejitly."

(*Exit Maid.*]

JANGLER (sententiously).—"Charming girl. (Looks at watch.) Good Lord! here it is half past four. The Sunday edition of the *Getahead* goes to press at eight thirty, and

the editor says he must have a couple of columns of 'Storiette' by seven twenty. 'Make it something lively, Jangler,' he said. 'Put in some fresh wit and a couple of girls to make it readable.' How, by the shade of Horace Greeley, does he expect it at this notice? One thing sure, if I have n't any ideas, it 'll have to be a farce. Farces are popular nowadays, and easy to get off. Here 's a good receipt for one, a sort of indeterminate-coefficient equation: Take at least three persons. Stir them up with some new complications, and season with jokes to give zest. When the complications begin to simmer, drain them off. Garnish with golf clubs, and serve in bicycle suits. Good thing this enlightened American public does n't expect much from a Sunday paper. I shan't need any plot. Just some repartee and observations on the fads of the day. (With an idea.) The very thing. Make up something out of this conversation,—actual remarks and all that. Any setting will do—this one." (Sits; draws out note-book.)

SCENE III.—GRACE, JANGLER.

(*Parlor: Grace appears between portieres, tiptoes and looks over Jangler's shoulder.*]

GRACE (aside).—"What is Jack writing? (Reading.) 'Miss X's—parlor. Fireplace with fire. Chairs tastefully arranged. Piano on the right. Broad bay-window looks out into garden. Door with portieres.' Why, there is n't any fire in the fireplace! (Aloud.) Good afternoon, Jack."

JANGLER (puts pencil over ear in confusion; hides note-book behind back).—"You here, Grace?"

GRACE.—"Why should n't I be here, you came to see me, did n't you? Well, I've been eavesdropping. What have you been writing there? Are you going into housekeeping, or is it a society note for the *Getahead?*"

JANGLER (still confused).—"Really, Grace, you must n't ask me. I was just getting a little practice before you came down. (Wisely.) A reporter has to be on the alert all the time, constantly developing his powers of observation. (Aside.) The heroine,—blue eyes, golden hair. No, that 's too conventional,—have to get some other colors. (Aloud.) Do you know the colors of the rainbow, Grace?"

GRACE.—"What an odd question to start a conversation! Of course I know them. Red, orange, yellow,—you know the rest."

JANGLER.—"Oh, yes, to be sure. Red, of course. That 'll do nicely. Red hair is admirable, do n't you think so? It 's so out of the ordinary. And orange is a convenient shade, also."

GRACE.—"What do you mean? My hair is n't red. You are so queer to-day, Jack."

JANGLER.—"Of course it is n't red; I was just wishing it was, that 's all."

GRACE.—"Well it is n't, and I can't dye it even for you. But you have evaded my first question. Young gentlemen do n't usually make an inventory of the furniture where they call."

JANGLER.—"No, not that, but you see"——

GRACE.—"In the first place, you can't be going into housekeeping, because you promised that I should be the first to be informed of your engagement."

JANGLER (eagerly).—"Yes, that 's true."

GRACE.—"And if you are writing a society note, to be entitled 'How Miss B— Appears at Home,' I will thank you not to put me in it."

JANGLER.—"Oh, no, do n't think that for a minute. Really, I would n't"——

GRACE.—"Then I shall take you to task as a perverter of

the truth. Why did you write, 'fireplace with fire'? There is n't any fire there now."

JANGLER (seeking an outlet).—"I was just thinking how nice it would be to have one. It sort of gives a room a cheerful look, as nothing else will."

GRACE.—"You crazy boy. Do you think it 's cold (looks at open window)? However, we 'll have one, if you wish it." (Goes to push-button to call maid; Jangler follows, objecting desperately.)

JANGLER.—"Oh, no, it 's very comfortable. Really, do n't ring the bell. Fact is, I came without an overcoat, and walked all the way, too. Besides, a fireplace would n't have its full effect on the stage without one of those gas arrangements in it all lighted. I 'm nearly roasted as it is."

GRACE.—"Stage? Gas arrangements all lighted? What do you mean, Jack? I 'm afraid you have been working too hard lately. You do look warm. Let 's sit here by the open window where we can look out into the garden. (Jangler props her up with half the cushions.) Now if you 'll cross out what you have written, I 'll let you do a favor for me."

JANGLER.—"Yes, I will, Grace, just to show that it was n't for anything special. (Aside.) There 's a good start gone, and a whole quarter hour wasted." (Groans.)

GRACE (importantly).—"You must be the society reporter in good earnest now, for I am about to give you some material for to-morrow's issue."

JANGLER.—"All right. (Aside.) I wondered how I could get at my note-book again. Every minute is precious."

GRACE.—"This is it. The Randolphs gave their swell garden party last evening, and that horrid Miss Budd was there. She has just come out, and, like a young, inexperienced thing, set her cap at all the gentlemen."

JANGLER (writes furiously, getting a cue. Aside.)—"First rate—could n't have a better setting. Gar-den par-ty—open house—full of guests—twinkling lights—in darkness—o-dor of—flowers. (Aloud.) To be sure. I met her at Smyth's a month ago. She *is* charming, is n't she?"

GRACE.—"How could you Jack? But how assiduous you are. These are more observations from life for practice, I suppose! Only do n't start in by taking me as a model for Miss Budd. That 's not at all what you are to do. (Fishing.) Besides, the description would never do her justice; she is so very charming."

JANGLER (oblivious).—"And the gentlemen?" (Writes.)

GRACE.—"Yes, that 's just it. The rest of us were almost deserted. Every one wanted to carry frappé to Miss Budd, sit at tête-à-tête with Miss Budd, dance with Miss Budd. Oh, it was Miss Budd, Miss Budd everywhere. She had a circle about her the whole time, and all the good talkers were taken. Then that officious Mr. Sapleigh, who is always trying to be pleasant to the old maids, thrust himself forward and bored me the whole evening. But you need n't write that down. That has n't anything to do with it."

JANGLER (engrossed).—"Oh, yes, it has. (Aside.) Interesting scene. Just what I wanted—glorious—sure to take. (Writes.) 'Heroine right centre, with group of ad-mi-rers. Other end: old maids, with occasional gentleman.' Contrast sure to tickle the reader. (Looking up.) You see all these touches of local color help in the work of a society reporter. They are like stock in trade, you know, and can be used any time. So much capital." (Writes.)

GRACE (puzzled).—"Yes, I understand. But you must pay attention now, for this is the most important part. (J. writes.) Of course it 's perfectly horrid to have reporters at a society function at all, and I do n't believe in it, do you,

Jack? (He writes.) But they all do it, and so did the Randolphs. There he was, over in one corner, behind some palms, writing. Every once in a while he would glançe over at the circle about Miss Budd, trying to get a description of her costume, but there was such a crush he did n't succeed the whole evening long. And then, to cap the climax, he was so anxious about the latest favorite as to forget everybody else. Was n't it too utterly provoking? The reporter of the *Daily Million*, Jack; do you know him?"

JANGLER. — "*The Daily Million!* That 's a miserable sheet. One of the worst makeshifts for a newspaper in the country—not a reliable word in it." (Writes.)

GRACE.—"Certainly not, and we are n't going to let the *Million* get ahead of us, are we, Jack? And as I was saying, that 's the way with all society reporters, that is, some of them. They pay all their attention to the latest beauties, describe their costumes and jewels, and only give the others a passing notice. He never once glanced in my direction. I was looking to see and I 'm quite sure. Now the *Sunday Million* will have a lot about what Miss Budd had on and wont say a word about me."

JANGLER (consolingly). — "Abominable way of carrying on a paper. Give me the good, consistent, year-in-and-year-out policy of the *Getahead*, every time." (Writes.)

GRACE.—"Me too, Jack. (Eagerly.) And now I 'll show you how we are going to outwit them. You can let the public see how much better is the judgment of the *Getahead.* I 'll give you a correct description of my dress and you can have it in your Sunday edition without any mention of Miss Budd's."

JANGLER (chiming in).—"Ha! ha! ha! how clever you are to-day, Grace. Yes, please do. (Aside.) I 'll get along famously now if she 'll only make the description long

enough. (Writes.) Act two, scene two. The lawn—ta-bles. Enter Marion and Re-gi-nald."

GRACE.—"What on earth is he writing? (Aloud.) Here it is. I will say it slowly so you can get every bit. Summer costume of bluet velour; (waits—J. writes incessantly) circular skirt, trimmed with jetted white satin band. (Waits.) Have you got that down, Jack? Double breasted blouse corsage, with revers of jetted satin; (waits) draped gigot sleeves, belt of black satin. But the hat. It was a perfect dream, Jack, and so much prettier than Miss Budd's. I spent a whole forenoon choosing it."

JANGLER (in undertone).—"This is getting too serious for a farce. Here Marion has refused Reginald. That won't do. Have to work in some burlesque effect to relieve the strain upon the mind of the audience. (Writes stage direction.) En-ter crowd of bi-cy-clers. That isn't exactly a congruous situation, but bicycle patois is awfully effective. I can bring the scene around somehow."

GRACE (hearing the first).—"Yes, isn't it a perfect farce the way some papers carry on their society column. But I surely didn't say as much as that, Jack."

JANGLER (mesmerically).—"Ah, Miss Worthington—Marion—I should be thrice happy if I could listen forever to your musical words. (Looks up.) Oh, I'm just elaborating a little—manufacturing some conversation. All that goes in a paper and the editor wants two columns." (Writes.)

GRACE (ecstatically).—"So he sent you on purpose? Two columns? Isn't he a dear! Well then, here's the hat. Pea green straw, top brim of mixed green, lilac, and black embroidered tulle (waits), a drapery of turquoise blue satin ribbon with crême lace placed around and passed underneath (waits) where it is tacked into rosettes; a high

aigrette of violets and foliage. Is n't that perfectly lovely? Even dull Mr. Sapleigh——"

JANGLER.—"How do you spell 'sprocket,' Grace?"

GRACE.—"What has that to do with my hat? (Pouting.) You aren 't a bit like yourself to-day, Jack. First you ask me for the colors of the rainbow; then you want a fire in the grate; and then ask me to spell 'sprocket.' And you don 't talk to me a bit but just write, write, all the time."

JANGLER (sees himself in hot water).—"Um-ah-er-well. Great sprockets would make a fine ejaculation, and is such a good rhyme for bonnet."

GRACE.—"Jack Jangler! It is n't either. Sprocket, bonnet. They are n't a bit alike. (Suspicious.) I believe you have been poking fun at me the whole time. Let me see if you have it written just as I told it."

JANGLER.—"She 'll never forgive me. I have n't a word about the confounded millinery. I 'll be thrown over for that fellow Dawson. I 'll have to put up a bluff or throw the book out of the window. (With mock severity.) Let me acquaint you with the fact, Miss Nonplussed, that such a request is one well calculated to draw forth the merited reproof of any reporter. Journalism has more mysteries than the Russian monarchy. Into these the uninitiated may never pry. So you see, Grace, I could n't possibly let you see it."

GRACE.—"Not even me? I do n't believe a word of it."

JANGLER.—"No, not even you. And besides—well, I 'll have to go now. The editor must have copy by seven-thirty and the *Million* is to have a double sized colored supplement. You know what that means for us? You really must n't detain me a minute longer." (Puts notebook in pocket, edges toward door.)

GRACE.—"But that 's two hours from now and you usually stay to tea. Well, if you must, you must, I suppose." (Holds

portiere aside for him, adroitly extracts notebook.) (Exit Jangler.)

SCENE IV.

[*Grace alone: sits on couch, opens notebook.*]

GRACE (determinedly).—"Now we'll see some of those cabalistic signs they write their notes with. Here's where he was writing. It's only plain English, just as I supposed. So that's what he was doing. (Reads.) 'The Garden Party. (Farce by Jack Jangler for the *Getahead.*) Act one, scene one.' Stage directions and all! So he could sit there and calmly let me think that he was taking a description of my costume, while really he was using my conversation as a stimulus to his imagination. I don't believe he cares for me at all. (Handkerchief: throws book on floor.) I believe I am getting to be an old maid just as he put it in his mean old farce. (After a pause.) But perhaps he was right. What a foolish, frivolous thing he must think I am to talk of nothing but my dress and hat. And he called Miss Budd charming while he was n't thinking. Oh, I see it all now. I'm sure he does n't care one bit for me. I'm a real old maid; I know it, I know it. (With resolution.) But I'll read it all just for my own punishment. It shall teach me a lesson. (Spitefully.) Of course he has that charming Miss Budd as the heroine. I'll just look to see how he is going to propose to her. Here it is. (Reads.) 'Miss Worthington—Marion—listen—there is but a moment. I will not ask your answer now. Make me the happiest of mortals by wearing this orange blossom in your hair during the next dance.' And he has a side note here. (Reads) 'Bright idea that about the orange blossom. Have to remember that to tell Grace some day.'" (Bell rings, she hides book, pretends to sob with face in pillows.)

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR, LENOX, TILDEN

SCENE V.

[*Enter Jangler; sits on couch; takes her hand.*]

JANGLER.—"Can you forgive me, Grace? It just came over me what a selfish fellow I've been, thinking of nothing but business. How strange you must have thought me. It was n't I, Grace dear, it was my evil genius."

GRACE (looks up). —"Or your real genius. (Self-reproachfully.) Can you forgive *me*, you mean. Will you ever be able to think well of me again? What a silly, vain girl you must have thought me, to talk all the afternoon about my costume and expect you to put it in the *Getahead* just to satisfy my spite against Miss Budd. I see it in the right light now. How foolish it would have been for you to take down a word of it."

JANGLER.—"Not to take down a word of it? How did you know? (Feels in pocket.) Why you magnanimous, forgiving, little girl. I 'm the only culprit. What shall I do to make up for it? (Feels in other pocket.) Oh, I remember. I 've been so busy it slipped my mind entirely. Here they are Grace. (Showing two yellow tickets.) Will you go to the 'Devil's Talisman' with me to-night?"

GRACE (joking).—"Yes, if you do n't have to write copy for the editor all night."

JANGLER (forcibly).—"The editor be hanged!"

GRACE.—"Yes, the editor of *The Daily Million*. (Archly.) And Jack, shall I wear an orange flower in my hair?"

[*Tableau: Curtain.*]

Philip Richards Dunbar.

SUGGESTIONS.

"Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eût l'air d'une pensée."—*Beaumarchais.*

ADVICE.

Some one gave Tommy a nice, shiny dime. Lollipop visions floated through Tommy's head.

"Tommy, you must put the money the kind gentleman gave you in your new bank," said Tommy's Aunt Jemima.

Duty, that Dread Power, began chasing out the visions, as Aunt Jemima did the hens with her broom from the front garden. And they came back just as the hens always did when Aunt Jemima's back was turned. Nature in her lesser creations sets the poor moral animal a shocking example.

But the dime slipped through the slot—rather slowly—Aunt Jemima superintending.

This did not end the battle necessarily. Duty usually won the first skirmish. There was a way—a skilful inversion of the bank—by which the dime might be brought back again under the laws of supply and demand; it had been tried before in cases of extreme pressure and great financial stringency. But detection was sure sooner or later.

So, really, the conflict was but just begun. On one side

there were the visions aforementioned ever increasing in their sugary seductiveness; and on the other side, supplementing the Dread Power, whose prestige began to wane when her earthly representative was no longer at hand, other visions—confinement to the society of one's bedchamber furniture for twenty-four hours; and then, perhaps more remote, a midnight call from the family physician with the concomitant unpleasantness—for a dime, if expended in a candy shop with the thrifty prudence (I speak advisedly) of seven years old, can do wonders.

I do not know which side carried off the laurels. A cynical person might say that it mattered little, there being something to be gained and something to be lost in either case. But you can read as much of a moral, or of an immoral, into this as you choose. I merely relate the situation as one capable of being reflected upon.

P. H. T.

"ECCE DEUS FORTIOR ME."

So wan and cold the rascal seemed,
  I gladly gave him room
Within my heart, and never dreamed
  That I had sealed my doom.

For, once he was established there,
  A tyrant he became,
And now he drives me to despair
  And laughs at the mad game.

Cupid, pray grant this one desire;
  Your power is burning me:
Pray breathe a little of this fire
  Into my Marjorie.

T. E. G.

THE SEASONS.

It was Spring. The birds in the fields were pouring forth their harmony of love and happiness. The flowers just breaking through the earth, still hard from its long covering of snow, thrust their tiny heads into the warmth of the sun and thrived.

The struggling young poet sat in his bare, cheerless room writing; a fragrant breeze, rich with the splendors of Spring, blowing in through the open window, played about him, and he was happy.

Time passed; the buds changed to flowers, and the whole earth was resplendent in its bright garb of color and light. The sun filtered through the thick foliage of the shade trees, shining upon the artist beneath, and as he toiled his hand was guided by Genius and he evolved a symphony of daring colors and soft shade.

Just as Spring and Summer had come and gone, so, also, Fall, with its icy gusts and chilly winds, stole down upon the earth from the lofty snow-capped mountains.

The flowers withered and were lifeless, and the leaves drooped and fell from the trees, covering the ground with a mantle of ruin and despair.

The cynic sat by the fire pondering on the uselessness of existence, and shivered.

The snows covered the ground, and with a cold and icy grasp held the earth tightly in subjection. The wide expanse was dazzling in the purity of its whiteness, unbroken in its monotony, a dreary waste of unsympathetic greatness.

The philosopher lay dead in his room. The past was stretched mercilessly behind him and the future was shrouded with mists. His work was done. It was Winter.

H. H. L.

SANCTUM.

The May LITERARY MONTHLY is the first to appear under the editorship of the new board. The '99 men feel the burden of the responsibility which passes to them with the retiring of the Senior editors, and since the duties of editorial management can scarcely be learned by precept and example alone, they beg that the college will bear with them, at least, until the first few numbers have been published.

The April issue marked the completion of a volume of the LIT. which is sure to be regarded as the best in the history of the periodical. It cannot be out of place to congratulate the retiring board on their steady efforts for its improvement, and on the consistently high standard they have reached.

All that, however, can only render more difficult the task of the present board to maintain the excellence of quality which the LIT. has been able to show in the past year. Not only do we lose the careful handling of departments to which we have become accustomed, but the body of the LIT. loses, for the coming year, five of its ablest contributors. We can, at least, be thankful that, though not now formally connected with the board, their contributions will still form a part of the last two issues of the term. We may scarcely hope that their places will be filled from the class of 1902, and, therefore, we must urge the college in general to contribute whenever possible to the columns of the LIT. One

of the noteworthy and one of the pleasantest features of the work on the board during the past year has been the increasingly large amount of matter submitted. That is, indeed, one of the surest signs of the magazine's success, and we trust that both quantity and quality of work submitted will remain as high. There are still excellent writers in college who have sent nothing in. We must ask their aid in behalf of a college institution requiring quite as much labor and quite as much support as any other. To the men who are trying for positions on the board, we can only suggest that it is impossible to begin the publication of articles too early. Therefore, with feelings of considerable distrust in our ability to follow the example of '98, we present to the college our first number.

The month will be marked by the somewhat unusual number of publications. Besides the regular appearance of the *Weekly* and the LIT., the Class-book of '98, in unusually elaborate form, has appeared. It is, indeed, rather larger and more complete than former class-books—but this very dignity of appearance serves to render conspicuous the quantity of questions and answers in the back, some of a rather doubtful humor. The new book of Williams stories will also appear, and in a most attractive dress. Finally, there is the *Gul*—a little delayed from its time of publication a year ago, but well-timed for sale during the Prom. season.

Altogether, so many undergraduate publications testify very pleasantly how large the literary activity of the college has been in the past few months.

From the conduct of a very few men, it has been rendered necessary that the offense of "yelling on errors" at ball games be noticed in Sanctum. That is not a customary practice at Williams, and we see no reason to fear that it

ever will be. But every year a few Freshmen are carried by their enthusiasm somewhat beyond the bounds of gentlemanly behavior.

There cannot well be too much cheering at games; but there is most emphatically a time not to cheer. One or two men can produce, by their unaided efforts, a very undesirable impression on visiting teams. Sanctum would suggest that the traditions of the college are for leaving that form of encouragement to other institutions. Eight months at Williams should have taught every Freshman as much as that.

CHAT.

When the mantle of Elijah the Prophet descended upon the shoulders of Elisha, that individual must have felt very much as the present Chat feels. Considerable embarrassment at his new dignities mingles with his satisfaction at having attained the position so worthily occupied by the retiring editor. Chat hopes that the college will be tolerant of his shortcomings, and finds comfort in the fact that very few people seem to take Chat seriously anyway.

The members of the debating team deserve a good deal of credit. They have worked very hard and faithfully for several months, and their victory over Dartmouth cannot fail to give a great impetus to debating in college next year. All this is as it should be, and every Williams man owes them both thanks and applause.

The athletic team also comes in for its share of praise. The season has been successful from the very beginning and after the victory over Amherst at the dual meet the college may confidently expect an extremely creditable showing at Worcester on the twenty-first. Those who ran and won, and those who ran and failed, are alike to be congratulated. Gentlemen! Chat takes off his hat to you and wishes you many more such seasons.

He wishes that he could do as much for the baseball team, but unfortunately the recent exhibitions on Weston Field have caused that organization to fall rapidly in the public esteem. Their position was not bettered by the philosophic

lightheartedness of some of the players immediately after the last Dartmouth game. However humorous the situation may have appeared to them, the college at large was not in a joking frame of mind. No one minds a defeat when the team does its best, but there is an impression abroad, particularly among those who witnessed the Amherst game, that the team, with two or three notable exceptions, is not doing its best.

We do not wish to be unjust. There are a great many new men on the team this year, and we cannot expect them to play like veterans; but at least they should be able to stay within a few feet of the ground during a championship game. Fortunately it is still early in the season, and there is plenty of time left to wipe out something which very nearly approaches a disgrace.

THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS.

The mission of college literature, if it has a mission at all, is rather obscure. The college story at best is only relative, and even the most clever of them is only clever when compared with the great mass of other stories which make up the very mediocre literature of the college world.

There is, however, one great field left open to the college paper, and that is to portray as truly as possible, the sentiments, the honest feelings, the moral tone and healthfulness of the college at which it exists.

The scribe has little sympathy with the so-called "pleasantly phrased bits of cynicism," which infect our *Lits*—and in this respect he quite realizes his own transgressions—upon stories which are not at all sincere, but employed only for the sake of being cleverly cynical.

There is a certain satisfaction in a decadent style of literature, but the college writer's decadent style is almost invariably deadly amateurish and affected, and is not only unsatisfactory but also forced. The scribe has found that there is far less of this literary posing and striving for artistic effect in the papers of the girls' colleges than in those which my brother editors publish, while at the same time there is a lighter touch and a natural grace of wording which carry with them a peculiar charm.

The *Smith College Lit* published this month two excellent essays, "Applique Work in Literature," and "Personality in Meredith's Art."

The *Wellesley Magazine* has an article on "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," which gave us an insight into the true sweetness of the author's character, and an interesting sketch, "A Pathetic Fallacy," decidedly above the average.

One of the best stories of the month is "The Munoties Garden," in the *Vassar Miscellany.*

The *Brown Magazine* in an article entitled "Wanted—Brown Stories," laments the lack of the typical college story and calls on young authors to gird themselves for greater effort.

We clip the following:

MERE DREAMERS.

There are some souls, God makes a few to be
The dreamers of His universe, who sit
All listless seeming, while their brethren flit
In hurried circles, striving ceaselessly
For what they deem their doom, their destiny
To run this world and make the most from it,
Upon whose faces sleepless cares have writ
Dark title deeds—deep-furrowed as the sea.

While they, the dreamers, idle down earth's ways,
Through traffic lands, and learn the heart of things.
For them the glory of the autumn days;
For them the brightness which the spring-tide brings.
Ay, many prophets, martyrs, priests and kings,
Have sought those rights which greet each dreamer's gaze.

H. R. R., Trinity Tablet.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

I 've danced at the Junior ball,
And I 've been to the 'Varsity show;
And I 've met one man I like very much;
So I 'm for Columbia, you know.

And oh, what a jolly good time we had!
When my Jack showed me 'round the new site
And we spent a whole hour way up in the dome,
Which perhaps was not perfectly right.

So I 'll clap at your show—Ah, yes,
And I 'll go to *your* ball, tho' it 's dear—
And I 'll do whatever else you may ask
If you 'll give me a Jack every year.

H. M. B., in The Morningside.

A COLLEGE GIRL.

Three college men once loved a maid,
A maiden wondrous fair,
With dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks,
And clouds of yellow hair.

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When the man from Yale would ask her
If to Eli she were true,
She'd only raise her eyes to his,
Her eyes of dark, dark blue.

When lover number two to her
Of Harvard fair would speak,
For answer she would turn to him
Her blushing crimson cheek.

To satisfy the third bold youth,
Who was a Princeton fellow,
She'd bow her head that he might see
Her hair of deepest yellow.

Thus true to Harvard, Princeton, Yale,
This maiden feels no qualms
In dancing merrily each year
At all the Junior Proms.

A. L. T., Vassar Miscellany.

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Book Reviews.

MAGAZINES.

The long story in *Lippincott's* this month is by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, "The Uncalled." It is a story in the common folk dialect of a "middle-west" town and abounds in local color which is a great charm that characterizes all of Mr. Dunbar's stories. Another very good story is "No. 87,617 Colt," by George Rodney. It tells of a Cuban excitement in the old days and is written with a purpose of showing one or two disagreeable traits of Spanish character. Other articles are "Woman's Work and Wages," "Blunders in Bird-Nesting," "The Literature of Japan," and the first of a series of papers by E. V. Lucas, "Charles Lamb and Robert Lloyd."

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The *Atlantic* contains an article by Richard Olney on the "International Isolation of the United States," in which he makes a strong argument for abandoning the Washington policy of non-interference, on the ground that we have reached a time when it is safer to have our fingers in European politics than to remain constantly aloof. The story of "The Dreyfus and Zola Trials" is admirably told by John T. Morse, Jr. Mark Liddell follows his article of last month on "The Teaching of English," by one on "English Literature and the Vernacular," citing many interesting occurences, especially in Shakespeare. Mark Liddell has only recently returned from several years of study at Oxford where he devoted all his time to English literature. "The Scientific Articles are Psychology and the Real Life," by Münsterberg, and "Great Explorers of the Southern Heavens," by T. J. J. See. "Her Last Appearance" is a good story.

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TO A THRUSH.

To greet this sweet June weather,
  Come, little brother mine,
And we will sing together
  My matin song and thine.

Quick! E'er the sun re-capture
  The still heart of the woods,
Pour out thy lyric rapture
  And thrill the solitudes.

Arthur Ketchum.

DOUBT AND BELIEF.

Says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "Not only is there 'a soul of goodness in things evil,' but very generally also a soul of truth in things erroneous. The complementary proposition might also be maintained, viz.: That there is a soul of evil in things good and in things true a soul of error. In short, there is probably not a single human doctrine or belief of any elaborateness which is not made up partly of truth and partly of falsehood. Of nothing is this more true than of modern agnosticism; and the just critic, no matter what his views as to its ultimate validity, will find in it something at least that is false, and something true.

The term agnosticism is one of the vaguest and most indefinite words in our language. From its derivation it, of course, designates the doctrine of one who *does not know*, and under this meaning its use is almost as wide-spread as ignorance itself. Every man who cannot assent to some philosophical or theological doctrine which others insist upon dogmatically, and who wishes to protest against it hastens to dub himself an agnostic. Even the leaders in agnostic thought differ among themselves as to the meaning of the term. According to Mr. Herbert Spencer, "the Prophet of the Unknowable," it is the doctrine "that the Power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable." Thomas Huxley, on the other hand, who in 1869, coined the term

agnostic, is inclined to ridicule Mr. Spencer's Unknowable, with its capital U, and maintains that agnosticism is "not a creed but a method," a principle which may be expressed thus: "Do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable." And while Clifford voices a similar idea in his expression, "It is wrong to believe anything upon insufficient evidence," Leslie Stephen defines an agnostic as "one who asserts that there are limits to the sphere of human intelligence and that theology lies without these limits." In short, there are almost as many different systems of agnosticism as there are separate agnostics.

Yet, greatly as individual agnostics differ in particulars, they have certain important characteristics in common; and though it is well-nigh impossible to combine in one definition the doctrines of them all, still the tendency which underlies all their differing confessions of belief (or disbelief) is one. There are at most, two schools of agnostics, the dogmatic and the critical; and however much these may disagree in many respects, they are both animated by one common spirit which may be formulated somewhat as follows: All reality in itself, and especially the Supreme and Ultimate Reality, is to us unknowable; from its very nature, the finite mind can never know God or anything about Him, beyond His mere existence; and it is wrong to believe what we cannot prove.

Let us now see what foundation of truth (if any) there is in this proposition. To the man of "common sense" views the agnostic's assertion seems not only fallacious but absurd. "Know reality as it is!" he exclaims. "Of course we can. Do not I see and touch and handle reality? Has not Modern Science made the whole universe an open book for us? And as to God, are not his nature and character and thoughts

all known to theology?" But let us ask this champion of common sense, to whom there are few secrets and no mysteries in heaven or on earth: Are you so sure, then, that things are what they seem? You say whatever you can see and hear and touch must be in itself just what it seems to you. Would you therefore claim that color and sound are in the things themselves? If you will consider a moment, you will see that these qualities do not belong to the objects seen and heard but only to the seer and hearer. Or, if you deny this, you will be contradicting the very Science of which you are so proud. For Science tells us that what we call sound, heat, and light, different as they seem, are, so far as they can be said to exist in the external world at all, one and the same thing—namely, the vibration of particles of matter. Much the same thing might be said about the so-called "primary qualities" of objects, such as extension and solidity; there is no good reason for saying they belong to the external object independently of an experiencing subject any more than sound and color do. And so we have absolutely no way of telling what the external world is really like apart from us who perceive it.

Moreover, all we ever know of any object is its qualities, we never get back of the qualities to the thing in itself. And yet we must believe the thing consists in something besides its qualities, for otherwise what holds the qualities together, what determines that just these qualities should be present in this particular object? If, on the other hand, there be a thing in itself, a true reality, the cause of the phenomena, what is it like? Can any one conceive of such a thing? And must it not remain to us forever unknowable?

But turning from these rather metaphysical questions, let us go at once to the point where the champion of common sense feels himself most firmly entrenched and ask him to

tell us something about the constitution of matter, with which he is so familiar. In the first place we should like to know whether it is solid or not. If he says it is, we must reply that that is impossible; for all matter is compressible, which could not be the case if it were absolutely solid. If now he retreats to Newton's hypothesis and informs us that matter consists of solid, indivisible atoms, separated from each other by tracts of unoccupied space and always attracting and repelling each other, we will ask him if he can conceive of an atom acting upon another through a space that is utterly empty; and if he can do this he must possess a larger intellectual grasp than Newton himself, who declared that for a body to act where it is not, is not a miracle, but a contradiction. Moreover, if we ask our friend what holds the ultimate atom together, he must respond, a cohesive force. What holds together the fragments into which an atom might be broken? Again his answer must be, a cohesive force. And, as Mr. Spencer argues, "Continue this process as far as we may, we cannot escape the admission of forces by which the extension is upheld; and we can find no limit until we arrive at the conception of centers of force without any extension." And yet if this reasoning be correct there turns out to be no such thing as matter after all, and the whole external world is seen to be made up of an absolutely intangible, indefinite something, which all men will agree is only a name for the cause of motion, and which without matter for it to act upon is absolutely inconceivable.

Thus each of these three hypotheses as to the constitution of matter, when logically developed, proves utterly unthinkable. Yet it is probable that one of them is the true one. Will our omniscient, common-sense friend have the goodness to tell us which one it is?

Turning now from the external to the internal world, we

will find our gnostic involved in new difficulties fully as insurmountable. Leaving minor problems unnoticed, we will ask him at once what he knows about the relation of matter and mind. Are changes in consciousness caused by motion in the brain-cells? If so, we have mechanical energy in the nerve tissue turning into thought (which to a sane man is absolutely inconceivable) and disappearing absolutely as force, thus forming a striking exception to the law of the conservation of energy. If, on the other hand, our orthodox friend is driven to say that mind and body do not interact, he must be ready to admit that the external world makes no impression upon him, and that he is incapable of moving a finger; that mind and body are absolutely independent of each other, and that all his actions are as purely automatic and unaffected by consciousness as the puffing of a steam engine, or the ticking of a clock.

If, then, we are incapable of forming any valid conception of the real nature of matter, and if our own action upon our very bodies is so inscrutable to us, is it not the height of presumption for us to pretend to an exhaustive knowledge of that Supreme Reality, whom we must believe is the ultimate ground and cause of all phenomena? He must be Infinite and Absolute; yet so finite and conditioned are our minds that for us to talk of Infinity and Absoluteness is to play with words whose meaning we can never comprehend. He must be self-existent; yet of self-existence we can form no conception. Moreover, from the very nature of our thinking we can never understand God. For to understand an object is to refer it to an already known class. But the Infinite and Absolute are unique and can never be referred to any class. Again, we know nothing except as it is interpreted to us in the light of our own nature; the fullness of Him who transcends all things can never be known to us.

Finally, if in particular objects we cannot get back of the qualities and reach the thing in itself, how can we expect to grasp the Ground and Cause that lies back of all things, the Noumenon of which the whole universe is the phenomenon?

We see, therefore, that all our boasted knowledge amounts to but little and that our ignorance is immense. A large part of our perception is due entirely to the mind, though we cannot tell how much or what. Things are not what they seem to us. We perceive only phenomena; the thing in itself is hidden from us. The most familiar things, such as matter and force, present problems which in all probability can never be solved. The greatest enigma of all is found in our own nature; while the Absolute and Infinite Reality, just because it is Absolute and Infinite, is so far beyond our grasp that we cannot even discuss its nature without using words that carry with them no real and adequate meaning to our minds. Why should we then pretend to a knowledge which we do not possess? Why try to hide from ourselves our own ignorance? We are surrounded on every hand by an immense, an inscrutable mystery. We do not know, that is the fact, no matter what some of us may claim to the contrary. Let us therefore give up our pretensions to a knowledge which is so far beyond us, and, bowing reverently before the Mystery of things, let us with the agnostic humbly confess, *we do not know.*

No one admitting the truth of the last few paragraphs can fail to see that agnosticism has had a real use and a beneficial influence upon modern thought. It arose as a protest against that dogmatic spirit in theology which stripped Heaven of its mystery and took from man his sense of awe and wonder. "Volumes might be written," says Mr. Spencer, "on the impiety of the pious. Through the printed and spoken thoughts of religious teachers may almost everywhere

be traced a professed familiarity with the ultimate Mystery of things, which to say the least of it, seems anything but congruous with the accompanying expressions of humility." Some of the so-called orthodox have always delighted in making exhaustive explanations of the character of God, in putting down in black and white all His thoughts, and in illustrating His plans by geometrical diagrams. They have even gone so far as to give us His psychology; and it is indeed surprising none have ever written His biography. Agnosticism appeals against this false orthodoxy to the truly religious spirit of all ages. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is high as Heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" We are surrounded by a mystery on every hand. "We are but windows looking out upon the Infinite." The God in whom we must believe is so great that He transcends every conception our finite minds can form. The truly religious soul is lost in wonder and in worship, and cries out, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high; I cannot attain unto it."

So far, then, we will go with the agnostic. We will agree that God is so great, so unbounded, that the finite mind can never understand Him or know Him in His entirety. But when the agnostic goes beyond this and insists that God is absolutely and entirely unknowable, and that it is wrong for us to attribute to Him any other quality than mere existence, we must break company with him at once. The agnostic tries to prove too much. He tells us that because we do not know the whole we cannot know the part; that because we do not know God as well as we know ourselves we cannot know anything about Him at all. It does not follow that because He is infinite we therefore cannot know even that part of His nature which is in vital connection with our lives,

any more than our ignorance of the infinite stretches of space beyond this planet prevents our knowing that part of space which immediately surrounds us. God has, we may suppose, an infinite number of qualities and powers of which we could never form a conception; but that does not make any the less real our knowledge of those qualities which (we believe) He does reveal to us. Until the agnostic brings forward some better argument than our partial ignorance to convict us of absolute ignorance, we shall still cling to the belief that we have a right to believe something.

But not only has the agnostic jumped to a conclusion absolutely unwarranted by his premise; he has left entirely out of account one vast field of evidence. In his examination of the universe and of man he has considered only the facts that appeal to the cold logical intellect; he has forgotten to make any mention of our emotional and volitional nature. But whether we will or no, these facts force themselves upon our recognition. There is the impulse to endeavor, to strive for something better and nobler; there is the feeling of obligation and that terrible word *ought* before which strong men tremble. There is the unconquerable longing to pierce the mystery of things; the faith that the best is the real, and that at the heart of things is a power not absolutely strange to us. There is the yearning after some sort of union with this infinite Power, and the strange, mystic joy of at least a seeming communion with it, which men of every generation have felt and lived by. There are

> those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings;
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,
> High instincts, before which our mortal nature
> Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised!

> * * those first affections
> Those shadowy recollections
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing:
> Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence; truths that wake
> To perish never;
> Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
> Nor man, nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy.

These are the facts. What are we going to do with them? No philosophy which leaves them out of account can hope for any large or lasting success, for it has left unexplained one half of life. They thrust themselves upon us; we cannot escape them. What shall we do with them? They demand an answer from every new system of thought that arises; and woe to that system which cannot deal with them.

Agnosticism tries to dodge their question. But when pressed for an answer it tells us that these moral and ethical facts are but by-products of evolution, but chance out-growths due in part to natural selection, and that, though all very pretty, they have no real significance or meaning.

So long as agnosticism treats the emotional facts of our nature in this way its doom is sealed; it can never attain to the truth by any such one-sided view of the universe; and sooner or later it must yield to the only system of thought that has ever explained our ethical needs at all satisfactorily —religion.

So true is this that the chief among the agnostics, Mr. Spencer, long ago recognized it, and has tried to erect his belief in the Unknowable into a religion while still keeping it agnosticism. The result, as might have been expected, is a hybrid system which is neither agnosticism nor religion.

He has developed his Unknowable into "an Infinite and Eternal Energy by which all things are created and sustained," and has found out that it is the "Ultimate Cause," the "All-Being," and the "Creative Power." In short he has added so many qualities to the Unknowable that we now know almost as much about It as the orthodox theist claims to know about God. And yet the worship of this most extraordinary being cannot be called religion, for Mr. Spencer definitely states that the Unknowable bears no relation to us that we know anything about, and that our only proper feeling toward It is one of awe. And, as Mr. Frederic Harrison says, "A religion which could not make any one any better, which would leave the human heart and human society just where it found them, which left no foothold for devotion and none for faith, which could have no doctrines, no morality, no beauty, no hope, no consolation, which is summed up in one dogma—the Unknowable is everywhere and Evolution is its prophet—this is the mockery of religion."

Mr. Spencer's religious agnosticism is like a coach hitched to two horses pulling in opposite directions; and the result is that the passengers never get anywhere. The truth is Mr. Spencer's compromise between agnosticism and religion is so full of inconsistencies, of incongruities, of self-contradictions, that it offers no permanent support for our feet. But where shall we go? We cannot return to absolute agnosticism with its disregard of half the vital questions of life. The only logical thing, the only possible thing, is to go on to that system of thought which alone, as said above, can ever answer these questions satisfactorily,—viz., religion. For only a system which gives to these moral and emotional facts and needs a meaning and significance, and indeed the highest meaning and the greatest significance, and which in some measure explains these facts and satisfies these needs—only such a

system of thought can ever be widely accepted or ever thoroughly consistent with itself.

But in going to religion we do not take upon ourselves all the difficulties which agnosticism has justly thrown upon the old dogmatic theology. Our ignorance is immense, we admit it. We do not know God as He is in Himself and apart from us. But neither do we need to. All that religion demands is the personal relationship of man to a living, thinking, willing, loving God. This much must be retained; and of this we may feel confident, unless we are willing to believe that the moral and emotional facts of our nature are but a hollow and meaningless mockery. But with this practical knowledge of God so far as He touches our lives granted us, we shall not be troubled by our ignorance on other points and about His other qualities; nor shall our faith be shaken even if Mr. Spencer demonstrates to us that "the ideas we attach to the word *personal* do not adequately express the deepest reality in the life of the Eternal." We do not expect, we would not wish to know Him entirely, thoroughly, with nothing left unknown, as we know the phenomena of nature or the multiplication table. That were to make Him finite. We would not for the world have an exhaustive psychology of God, nor would we wish to believe that such a thing were possible for our finite minds. But we must know Him in His relations to us. We must believe, as Professor James says, that He is the Power that makes for righteousness and that *means* righteousness, and One who like us has purposes which he loves, and who hears us when we call. So much we must believe, and believe with an intensity of conviction that goes beyond our knowledge of the things of sense. Agnosticism here is suicide.

But the agnostic will tell us we have no right to found anything upon the feelings of our heart; that these are but the

empty dreamings of an idle mind, and should never have any influence upon a man seeking for truth; that such a man should be guided only by cold reason, and should disregard everything else; and that to found our belief upon our emotional interests is "the lowest depth of immorality." With such a man we cannot argue. We *must* trust the longings and the promptings of our hearts, even though he calls them empty nothings. We can only respond to him as Faust to Mephistophiles,

"*In deinem Nichts hoff ich das All zu finden.*"

But if the agnostic admits that the emotional facts of our nature may possibly have some significance, but says that we never can tell surely whether they have or not; that we cannot prove the truth of any of our religious beliefs; and that, therefore, it is our duty to sit down in a state of perpetual abeyance of judgment and not believe anything because, as Clifford says, "it is wrong always, everywhere, and for anyone to believe anything upon insufficient evidence," we can only reply that a perpetual abeyance of judgment is a thing impossible; that the practical facts of the world and the great questions of life and of religion force us to believe something, and to take one side or the other; that no neutral course is open to us; that the agnostic himself by refusing to accept the claims of religion, in effect dogmatically denies them, since he acts as though they were already proven absolutely false; and that he thereby takes as much risk of error and acts as much on faith as we. And as to the truth of our beliefs, we can only say that nothing outside of mathematics can be absolutely proven; that all we can do is to test our beliefs by experience; and that our belief in God has been tested and verified by the experience of the race through all the ages past, and is receiving new verification with every gen-

eration. If still he says we cannot know for sure, we respond that we are willing to take our chances. Belief as well as action requires something of heroism; and for the possibility of gaining the great truth of which we have conceived, we are willing to take the risk of error. But our agnostic repeats that it is wrong to believe without sufficient evidence. Has it never occurred to him that faith often creates its own verification? Let him tell the general just entering into battle that it is wrong for him to take any risks because he cannot prove that victory is certain. It is the faith in victory that alone makes the victory certain. We, too, are entering into battle—the battle of life; and we throw in our lot with the Ideal, because we have faith in its ultimate victory. We do all in our power to make the Ideal real, because we believe it is real. We may be mistaken in the end; it may turn out all an illusion. But even if it does we shall not repent of our choice. Better to have had a hand in the fight, even though on the losing side, than to have sat idly by like the agnostic, because we could not tell with certainty which side would prove the stronger. But, if at the Day of Judgment it transpire that the feelings of the heart do mean something, that the Ideal is, after all, the real, and was made, perhaps, a little more real on account of our efforts now, we may then, as Prof. James somewhere suggests, turn to our faint-hearted agnostic brothers with words like those of Henry IV to the tardy Crillon after a great victory:

"Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We fought at Arqeus and you were not there."

James Bissett Pratt.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

I.

Down the trim-set garden ways
  Before the May dew sped,
Came my sailor-lad and I
  The day that we were wed.
Lad's-love, rue, or rosemary
  Which should my posy be?
Happy flow'rs for happy brides,
  Lad's-love, then, for me!

II.

Winds are fair; the white sails g
  Against a summer sky,
But my heart was full of tears
  To bid my love good-bye.
Lad's-love, rue, and rosemary!
  For sake of him at sea,
When I passed the garden way
  Plucked I rosemary!

III.

Winds may lash the cruel seas,
  I shall not heed again,
For the ship that bore my lad
  Sails nevermore the main.
Lad's-love, rue, and rosemary!
  To my lost love true,
For my posy I will wear
  Sad rosemary and rue!

TERRAPIN.

One can be unconventional even at Delmonico's—if one is lunching in a private room.

The pretty girl was leaning her elbows on the table and resting her chin in her hands.

Her escort was studying the menu assiduously, "and terrapin," he said to the attentive waiter.

"For lunch?" she said. "Really Harold, you must stop your expensive habits when you marry—"

"When I marry?" he repeated, lowering the menu, and smiling across the table at her.

"Some day you will wish to marry," she continued, "and you should reserve terrapin lunches to make the first impression on your—on the girl you choose."

"And how do you know that I have not?"

"Ah! You must n't," she said. "I am to help you find the girl. I am—but surely you must remember our platonic vows of last summer."

"But I have n't seen you since last summer."

"No. It seems your youthful ardor has cooled somewhat, as I told you it would." She smiled playfully. "And you have n't written me—much. Of course you have been busy and—"

"As incorrigible as ever, I see," he remarked. "But seriously, Helen, very seriously, I have come all the way from

Boston to ask you to marry me—to tell you how much I miss you—how much I need you every day. Can't you, won't you love me?"

For a moment she looked steadily into his open, pleasant face now clouded with anxiety. "I think I could," she said softly, "but Harold, I don't half know my own mind, and you mustn't urge me now. I thought it was so much nicer the other way. It is so pleasant for a girl to have some good friend like you. Can't you leave it that way, at least for a while?"

"Forgive me," he said in a low voice, "but I cannot. When I am with you I almost forget what I am saying, and I haven't seen you in such a long time," he added, by way of appeal and apology.

"Forgive *me*," she said, laying her hand gently upon his. "I was hasty and thoughtless. But I can't answer you now."

A shadow passed quickly over his face.

"In a month," she continued, "come to New York, and we will lunch together. If—if we have terrapin—"

"Yes?" he asked eagerly.

"Why of course you will make a favorable impression," she said. "And now I must complete my Easter shopping. It is my busy afternoon. No, I don't think you could help me," and almost before he knew it, he had put her into her carriage, and felt the warm pressure of her hand, as it lay for a moment in his. "In a month," she said. "Good-bye."

* * * * * * * * *

For all Harold's forebodings it seemed hardly a week before he was again in New York. His train was late, and the afternoon was half gone before he arrived at her home.

"Is this a proof of your feelings toward me," she said

roguishly. "And it was your last chance." A smile quivered through her long lashes.

"I promised to lunch with you to-day," he replied. "Can't we lunch after the theater to-night? It was not my fault you know."

"Very well," she assented. "But you must be tired. Come into the library where you can smoke. Now tell me all about yourself."

"You are kind to me to-day," he said.

She smiled again—such a wonderfully pretty smile she had—"it 's because this is the last day of our friendship."

"And to-morrow, Helen?"

"To-morrow," she answered, "never comes."

As they went into dinner she glanced back at him. "Don't look at me that way. *Is* there anything wrong with my hair?"

During dinner and through one act of the play, she prattled on of nothings. Almost silently he sat at her side. But he was happy.

She drew further back into the shadow of the box, and during the last two acts, they sat in the contented silence which speaks of perfect friendship. The play was a sweet little love story in which the hero and heroine were kept apart by absolutely refusing to admit of facts which lay directly beneath their respective noses. Helen found herself wondering if people could make such mistakes in real life. Then she fell to thinking. The last act concluded with the heroine in the hero's arms.

"And did you like it?" he said.

"Yes, it ended well," she answered with a little sigh.

He stopped abruptly in the process of putting on her opera cloak. She glanced innocently over her shoulder at him. The box was secluded, but Harold was a man of his word.

"I am very hungry," he said.

In a few moments they were again at Delmonico's.

"Now," he said anxiously, "Can I—may I order terrapin?"

"Terrapin," she answered, "is very expensive. It often does more harm than good."

"But can I order it?" he interrupted.

"If you like it well enough to overlook its drawbacks—"

"And you?" he cried.

"Waiter, wont you bring us some terrapin?" she said.

With a little gasp of delight he half rose in his chair.

"Harold, do behave," she whispered.

"Anything else?" asked the attentive waiter.

"No," replied Harold, "but be quick."

"And now," he cried springing to her side.

But she had risen and skillfully barricaded herself behind her chair. "If you dare—If you don't sit down, I 'll"—She left the conclusion to the defiant smile in her eyes.

"But," he said, "isn't the hero in the play always rewarded for his troubles? And don't you want our play to end well?"

All of which only goes to prove that one can be unconventional even at Delmonico's—if one is lunching in a private room.

Charles Fisher Hepburn.

THE POETRY OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

"Keen as a blinded man at dawn awake,
Smells in the dark the cold odour of earth;
Eastward he turns his eyes, and over him
A dreadful freshness exquisitely breathes;
The room is brightening, even his own face!
So the excluded ghosts in Hades felt
A waft of early sweet, and heard the rain of spring beginning over them."

This is the grand opening of the first of Mr. Stephen Phillips's poems. When first published at Oxford a few years ago, it was these lines that introduced a new name into English literature. It is always true that the second book of a new writer, after he has gained some reputation, is a most critical one. Was his success due to the charm of novelty, or to some passing inspiration, or was it indicative of a real inborn talent? This question is always discussed about a new author, and it is always answered by his next effort. Although Mr. Phillips did not quite recover the note of "Christ in Hades," still his new work is with the same ideals and entirely fulfills his early promise. Its very small fault lies chiefly in the imperfection of his style. He is perhaps not over-careful with his technique. As one critic says: "He is more curious about what he says than about how he says it, and this in an age of confectionary verse must be imputed to him as a fault on the right side. There are

plenty of writers to be careful how they say their nothings. Mr. Phillips's poetry on the other hand is primarily a thoughtful poetry."

He has been called a poetical psychologist, one interested in how human beings reveal themselves when under the influence of some overwhelming passion. His "Faces at a Fire," a study of such a revelation, shows this trait to a marked degree:

> "Dazzled with watching how the swift fire fled
> Along the dribbling roof I turned my head;
> When, lo, upraised beneath the lighted cloud
> The illumed unconscious faces of the crowd.
> An old gray face in lovely bloom upturned
> The ancient rapture and the dream returned.
> A crafty face wandering simply up!
> That dying face near the communion cup!
> The experienced face, now venturous and rash,
> The scheming eyes hither and thither flash.
> * * * * *
> Wonderful souls by sudden flame betrayed
> I saw; then through the darkness went afraid."

So Mr. Phillips's psychology deals with crises rather more than with processes. Such a crisis is the plot of one of his finest and grandest poems, "Marpessa." It is the ancient classic clothed in new and interesting romance. A very brief outline of the story is given under the title, "Marpessa." Being given by Zeus her choice between Apollo and Idas, a mortal, chooses Idas. Each of her lovers pleads his cause; first the god, then the man. The picture of their pleading is most vivid:

> "When the long day that glideth without cloud,
> The summer day, was at her blue-deep hour
> Of lilies musical with busy bliss,
> When very light trembled as with excess,
> And heat was frail, and every bush and flower
> Was drooping in the glory overcome;
> They three together met."

Apollo would associate Marpessa with the rhythm of the universe and with the passing of time. She shall heal the sick and restore the brain, or shall,

> "Persuade the harvest and bring on
> The deeper green; or silently attend
> The fiery funeral of foliage old."

Idas cannot give her any such glorious honors, but his appeal fairly throbs with passionate entreaty. His love for her is not divine, but among mortals it is immortal, and in it Mr. Philips has breathed his very truest spirit of poetry:

> "I love thee then
> Not only for thy body packed with sweet
> Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
> That jar of violet wine set in the air,
> That palest rose sweet in the night of life;
> Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
> By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair;
> Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
> Invasion of old cities; no, nor all
> Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.
> Not for this only do I love thee, but
> Because Infinity upon thee broods;
> And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
> Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
> So long, and yearned up the cliff to tell.
> Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
> What the still night suggested to the heart."

And then comes the very beautiful passage in which Marpessa makes her choice, and with a woman's wisdom accepts her mortal destiny. It is particularly strong in its thought and feeling, and exquisite in diction and tender sympathy.

Let us glance for a few lines at the shorter poems that with this make up his new volume.

"The Woman with the Dead Soul" is a strong, eloquent plea against that peace that follows the soul's death; "a

burning claim for light and warmth, with all the pain and wild unrest they bring."

In his lines on Milton, beautiful with something of Milton's own beauty, he has conceived that the poet is divinely blinded, that he could more clearly see the whole:

> "He gave thee back original night, His own
> Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free
> Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang."

In the few lyrics which Mr. Phillips has scattered through this volume is his strongest appeal to the reader.

The verses are every one poignant, although at times a sequence of arrangement is lacking, a fault, however, that is almost entirely overlooked in the beauty of such lines as these:

> "Oh to recall!
> What to recall?
> All the roses under the snow?
> Not these.
> Stars that toward the water go?
> Not these.
>
> Oh to recall!
> What to recall?
> All the greenness after rain?
> Not this.
> Joy that gleameth after pain?
> Not this.
>
> Oh to recall!
> What to recall?
> Not the greenness nor delight?
> Not these.
> Not the roses out of sight?
> Not these.
>
> Oh to recall!
> What to recall?
> Not the stars in waters red?
> Not this.
> Laughter of a girl that's dead?
> Oh this!"

These are all particularly characteristic of Mr. Phillips in delicacy and beauty, and in the remarkable aptness of some of his epithets. He always seems to embody his meanings in some clear cut phrase or line, where each word is a bold pencil stroke.

Last of all his poems in the book is "Christ in Hades," in which he has struck the key-note of his fame. It has the stately majesty of Virgil, combined with much of his simplicity. "To nobility of fundamental thought, it adds an imaginative vision, by which that shadowy world, half obscure, half defined, with its tremendous significant figures is magnificently bodied forth." It shows again, how forcibly he works up his epithets, as in the closing lines.

> "The vault closed back, woe upon woe, the wheel
> Revolved, the stone rebounded, for that time
> Hades her interrupted life resumed."

So Mr. Phillips, while yet a very young writer, is most interesting to us among his contemporaries. He is serious, poetic, sympathetic, and imaginative, and this counts for much. He has set a very high standard in "Christ in Hades," but one that, judging from his early promise, ought not to be difficult for him to repass, for he has that "individuality of outlook, and that undefinable, inimitable, undeniable thing,—style."

Alfred Dudley Britton.

CAPTIVES.

My brain is like a prison cage,
Its thronging thoughts like birds.
Captives are they, who may not find
The outer air—in words.

They were not born for narrow place—
God's own free singing things!
And 'gainst the bars of Silence, they
Beat ever with fierce wings.

Some day—who knows?—at last will end
Their bondage—kept so long,
And from the opened cage they'll gain
Their liberty of Song.

Arthur Ketchum.

THE TALE OF A CAT.

Orlando Furioso Jones was traveling in Egypt with his aunt. He had finished his education, and knew six languages; or rather was supposed to. Orlando was twenty-one and penniless; his aunt was sixty-one and a plutocrat. Orlando hoped to occupy most of her last will and testament, so he was accompanying her on her journeyings, and airing off the remnants of his six languages.

An English party was ascending the Nile in company with them; and of that party was the beautiful and charming Miss Arabella Brown of London. From profound admiration of her, Orlando rose to a mood of exaltation, and then of canonization.

Orlando's love grew with time, and as it also increased as the square of the distance between them, he found it necessary to remain in her immediate vicinity. Meanwhile they sailed up the Nile in a long dream of yellow sand, blue sky, and purple haze, with sixty centuries scrutinizing them from either bank. Now and then they would stop to ransack a tomb or chip a piece off from some antediluvian statue.

One day, Orlando found a mummy cat, and the plutocratic aunt, who was also an amateur Egyptologist, was in ecstasies. The cat was a lovely creature of the fifteenth or twentieth dynasty, well soaked in natron, and preserving all the

austere appearance of its times—but alas! Miss Arabella did not appreciate it. Nay, more, she detested it, and whenever Orlando approached carrying the venerable monster by the tail, she would give a suppressed shriek, and say, "Oh, the horrid thing! take it away! take it away! I shall faint, I know I shall;" and Orlando would look in an unfriendly way at the cat, and say unkind, and sometimes really harsh, things, which was reprehensible, considering that the cat was some two hundred times as old as he was. There was no convenient way to transport the precious burden, so that Orlando had undertaken hand conveyance for a couple of days.

One day a young Englishman of Arabella's party laughed at Orlando and the cat. Orlando retorted that it was good fun carrying the cat, and the Englishman wanted to bet that Orlando would not "carry the beastly thing one whole day from rise to set of sun without setting it down," and the wager was promptly taken up. Now, Orlando had no money to pay the bet if he lost; and his aunt, with her holy horror of betting, would never supply money for such a purpose. He was, therefore, in the peculiar predicament that he really HAD to win the bet. It had been determined that, if a lion or a rhinoceros should chase him, he might lay down his burden and the bet was off, and many times that day did he long for a good, raging rhinoceros, but no such creature seemed in sprinting mood.

It was toward sunset of that day that word suddenly came that Orlando's aunt's *charge d'affaires*, a certain lawyer in distant New York, had died. The good lady found that all was not right with the finances, and determined to go home at once and look matters up.

She would take Orlando with her, and he should be taught to act as her man of affairs. His discovery of the cat showed his natural ability for such a place.

But alack! they must go back that night in order to catch the steamer, and Orlando was in despair.

How could he leave Arabella, when he felt that the bond between them was so close and dear? He must see her at once.

But he could not get near the object of his adoration unless he dropped the cat, and he could not do that. Now, just suppose he did lose the bet, he could not pay it for a long time, for he was not independent yet, and his aunt's purse-strings were cautious and inquisitive. The young Englishman was off for the African wilds, and, as he might never see him again, Orlando could not very well postpone payment. At least this is the way he reasoned out the thing.

The lovely and delectable Miss Brown was far off among the tombs sketching, and thither hastened the distraught lover. He found the fair artist, ensconced on a high sandstone terrace, and busily engaged in scratching, and erasing, and then shutting one eye in an artistic and professional, but highly bewitching, way. She gave a scream as she saw Orlando and the cat, and gathered her skirts about her with pallid face. Then she looked down on him from her vantage ground.

"Miss Brown, Arabella," said Orlando, with trepidation, "I have something important to tell you;" and he started up the narrow pathway with the cat grasped firmly in his hand. "Oh, you horrid, horrid man!" shrieked Miss Arabella, "go away, or I shall throw myself from this precipice. If you have anything important to say, leave the cat."

Orlando really could n't explain matters there, and Miss Brown thought he was obstinate, and became most awfully obdurate.

Orlando looked around in vain for a lion or a rhinoceros, and he would have given some $250 (later on) for a respect-

able megatherium. "Miss Brown, dear Arabella, I can't leave this cat—"

"Can't?" broke in the charming Arabella, pertly, "then you can stay down there."

There was no way out of it;—he must carry on the proposal at fifteen-foot range. "Arabella," he said, earnestly, "I have always loved you, and I come to ask you—"

"You might show me that you love me more than the cat, by putting it down," quoth Miss Brown.

"Oh, dear Arabella, I can't, I can't. You don't understand. Here we are, we two—"

"Yes, and you making love with a dead cat in your hand, and hanging by the tail, too."

"Arabella, to-night I go back to Cairo—" Arabella started. "I may never see you again. If you refuse me, my life is blighted—"

"You 'll have the cat" (sarcastically).

"Arabella, think of the month we 've passed together; the moonlit nights, the cool mornings on the Nile. I almost thought our guiding stars had brought us together, and—I must say good-bye; ah, cruel Arabella—farewell."

Arabella relented a little. "If you would put down the cat, I really think I could—well—"

Orlando was furious. He might drop the cat. His honor seemed at stake, and, queer though it may seem, that would have been the last thing he would have done. Just at that moment he noticed a little insect busily engaged in digging a small hole in the sand. It was the tiny ant-lion, ferocious little creature, which had luckily escaped Orlando's foot. (Just here I wish to state that I do not know that ant-lions are found in Egypt, but this story is told me by Arabella her self, and Arabella, though charming, has a most wayward

imagination.) It was only an insect, but it was a lion, and lion was an extenuating circumstance.

Orlando gave a joyful shout, and the next minute the cat was on the ground, Orlando was in Arabella's arms, and the sun was just at that angle with the horizon which told him that it was time to be back with the party.

"Orlando," said Arabella, as they walked back, "if you had not dropped the cat, I really believe I should have had to take you, cat and all,"—and Orlando trod among the stars.

The cat is in Orlando's front hall, now, and the ant-lion has long departed to the spirit land of ant-lions.

Charles Newman Hall.

CUPID BECOMES SOCRATIC.

Lamark leaned for a while over the side of the white, wooden bridge, and looked at the water which swirled over the rocky ledges. It was familiar. The great willows whose deformities, with all the other glaring defects of winter, were being hidden under a green covert, over-arched the stream far down its course. The keen, acetic odor of their yellow tassels thrilled and transported his thoughts, until he seemed to stand again with her gazing down that hypnotic, dewy vista. It looked just as it had at that time a year ago.

But where was she? Doubtless already weighing the qualifications of Narraganset and Newport. He would be over sanguine, to believe that even a passing recollection of their few weeks together had ever trespassed the boundaries of her thoughts. Those encircling hills, with their inspiriting example, had only made her well that she might enter with redoubled ardor upon the gay round of social life at the shore. The recompense of his return was to be only bitter thoughts. She would never care to live over again the weeks that to him had been a short draught of nectar and ambrosia.

But he was here now. He would find pleasure in augmenting his disappointment, and in goading his memory to think over again the old thoughts. So he left the turmoil of the cascade, and mounted the steep hill to the solemn grave-

yard. The new cemetery next the road grated upon him. In the exactness of its square plotted surface, and in the newness and perpendicularity of its forest of granite tombs and obelisks, he could read the nearness of death. Oblivion was not yet the desired balm of his discomfiture; and so he continued through the narrow paths to the higher ground of the old cemetery. Here pleasant long grasses hindered his feet, and he was glad that many of the inscriptions were illegible, or that the stones were rotted and overturned. If the old plot near by was set apart from the rest by stone posts and heavy tasseled iron chains, that betokened a once overweening opulance, it was pleasant to see how the lichens and rust and the rankness of the turf had imparted to the spot an atmosphere which bore only the perfume of an intangible past. He wished to be sad, but only to have a sort of qualified regret, to see Death only in dim perspective.

On the slight elevation the morning sun had not yet penetrated the gloomy recesses of a tall lilac. He looked at it silently. It was there they had watched together for the last time the chromatic tints and blendings which the sun cast athwart the hazy tapestry of the lower gateway of the hills. Then awakening from his instant's lethargy, he threaded the way through the multitude of white inscrutable stones, which facing him and the eastern sun, seemed to stare at the intruder with little mute faces, until he came to the lilac, and peered around at the flat, still tomb, which lay darkly in the shadow.

Doing so, he became aware of a girlish figure sitting motionless upon the gray stone, and seeming to gaze down into the peaceful valley to the northwestward. Though unconscious of the discord of his own presence in such a place, the strangeness of such an incident became immediately apparent and he turned noiselessly. The rustle of her skirt,

however, told him that he was discovered, and he turned again to apologize. But as they stood thus face to face neither spoke for an instant; the sun glinted in her hair, and the breeze blew it in a hazy dance.

He reached and grasped the top of a sculptured urn for support.

"Why, Mr. Lamark," she finally gasped. "Have you come back to the hotel, too?"

The stone ceased to tremble under his fingers.

"Of course, Miss Cecile," Lamark returned, taking her hand for an instant as confidently as if it were the most ordinary meeting in the world. "And we cannot help being very good friends, agreeing so perfectly in the direction of our first early morning walk."

She colored slightly, and he was silent for fear lest his agitation should lead him from the commonplace into something of a deeper import than a so briefly renewed acquaintance could allow.

She was the first to speak.

"I have been watching the cloud effects on the western summits. There is still time to watch for a while before breakfast."

"Yes," returned Lamark, "it is only ten minutes' walk to the hotel. Let us sit on the tombstone. Do you remember how we watched the sunset from here, almost a year ago."

"Very vividly," she replied and seated herself on the stone.

Lamark, however, remained standing at the end of the block, with his head amid the fragrant shoots of the lilac.

"See," she went on, "how the mists melt away into nothing as soon as they are launched into the air. At noon there will be no mists at all."

She was not surprised that he did not answer. The oddity of their meeting was forgotten, and their friendship seemed

perfectly welded. Presently they would walk down the hill again toward the hotel and all be the same as before.

But he was looking away over the rolling, daisy-carpeted meadow, studded with drooping elms, whose long, checkered shadows lay across the dimly glancing brooks, stretching far and far away to the distant meeting of the misty hills; and with the scent of the tender lilac leaves in his nostrils, a deeper sense of the infinitude of things sprang up within him.

"Life is short. It is no greater than the span of this valley," he said to himself, sitting down and beginning to stare into the forest of tall grasses, that strove to conceal the tomb itself. There grew violets and a multitude of myrtle blossoms. He picked one of each and held them together.

"Look, Cecile," he said. "Nature is our preceptor. We are not so divine that we may neglect the signs which she holds before us. All forms of life are the imperfect expression of something higher. Here are a violet and a myrtle flower, emblems of an incomplete and a complete existence. The unsymmetrical figure of the violet symbolizes the life that has fallen short of its perfect fulfillment. The harmonious arrangement of the myrtle's equal sectors is the symbol of a perfectly rounded being. Every life is incomplete until it has found its perfect complement in another life. Then only is the great harmony consummated."

"I do not understand you," she answered with a look of innocent surprise. "But I think you cannot have smelled of the two flowers. The myrtle has no perfume. That is the way I judge of the sweetness of things."

"Do n't you see?" he said, confused. "I will explain."

"Oh no, do n't," she said, "it 's not at all interesting and—Look at that little song sparrow—" pointing to a feathered mite who had just perched upon a near-by stone. "He will sing presently, I think."

When the last note died she rose.

"Shall we go now for breakfast?" she said, but sank again with a half frightened expression.

He looked down the hill in the direction of her glance. There an old hag holding a staff in one hand, and a bunch of hollyhocks in the other, was toiling slowly up the slope. They sat silently in the shadow while she passed wearily on to a gloomy corner and laid the scarlet flowers on a secluded grave.

"Yes, let us go," he said, with the air of one who becomes aware that his surroundings are infected.

But it was to her now that the revelation had come and as her eyes wandered from the tottering crone to the tomb on which they had sat she saw her thought carved on the stone.

"*O reader, be not wise in your own conceits, nor place confidence in present happiness, but take heed lest a solitary old age be upon you.*

Here was something more stern and real than the evanescent joy of living or the transient beauties of the morning. Its demand for attention was imperative.

She stooped and picked a bunch of myrtle which she laid on the tomb.

"Why do you pick only myrtle?" he said.

"Every being seeks the complement of its own existence," she replied. "These are symbols of a symmetrical life."

Philip Richards Dunbar.

AT THE END.

I wonder did you understand,
  Or if you ever knew
That all these little halting songs
  Were made for you?

A message 'cross a world of change,
  And weary leagues of space
From one who might not take your hands,
  Nor see your face.

Would I might meeter service do,
  And fairer tribute bring—
Than these poor falt'ring waifs of time
  From love and spring.

These records, fashioned here and there
  Along a winding way;
These dying echoes of a past,
  Half sad, half gay.

All broken music—faint and thin,
  Ah, might I give instead
The lyrics that my heart has sung
  In words unsaid!

Yet take them Dear—for good or ill,
  To you they all belong,
Who are the singing's very soul,
  Heart of the song!

June, 1898. *Arthur Ketchum.*

SUGGESTIONS.

"Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eût l'air d'une pensée."—*Beaumarchais.*

TOO LATE.

She was gowned in a pink creation,
  She was pretty, young and fair,
With laughing eyes of violet blue,
  And a wealth of golden hair.

I loved her to desperation
  At the Sophomore Prom. last night,
I thought she was not indifferent,
  And pitied my sorry plight.

So I told her I loved her and took her hand,
  And then I was tempted to swear
For on her small fourth finger
  There sparkled a solitaire.

J. B. C.

A FABLE.

The Philosopher was immured in his tower cell. Mystic devises covered the walls, signs terrible to look upon; and where the black hieroglyphics were not, hung maps inscribed with vessels larger than the islands and monsters larger than

continents. From a narrow slit in the wall the light fell upon globes and parchments, or upon alembics and glowing crucibles. Day was dying. Along the horizon a cloud was trailing. The beam of rosy light no longer fell aslant the searcher's page and he rose crying: "Oh, Pythagoras, wisest of the wise, powerful over the inert Cosmos, return the ray, lest the new-born thought die and the truth perish." The cell again shone but before the page stood Death. "Whom dost thou praise? What contrivest thou and why?" he said. "To the ancient sage be all honor," said the Philosopher. "I am transcribing truth that I may to-morrow turn dross into gold."

Death left the cell and flying over the fields came with the setting of the sun to the bank of a smooth river. There the Poet sat to whom Death said: "Whom lovest thou most? What dost thou and why?" Without a tremor the singer replied, "My greatest awe is for my Maker. At the first hour I wrote a sonnet to the dawn. This one declares that the West is beautiful. I write that men may have a more wise joy." Far down through the sunlit ether thrilled the faint rhapsody of a skylark. Death debated a moment, and returned to the Philosopher's cell. *P. R. D.*

SACRAMENT.

Cowl'd deep in mist the great hills kneeled,
  While on the East's high-altar bright,
The Host of Dawn lay, full revealed,
  In the clear monstrance of the Light.

A. K.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

The Intercollegiate Debate

Between Dartmouth and Williams resulted in a victory for Williams on May 12.

The Dual Meet

Between Amherst and Williams on May 14, resulted in a victory for Williams by a score of 66–60.

The Chess Tournament

Which was held on May 20 and 21 resulted in an easy victory for Amherst who won six games against none for Williams.

The New England Intercollegiate Association

Held its annual games at Worcester on May 21, and the championship resulted in a tie between Brown and Amherst.

The Tennis Matches

Between Amherst and Williams were played on May 27 and 28 on the Delta Psi court, and were won by Williams. The Williams representatives were Perry '98, and Goodbody in the doubles and Goodbody in the singles. Scores, doubles 6—1, 6—2, 7—5. Singles, 6—2, 6—4, 13—11.

The Sophomore Class

Held their annual Prom. in the Gymnasium on Friday, May 27.

The Gargoyle Society

Elected the following men from the Junior class to membership on May 28: A. D. Falck, W. M. Rutter, A. E. Branch, T. P. Goodbody, E. R. Bolton, N. B. Sherry, J. H. Stearns, O. W. Mason, John Barker, R. B. Jansen, H. H. Lehman, T. M. Shepherd, H. R. Conger, E. P. Ross, H. C. Taylor, Daniel Fitts, Jr., E. R. Tinker, Jr., H. B. Leary, J. S. Oakman, C. T. Whelan.

For One Night Only

Was produced successfully by Cap and Bells on Saturday, May 28.

The Assistant Manager

Of the Track and Field Association was elected on June 2, Charles N. Stoddard of Greenfield, Mass., being chosen by the college.

The Baseball Scores

Were as follows:

April 30, Williams, 2; Harvard, 22.
May 4, Williams, 6; Amherst, 5.
May 13, Williams, 1; Dartmouth, 8.
May 14, Williams, 2; Dartmouth, 22.
May 17, Williams, 2; Andover, 1.
May 18, Williams, 0; Harvard, 11.
May 28, Williams, 20; Amherst, 8.
May 30, Williams, 2; Newton A. A., 3.

SANCTUM.

Commencement week is upon us with its series of ceremonies and observances, and one class more has changed its old round of college life for the more or less alluring world beyond. At any commencement there is somewhat of make believe in the joy at being done and in the sorrow at leaving, and rather more, perhaps, of real feeling of both natures.

The necessity of breaking with the familiar atmosphere, and of parting from the friends who form the better part of college life cannot be anything but sad to the most self-contained. And the fact that the new A. B.'s are going out into places of greater effort and accomplishment, where there are larger and more exciting games to play at in the struggle for success, cannot but stimulate the least ambitious.

The Senior, or rather the new-stamped Alumnus, cannot go through the series of incidents at this time—the addresses and speeches, the baccalaureate, the ivy planting, Hi Juvenes and the final supper—with anything like feelings which the same series of events excite in the mother and sister brought in for the occasion, or in the undergraduates, rather unresponsive—and it is wiser so—to the last college weeks of another class than their own.

To some men, the life at college has seemed so great an

opportunity, or so great a mass of opportunities, that they have lived heart and soul in the course—believing that the chances for study can never be duplicated, that the whole four years are "the time of their life." These have gotten the greatest good perhaps—but it is not wholly true that there are to be no such times in their future life—no other such opportunities and advantages. The world is full of them, so long as they live; and despite the rosy memories of the old graduates, whose whole youth is summed up in retrospect of their college life, there are quite as great battles to be won, quite as good times to be had. And if it *were* altogether true, it would be unkind and uninspiring to tell them so.

To those men to whom, on the other hand, the college course has been a comparatively unimportant detail—the men who have let too many chances slip, memory will show the whole thing in truer perspective, if time enough be given her.

This is not the place to say much in specific praise of '98. The importance of the class in literary matters needs no comment, and its strength in the other lines has been better set forth than it can be here. But the LIT. wishes to speak a last word of farewell to a class which it has known so long and so closely.

The new department, *Events of the Month*, fills its first page of space in the June number. The LIT. does not intend to become journalistic in any degree, but it is thought that a simple list of the principal happenings of the month may serve as a convenient record, and be of some slight use as a reference to any reader who may keep a file of the MONTHLY.

CHAT.

As Chat sits down to his task, the sound of much cheering on the campus, and the darkness which prevails over the face of Morgan Hall, remind him that Hi Juvenes has arrived and that he must officially bid farewell to '98. So many of the men whose voices come in to him through the open windows are his personal friends, that he does n't like to spoil his good-bye to them by the conventional phrases with which successive Chats have been wont to take leave of successive Senior classes. It is hard to express our feelings eloquently when those feelings happen to be sincere—at least the present Chat finds it so. And, after all, what can he say but good-bye, and good luck?

Chat wishes to congratulate the base ball team—seriously this time. The championship is lost to be sure, but they have played good ball lately, the best that they knew how; and that is all that any college can ask of any team.

There seems to be considerable difference of opinion about the '99 *Gul*. The review in the *Weekly* was a little too spiteful to be very convincing, and, at least to those who knew all the circumstances, was more interesting as a study of human nature than as a literary criticism. Chat is n't so very enthusiastic over the *Gul* himself. There was

too much slovenly printing about it, and too many careless omissions. Still it struck him as being quite up to the average of the last few *Guls* from a literary point of view, and he confesses that he does n't exactly see what the reviewer meant by his last paragraph.

There are a good many things connected with the matter that would make very interesting reading. Chat would like to write some of them down, but, of course, it would n't do at all. The *Gul* Board did that and were unmercifully roasted in consequence.

Yet, after all, it was in a way their own fault. They must have known what to expect when they published one of their grinds (not the much traduced Kipling quotations). Truth is often best left at the bottom of the proverbial well; there are several institutions in this college that are imperfect and powerful; and the man who deliberately stirs up a hornet's nest must not complain if he is stung.

From all of which oracular observations it would appear that Chat has been reflecting.

THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS.

College literature is almost invariably the reflection of ability, measured by work done. In the college world there are very few men who are born poets, but whatever latent literary possibilities they may have, must be fostered and brought out by means of a carefully conceived course of study and preparation. The art of saying the little one has to say, in a clear, concise, artistic manner, is not easily acquired, and must be the slow development of practice.

During the past year the courses in English, at Williams, have been increased and improved, until now we have, considering our means, a very fair English department. The Scribe does not wish to criticize the faculty in any way, but he does want to suggest that in the near future they institute a course of daily themes in English. The course has been tried at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and other colleges and has been found eminently successful. The themes are never more than a page in length, so the writer is obliged to train himself in conciseness and simplicity, while the preparation for the course is interesting and *not* over-burdensome. The Scribe does not know the college sentiment on the subject, but for his own part, he feels that he not only wants the course, but that he, as one member of the student body, decidedly needs it.

It is very seldom that we find a really praiseworthy poem of any length in our college magazines, but the May *Columbia*

Lit. contains one entitled the "Jest," which is of considerable value. The form is crude, and there is a certain lack of lightness and movement, but at parts the poet shows marked ability.

The *Yale Lit.* has a story taken from an incident in the life of Villon. The tale is gruesome, almost too gruesome one would say for a college Lit., but it displays a great deal of dramatic force and vitality.

We clip the following:

LOVE'S NAME.

As if one touched a secret spring some day,
  And lo! a treasure hidden with all care,
By crafty hands long turned to craftless clay,
  Should suddenly in all its beauty rare
Flash on the eyes, amazed to find it there;
  Or like the change that comes when winter grey
Flees over night and leaves each hill-side bare
  For spring's bright garlands and the kiss of May:

So sweet, so sudden in thine eyes there came—
  I know not when it was or why or whence—
One single look that flame-like spelt Love's name
  Upon Life's blackness when it seemed most dense,
That brightened all my past, burned out its blame,
  And to my pauper state brought Love's large opulence.

H. R. R., Trinity Tablet.

CREDO.

Bleak and barren, bare and brown,
Leafless lies the maple's crown,
Bleak and blasted hill and down—
  Hush! but Spring will come again!

Dry and barren, or at least,
Starving at its scanty feast,
Sits the Muse, with Want as priest—
  Hush! but Spring will come again!

H. R. R., Trinity Tablet.

A ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

She sat on the fence in her ravishing ruff,
  A cat of high degree,
  With a stylish bow
  On her neck of snow.
A barnyard cat was he.

" Oh, my Persian queen in your ravishing ruff,"
  In humble tone quoth he,
" I adore the bow
  On your neck of snow!
Oh, *wo n't* you marry me?"

With a blasé look in her emerald eye,
" You 're clever, Tom," said she.
" But oh, do n't you know,
  Should I stoop so low,
'Twould shock society."

In a week and a day she sat there again,
  All shorn of fur was she;
  For awful to tell,
  In the tar she fell,
" Tom, dear, I 'm here," purred she.

Now someone had tied on Tom's commonplace neck
  A'dashing pea-green bow.
  Not raising his head,
  Politely he said—
" Propriety says 'No.' "

B. B. R., Smith College Monthly.

Book Reviews.

Some of New York's 400. Published by the American Humane Society, Boston. When "Black Beauty" was given to the world some years ago, humanity rejoiced in at last finding a real champion for its cause. The tact, method, and charming style of the book caught everyone's ear, and we listened eagerly to its voice of protest against cruelty to animals. But this new volume, on the "cruelties of fashion," though

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UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.

published under the same auspices, and with the same design—being also written for humanity's sake—is of a far different stamp.

First, the unfortunate and tactless title, which gives one the idea that the book is a thorough *exposé* of high-life frivolity, immediately prejudices, and later disappoints, the reader. For the volume contains merely an exaggerated account of one family, some of whose members embody all the faults, and none of the virtues, that abound in metropolitan society. In this same family the heroine is discovered, an ambitious girl of twenty-two, who spends all her time looking out for stray cats and dogs, and can never stir abroad without meeting an abused cab-horse. At dinners, where she is present, *pate de foie gras* or broiled *live* lobster, are sure to appear, only to be cast aside in disgust when the hostess learns from Miss Burton how cruel the dishes really are. Baby Persian lamb jackets, which one is led to believe are the only gaments members of the "400" ever wear, of course receive due censure—not the jackets, but the ignorant or heartless wearers. Next, the young lady opens a huge millinery establishment, and the fashion is set for hats *without* birds; and after several other successful reforms, she marries an ideal man—one who has "never shot a bird except two or three cruel hawks"—and lives happily ever after.

The intentions of the author are, of course, the best, but the examples of "cruel fashion" taken are either extreme or exaggerated. How many have ever seen a baby Persian lamb jacket? And, as a matter of fact, broiled live lobsters are usually humanely killed by a quick dip into scalding water before reaching the "torture rack," and do not squirm or writhe for the edification of the delighted *chef*, as one is asked to believe.

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No doubt there is ample need for a book of this purpose, but we doubt greatly whether the present volume is the means to the end.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, AND THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE. Putnam's Sons. A collection of essays inscribed "To all who are promoting the cause of literature in the southern states." The essays are by various men and women, members of the English club of Sewanee—the home of the University of the South—and are edited by President Greenough White, of the University.

The essays are all quite short and very much to the point, but this is by no means their only merit. They are distinctly original, and show in each case individual thought. Those on "Arnold's Character," "Arnold and the Bible," and "Recent History Writing," are especially interesting.

LE ROI DES MONTAGUES. Heath's Modern Language Series. The editor, Thomas Logie, was for several years an instructor in Williams College. Since then, he has traveled abroad, and gained a more thorough knowledge of the French language. The notes and introduction will prove a great help to the student who reads this novel of Abort's.

ESSENTIALS OF PLANE GEOMETRY, by Webster Wills. Leach, Shewell & Co. Price $0.75. This addition to Wells' mathematical series is most welcome. The usual order of treatment of the subject is maintained, but a number of new theorems are introduced, and the difficult explanations of many propositions, especially in the third book, are much simplified. It seems to be the best elementary text-book now in the American market.

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MAGAZINES.

Outing for June contains the usual number of articles devoted to sport. "A June Day on Egg Island, Alaska," is a remarkable description of the teeming life of a far north island. The idea of desolation which some have of those localities is quickly dispelled on reading this article. "Cupid on Wheels" is an up-to-date story, and rather amusing. There are several articles on yachting and rowing.

Lippincott's long story this month is entitled "Mere Folly," by Maria Pool. It abounds in love scenes and broken engagements, until one asks: "Are they never going to stop?" But the end comes presently with a shock, when the leading figure, while eloping for the third time, is suddenly struck from her wheel and killed. Action ceases from necessity, and the hero, now that his wife is out of the way, resolves to turn over a new leaf, and endeavor, by "steadying down," to win back again the affections of the "other girl." The story is vividly told, and, though lacking in fineness of description, the constant change of scene and action keeps the interest from lagging. Other articles are "The Terrors of Authorship," giving instances of the trials of such men as Gibbon, Balzac, Flaubert, Dickens, and others; "Suicide in India," and the second paper on "Lamb and Robert Lloyd," by E. V. Lucas.

March 15th, 1898.

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Vol. XIV. OCTOBER, 1898. No. 3.

CERVERA AT ANNAPOLIS.

They crowded round to see him, great and small,
The conquered admiral of a conquered fleet,
Shorn of his glories, thrown from his high seat,
Great by the very greatness of his fall.
Hope, fortune, honor, lost beyond recall,
Greyhaired and bitter-hearted ; doomed to meet
His country's censure, sharper than defeat,
His foeman's pity—that was worst of all.

He heard them faintly, as one hears, amuse,
Amid his vision voices far away
That call him from sad dreams to sadder day ;
For he was where he would be could he choose,
At peace beneath the waters of the bay
Where all his ships lay silent, with their crews.

Henry Rutgers Conger.

EUGENE FIELD.

Some authors have gained success in literature by the quality of their thought, although it has not always been expressed in the most admirable form. To others it has come by reason of the charm and beauty of the setting which they have given to ideas not always remarkable in themselves. And yet others have been distinguished by a strong personality, ever present in all they have written, and even forming the very sinew of it. And this trait is very often found in a humorist. "Often we are interested not exclusively in his message, or the finish with which he utters it, but in that third something over and above his work predominantly alive in it which is really the man himself, his nature, his character, his distinctive point of view."

This quality is preëminently a characteristic of Mr. Field. Not that his work lacks form, or that his ideas are not strong. But when we take up one of his books we find that generosity of personality or "bonhomie," as it has been called, which is so characteristic of the man. There is in addition to the story or poem that we read, this unconventionality so rare with authors, which affects us as if we had met him. As Mr. Edward Everett Hale says, "If he had any art it was the art of concealing art."

A newspaper life is a hasty life, and it is very curious that Mr. Field with his peculiar tastes and delicate humor could have done so much work along journalistic lines. However,

the qualities of clearness and force are essential to such work, and no doubt in that he received a very beneficial training. Although his earlier efforts may have suffered from the atmosphere in which they were produced, yet it is not too difficult to trace in his later works some of the best qualities which are inherent in journalism, but which are yet distinctively literary.

To glance briefly at his prose—briefly not because it is lacking in merit, but because his poetry contains his most forcible appeal to his readers—we find that he has been brought safely through shoals where many another has been stranded. He has used successfully the dialect. It has become habitual of late years for authors to choose some inferior medium, and to hamper their talent with the limitations of a single part of the country, thus making their work a mere portrayal of some peculiar phase of life. But Mr. Field in his dialect both of stories and poems has shown us a trait that touches every heart. He discovered where his main strength lay, and more and more he became master over it. In his volume of stories called "The Holy Cross," we find him more and more "doing successfully what he can do best." More home-like is the purpose of these stories and more delicate their humor than anywhere else in his work. He sees more clearly the stern realities of life, and its peculiarities have in them something besides their oddity.

It is a pleasure to turn from his prose to his poetry and find in it, too, parts of flawless workmanship. His verse falls loosely into five classes; the rollicking jingles; serious reflective poems; dramatic poems mostly in dialect; translations both in a serious and in a lighter vein; and his unapproachable childhood poems. The rollicking poems are unmistakable in their way, and supreme in their absolute irresponsibility. As one critic says, "the author has thrown himself into these

happy-go-lucky trifles with a whimsical gusto which takes criticism captive." And although at times we may find fault with them, think them too long and imagine their measure not so weird as we thought it, still he must be a callous reader who cannot find genuine pleasure in them.

His reflective poems are very sincere and tender and very genuine in their feeling. Who of us has not read his "Little Boy Blue," and who of us is not touched at its simplicity as he reads it again?

"'Now do n't you go till I come,' he said,
'And do n't you make any noise!'
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.
Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a vanished hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there?"

When we turn to his dramatic poems we find a tendency to introduce types, instead of individuals, and this detracts from the dramatic force. Most of his pieces deal with the life of the Western mining camps, and no author, with the possible exception of Bret Harte, and James Whitcomb Riley, has portrayed this life with more imaginative reality and more genuine humor than has Mr. Field. His characters that are gathered about Casey's famous "Tabble dote," have a humor about them that more than offsets any dramatic weakness:

"A tabble dote is different from orderin' aller cart;
In *one* case you get all there is, in *t' other* only *part!*
And Casey's tabble dote began in French—as all begin,
And Casey's ended with the same, which is to say with 'Vin';
But in between was every kind of reptile, bird, 'nd beast,
The same like you can get in high-toned restaurans down east;
'Nd windin' up waz cake or pie with coffee demy tass,
Or, sometimes floatin' Ireland in a soothin' kind of sass
Up whiz that left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a feller's throat,
'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's tabble dote."

There is one realm of poetry in which Field stands as king, and that is the one dealing with child life. His poems have a new and naïve fascination about them that one cannot resist. Through the lighter and more fanciful of the verses, there runs a vein which is thoroughly charming. The delicate fancy and gleam of The Fly-Away Horse, and Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, has been very aptly called a "silver-grey phantasmagoria," and one has to look very far to find a similar rendering of it.

"Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things,
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod."

In these poems Mr. Field has given to us the joys and sorrows of one stage of life's journey, and however short the stage, it was no small task. "He has written the Canterbury Pilgrimage of Infancy, but the great book of human interpretation is the poorer that the tale had to be left half

told." It is said nowadays that poetry is giving way to prose, yet the deepest and best thoughts of man take the old form of rhyme and verse. And the poetry of Mr. Fields contains his greatest and best gift to the world of literature. Whether we read his fanciful verses, or his renderings of Horace into modern surroundings, we see the best and truest side of the poet's nature, and when we come to the songs of childhood and find in them such tenderness and simplicity, we cannot but admire the man, whose nature was so unique and yet so genuine, who could enjoy the uproarious humors of Bohemianism and appreciate so fully and so deeply the delicate atmosphere of childhood.

Alfred Dudley Britton.

NOCTURNE.

Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide
Everyone lets forth his sprite
In the churchway paths to glide.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Far down the woodland, amid other sounds of departing day, echoes fainter and more faint, the clatter of the home-returning hunt; the horns, as they diminish, repeat:

When the breath of the eve moves a mist in the valleys,
And the billowy earth-fume absorbs the moon's blue,
The shadowy grove where the hound's bay still dallies
The indistinct horn sounds arpeggios through.

Warm meadowy perfumes of midday's exhaling
Laden the breezes made cool by the dusk;
Fast dwindles to westward where red light is paling
A bee, drowsy singer, delayed by his musk.

All sound vanishes; fancy is free.

And now in the dimness white vapors set swirling
Nocturnal beings and gracelessest mights;
They mix in a dance where everything's whirling,
Lit dim by the fire of Will 'the Wisp lights.

In the air of a sudden the whole godless session
Whirls upward pell-mell in a riotous glee;
'Til borne in the whirlwind the madcap procession
Resolves itself into a Chasse-galerie.

O 'er hill and o 'er dale with a shrieking of laughter
They haste, playing pranks and untoward deeds;
At each lonely thorp the watch-dogs howl after,
The bedlam afright looks after her beads.

O 'er the mud-plastered thatch, stirred up by the riot,
The Banshee, all water and thin to the stars,
With weird midnight wailing pierces the quiet
And, stalking, waits never for bolts or for bars.

Now woe to the swain who clumsily stumbles
Within the black circle of Corrigan craft,
For from out their pavilion, ere 't 'neath his foot crumbles
They troop all around him and leave him clean daft!

Now they 're gone—and away with the fears of the gloaming!
All spirits malign of the midnight are fled;
Round the Abbey's dark pile wraiths no longer are roaming,
For look—skies to east with the first rays are red!

The hunters are returning; the bugle salutes the dawn anew and the sound swells as they approach.

Now soft woodland odors of morning's exhaling
Are fraught with a coolness they've got from the dew;
See—stars to eastward already are paling;
A long hour ago it was the cock crew.

For a wind from the hill moves the mist in the valleys,
And the vapory ocean reflects the sun's glist;
From the coppice afar through long tree-shadowed alleys
The horn's clear arpeggio—listen, ah list!

P. R. Dunbar.

Franklin and Page were thrown much together during their first year at the "P and S," in New York, and had become firm friends. Each had chosen for his special course of study the brain and its functions.

All went well for the first two years, Page standing at the head of the class and Franklin above the middle; but then the trouble commenced. The work proved too arduous for Page's delicate constitution and he began to break down physically, growing thin and feeble. He had, however, been at work for several months on the development of a theory which so engrossed him that he did not realize his physical condition. His theory was in brief this: "On the brain of mankind is situated a definite point which is the seat of the vital force and power of the whole body." Page believed that if such a point existed, brain matter could be transferred by the operation of trepanning from a strong mind to a weak one; on the same principle that a bone from a dog's leg can be put into the leg of a boy. In this way imbecility could be cured, and invalids given back their strength.

He imparted his enthusiasm for the theory to Franklin and both men worked like beavers in learning the functions and places of the different lobes of the brain. Many were the specimens dissected and worked over before they finally decided upon the exact spot in the human brain which was the seat of vital force. But all this while, as I have said, Page grew weaker and weaker, 'till even his chum became alarmed and remonstrated with him upon his condition. Then Page

startled him. Jumping up from the divan where he lay he asked him what his theory would amount to unless it could be verified by experiment, and why he, Page, would not be a good subject for his own theory. Franklin was too astonished at first to utter a word, but finally blurted out, "Who's going to give you some of his brain?" Slowly his friend replied: "Wouldn't you spare me some, old man?" In these few words they decided to try the experiment on themselves, first of all.

No surgeon, however, would undertake so serious an operation, for so apparently foolish a reason, and it seemed as though they were doomed to failure. But at last, after much argument and drawing of diagrams, they converte done of their professors to the theory. He consented to perform the operation if they would sign a paper freeing him from all blame in case harm came to either of them. An afternoon was agreed upon, and at the appointed time both men climbed upon the operating table, were strapped down and given ether. The surgeon working by the charts given him, trepanned the skulls, cut away a piece from the brain of Franklin and transferred it to Page. Then he fastened the pieces of skull in again with silver wire and had both men wheeled into a private room.

Here they lay for weeks at the point of death, showing only by the faint beating of their hearts that they were still alive. They seemed to have fallen into a comatose condition upon coming out of the ether, and, although after long weeks they began to recover physically, yet nothing the doctor could do restored their mental faculties.

One day the trained nurse, after giving the men their milk and vichy, left the room to get her own lunch. She was hardly out of the door before Franklin seemed to come back to consciousness, and sat up in bed with a dazed look as he

felt his bandaged head. At precisely the same instant Page sat up on his side of the room, and with a ludicrously similar motion, also felt of his head. Then both men looked at each other and laughed weakly, seeing the other's altered appearance. Franklin finally said: "Well, old man, how goes it?" Strange! he heard no reply but simply an echo of his own words. In amazement he looked to see from where it came and Page with the same startled expression duplicated his wondering glance. It struck him as odd that Page should be so long silent. He raised his brows questioningly and opened his mouth to speak. But the words never came. They were frozen in his throat with horror. Page again duplicated his slightest action. With a crushing, benumbing sense of fear, Franklin realized as though in a flash that his dear old friend Page no longer existed. Upon the opposite bed sat merely a living, breathing automaton controlled in its every word and action by another's mind. In short, his mind dominated both. He had one mind and two bodies. The shock was too great. At the realization of it all he fainted dead away.

When Franklin came to himself again he felt as keen and active as ever before, and from this time on both men recovered rapidly and were soon allowed to leave the hospital. Then commenced for Franklin a period of the most acute torture. To the world it seemed that the two friends were more inseparable than ever. One was never seen without the other. But to Franklin life became a nightmare. It was awful beyond expression to have this creature always beside him; thinking his thoughts; saying his words; sleeping when he slept; and working when he worked. He avoided everyone, feeling as though his shadow had crystallized and haunted him before the world. Gradually, however, under the sharp goad of necessity, he trained his mind to do two things at

once. It was hard and slow work at first to teach his mind to take one body down to dinner, keeping up the while an animated conversation and then to bring down later his other body and make it eat soup while his first body ate fish. It was long before he learned to talk about different things with each body at the same time, but he finally did learn it. Then all things became easy, and life took on a rosier tinge. He could work all day in the dissecting room with one body till it was physically exhausted and then get it to bed and work far into the night with his other body.

Thus he advanced rapidly in his profession, and each body became famous throughout the land as an authority on the brain. Things went on merrily as a marriage feast till the girl appeared. Now she was a very pretty girl whose father owned many shares of "Standard Oil." Grave complications arose for Franklin fell deeply in love with the girl in both his personalities.

The author is unable to decide whether a girl would marry a man who would require twice the ordinary care of a husband and if she did which body she would marry. Therefore he leaves the question to you.

Albert Hopkins.

AT A MUSIC HALL.

"You 've never been here before, have you?" asked Conway, as they stepped from the elevator of the Gaiety Roof Garden.

"No," answered Wendall, "and it 's queer, too, for I 've visited New York quite a number of times. What a crowd there is!"

"I 'm afraid we 're too late to get a seat," said Conway. "No, we 're in luck, there 's an empty table. Let 's hurry up and take it."

"What kind of a place is this?" asked Wendall, as they seated themselves.

"Why, it 's rather a fashionable sort of theatre," replied his companion, "a little above the average music hall, I should say. That is, the vaudeville is no worse than you 'll find at most places during the summer, and the beer is excellent, which reminds me —— Waiter!" he called to a white-aproned individual who was hurrying past, "two steins and a couple of cigars."

"Yes, sir," answered the man deferentially, and vanished in the direction of the bar.

"We 've missed most of the numbers, I guess," continued Conway, "but this next ought to be good."

Wendall glanced at the stage, where two little boys in lavender court suits were putting into the bulletin boards large cardboard placards with the name "Mamie Devereaux" printed conspicuously on them. "Who is Mamie Devereaux?" he inquired.

"Why, I've never seen her myself," said Conway, "but they say she is the drawing card here. She sings and dances, I believe, or some such stunt. However, you can see for yourself in a minute."

A murmur of satisfaction swept through the audience, which changed into noisy clappings as Miss Devereaux danced on the stage and kissed her hands knowingly to the front row. Evidently she was a favorite with the patrons of "The Gaiety." She was rather a tall girl, of the usual variety star type, and would have been pretty if her cheeks had been less aggressively red. After she had finished her salutations to the house, she nodded to the orchestra, danced a few preparatory steps, and began to sing.

People said afterwards that Mamie was a little worse than usual that night. There is no use describing the song; it was somewhat beyond the average man's powers of description even if he wanted to try, and the worst of it all was that she really had a beautiful voice. Her frank indecency affected even the dulled sensibilities of the audience. Most of the women blushed or looked down, and their escorts listened with a shame-faced sort of attention which did not prevent them from joining in the enthusiastic applause, as Mamie, after five startling verses, kissed her hands again and danced lightly behind the wings.

"I thought you told me this was a respectable theatre," remarked Wendall, after a short silence.

"I beg your pardon," answered Conway, with the ready cynicism of twenty-two, "I said it was fashionable. Now for heaven's sake, Bob, do n't begin to discuss the degeneracy of the stage, because it 's too hot, and besides, Mamie 's coming back again. No, by Jove, she is n't! It 's some one else."

A good many in the audience thought the same thing, but

it was Mamie, though at first it did n't seem possible. She had slipped a long, soft-colored cloak over the tawdriness of her former costume, and somehow it softened the lines of her face until she was almost beautiful. But it was n't only the dress; the whole woman was changed; her manner, her expressions, her gestures, everything. She stood somewhat back on the stage, out of the glare of the footlights, and then the orchestra began a little simple lullaby, and she sang it.

There were those in the house that night who confessed afterwards that they cried, and no one who had been there laughed at them. It may have been only acting, but if so it was certainly the best acting in the world.

She did n't sing the song exactly; she *was* the song. Her voice touched the commonplace words and made them beautiful. She sang as a young mother sings to her first born, and the men who listened were surprised out of their worldliness and thought of their own mothers, purely and tenderly, as even the worst of us think of our mothers, thank God! The tune lost itself in a flood of golden sound, that faltered and softened with yearning love, and then rang out again with all the passionate tenderness of maternity—and all its purity.

There was no applause when the first verse ended; only a little sound as though the people were impatient at the pause. Then the violins crooned through the interlude and she began to sing again.

Oh, the pathos of that second verse! It was no longer the mother song, though the words were still those of the lullaby. The words were forgotten in the music; people did n't hear them. Only they heard the starved soul of the woman pleading for that which she had not—which now she could never have. And in a vague, clumsy sort of way, they understood, and pleaded with her.

Then back to the first verse. And again she held the child in her arms and sang to it, quietly, tenderly, and oh, how sweetly! cuddling it close to her with little ripples of soft, happy laughter. And while the audience held their breath and leaned forward as if they feared to lose one note of that perfect song, her voice died gently into silence, and she slipped from the stage so quickly that, before they had time to recover themselves and applaud, she was gone, and the little boys in lavender court suits were slipping another name into the bulletin boards.

"Two steins, sir!" cried the waiter.

Both men were rather glad of the interruption; your Anglo-Saxon hates to be caught off his guard emotionally. They lit their cigars, and then Wendall turned to his companion.

"Just as a matter of curiosity, Fred," said he, "which do you think was the real woman?"

"Neither, of course," answered Conway, "but she's a mighty good actress."

Wendall shook his head.

"You may be right," he said, doubtfully, "probably you are; but I think on the whole I should say both."

Henry Rutgers Conger.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

Beneath the scarlet of the Western glare,
  He looks along the hissing sable floor,
  And squints to see the ruddy pools of gore
That light his battle-spot with fitful flare.
How faint the gleam! It lays his nerve tips bare
  To con that ruby mirror's narrow shore.
  May then his keenest pain not count for more
Amid the vastness of the God-shine there?

What slightest change has man's best passion wrought?
  Upon the convex plain the selfsame stars look down
  To see the puny weeping, throes, and sweat
With which all men their Great Release have bought.
  Small change since Adam this vast Arena's known;
  But men *and God* love sands that blood has wet.

Philip Richards Dunbar.

A LETTER AND A POSTSCRIPT.

"Murchison."

A man elbowed his way through the crowd that surrounded a fat little Englishman who was conducting an impromptu distribution of the bi-monthly mail, and took his letter.

He was the only one in all this motley crew of South African miners who seemed worthy a second glance. Something about his mouth when he smiled seemed to hint that he had been cheated of his youth and had begun life midway. A man seemingly capable of the tenderest devotion and the bitterest hate, and one in whom silence, strength, and loneliness were personified.

As he looked at the delicately-penned address his eyes recalled to one a half-forgotten memory of a morning, when, from the dark shadows of the foot-hills, one saw the sun touch the stern mountain-peaks with its soft first light.

Murchison left the noisy, goodnatured crowd and went to another part of the store to read his letter.

"Dearest husband," it began. "It is such a long time since I have heard from you, lost in your terrible Africa. . . . I have been so lonely, so very lonely, since our little Mabel left us,—Mabel whom you never saw. What would I not give if you might have known her. . . . . And you are coming home, let me see, why so soon my poor little letter may not reach you before you start. And you are rich, John? Really it is all so odd. It seems as though I can hardly wait for the days when we shall be together again.

You have been away for such a long time. . . . . I am much better, I think. I walked several blocks this afternoon and the fresh air seemed to make me stronger. Cousin Annie is kinder to me each day, if that is possible. Perhaps I shall want to add something in the morning, so I shall not seal my letter now. Good night, my dear husband, and good-bye for a little while. Meg."

And below this, in another hand: "Meg died early this morning. She was conscious almost to the last, and in no pain. I have only time to write these words as the postman waits. God help you. Annie."

The man's face became livid. He clutched blindly at the air and would have fallen but for the wall at his back. Presently he staggered out of the store, down the little street and out among the hills. He wandered on for hours, stumbling over half-buried rocks and tripping on the long, tough bunches of grass that lay in his path. He knew nothing of this; only knew that the woman for whom he had toiled and struggled and prayed, was dead, and that he would never see her face again, never take her slight form into his arms, as he would a child's, never gaze into the depths of her dear eyes, nor stroke her soft hair again.

He was sick and faint and weak, his eyes were blinded, his feet like lead, yet he did not stop, but struggled on. At last he could go no farther. He fell exhausted but only lay quiet for a moment. He must up and away; away from this terrible nightmare—anywhere, but he must go. He struggled to his feet, staggered on for a few steps, and fell again. This time he did not try to rise but lay panting, as some wild beast, dog-driven until it is unable to go farther, falls and lies in mute agony awaiting its end.

As Murchison lay there his senses became more and more confused, and presently he fell into a sort of half sleep, but

he could not forget himself entirely, and so though not asleep he feared to waken. The cool evening wind bathed his fevered face and at last its chilly breath roused him from his stupor. He sat up and looked about, wondering. For the moment he had forgotten, but now the revelation of the day's events came back to him with crushing force.

A demon seemed to possess him, and liquid fire to run in his veins. He cursed heaven, his Maker, himself, the mother who bore him. Cursed, not with the blind, unreasoning rage of a less-intense nature but in low-spoken sentences, every word of which was fully measured before it was uttered. Then presently the idea of self-destruction took hold on him. There was nothing to live for now, and he would die. Surely this was the simplest way out of his misery. Yes, he would die.

Now he felt more calm. He was on the borderland between this life and the next, and he would pause for a few moments. How sweet and still everything about him seemed. He wondered if there were ever before as beautiful a night. The soft, caressing breeze, the dark sky with its innumerable dots of light, and the great, solemn mountain over yonder. This last seemed like a friend to him. The half-light from the rising moon showed its deep scars, marks of conflicts long since ended. How grand it seemed standing there alone, utterly alone, yet so much nobler than the smooth, grassy hills among which he lay! How much purer was the light that fell on its lofty peak, shedding upon its snowy summit a soft halo, than that which reached the plain below.

And was he, a man endowed with an intellect, to be put to shame by a mere mass of earth and rock? And she was surely watching over him now,—what would she say to this cowardice? He must not, he could not die so. There was surely something for which to live. By God's help men

should see in him the lesson he had found in the mountain, and perhaps some might learn as he had.

All this took hours.

As the east was turning pink, weary and faint he reached the little mining village again and that same day, upon the wagon which had borne his letter to him, he went out into the world.

Arthur Lawson Goodwille.

ON SEMAPHORE ISLAND.

I.

There lay off the coast of California, not far from San Francisco, a small, rocky island, barren save for a clump of trees at its southern extremity. On it stood a semaphore telegraph. All this was long ago, and modern methods have since supplanted the primitive semaphore. With black arms tossed against the sky, it signified to another semaphore on the main land the approach of incoming vessels and their "rigs," and so the news was passed on to the city and posted on great bulletins for the edification of the populace.

The post of semaphore man on a desert island did not attract the ordinary mortal. It was lonely beyond description. Communication with the main land could be obtained by small boat only, and mails were few and far between. But Kent was not an ordinary mortal; besides, a warrant was out for his arrest—the charge, manslaughter. He had killed a man in fair fight in a mining town, but the chances were against him if caught. So he jumped at the position when chance put it in his way.

On this lonely isle he felt as secure as though on the other side of the Pacific. The sailboat which came once a month with his supplies was the only chance of contact with his fellow-beings. "He was safe," he thought to himself, "at last. Friendless and alone, but safe." He exulted in the few square yards of his island as a soil that he alone might

tread. He exulted in the broad ocean that surrounded him as a barrier to defend him from his enemies. He exulted in the red sun that warmed him when the trade-winds blew and dashed cold spray over his hardened limbs. But he hated the semaphore with its relentless iron post. He hated it and its black arms as a blight upon the peacefulness of his island home, as a link that bound him to the world and its people, as a master whose will he must serve and whose power was supreme.

II.

On the silver shoal the waves washed and washed, breaking like crushed opals where the sands sang with the dashing surf. Groups of little shore-birds tossed their sun-tipped wings and waded on the shoal, then scuttled inland where the white beach of the island stretched, dappled with shadow from the scanty trees. Far in the south a curtain of mist hung above the sea, dense, moving slowly southward. It marked the track of a great storm that had swept raging over the island the night before.

Kent lay sprawled in the shadow of a rock. By his side was a telescope, which he swept now and then along the horizon. In one of these scrutinies, he detected a small speck on the broad expanse of ocean. It was black and moved—this he could determine. But the warmth of a tropical clime enveloped him, the moaning of the surf lulled him, and he dropped into slumber, with head pillowed on a mound of shining sand.

It was afternoon when he awoke. When he opened his eyes they rested upon a boat beached on the sandy shore. About it sea-gulls whirled with flapping wings. He rose. The birds swerved out over the waves, pitching, screaming, till the sharp snapping of their pinions set the echoes flying

among the rocks. Kent hastened to the boat, and gathered up its fair cargo in his arms—a young girl, white and motionless as though in death, wrapped in a great seaman's coat, all soaked with the spray of the sea. He carried her tenderly to his hut, and brought out his little store of medical appliances. Hours passed before he could revive her. Then, as life returned to the wearied body and the heart beat faintly but steadily, he drew back with an unconscious delicacy that was new to him, and watched as the glow returned to her cheeks and her limbs moved in response to the impulse of returning vigor. Dark folds of hair, wet with the sea, hung over a brow white and spotless. She seemed so pure, so perfect, so utterly unlike the women he had known in his varied life. Like some young goddess sent from the halls of Olympus, for man to place at a distance and worship. He turned and softly left the room. His resting-place that night was beneath the rock where he had first seen the boat.

When Kent awoke, late in the morning, he hastened to the hut. His guest stood in the doorway as he approached —like some famed priestess at the threshold of her shrine, he thought. Her eyes brightened and she stepped forward, a trifle timidly, with hand outstretched.

"I have to thank you"—her voice trembled—"for your kindness. I couldn't imagine who my rescuer was until now. The last I remember was the storm, the great waves"——. She faltered and stopped.

"Don't think of that again," said Kent, "it is all over now. You are perfectly safe. In a week"——. He stopped in turn. No, the boat was due to-morrow, he remembered. How fortunate! Suppose she had been obliged to remain a month! The wreck had happened at just the right time. But there was no rejoicing in his heart. The girl saw his hesitation, and divined its cause.

"To-morrow the boat is due," he said in answer to her anxious look, and, satisfied on this point, her courage returned.

That day they spent together on the sand. She told him the story of the wreck that had caused their meeting. Blessed wreck! he thought. In due time he recounted to her the haps and mishaps of his own life, enlarging upon his misfortunes, upon the sorry tricks that fate had played him, till he saw tears of sympathy in her eyes. And then he told her of his present position. He pointed out the great semaphore and its connections. When he spoke of his hatred for this ever-summoning charge, her soft heart won by his eloquence, she reached him her hand and pressed his in silent sympathy. He could have died for her then, he thought. That night, instead of sleeping, Kent lay upon the sand and stared up into a black, starless vault. Black thoughts of the morrow surged through his brain.

"Pray God the boat may not come," he said, "pray God the boat may not come!"

III.

As the sun rose, painting crimson streaks in endless rows along the waters, the sea-birds settled together, huddling rank on rank, with heads pillowed under downy wings.

Into the silence of the cove a sail-boat glided, dashing silver spray lines from its prow. The sail came twinkling down, with a harsh clatter that waked the birds and broke their cosy ranks. They scattered flapping, with shrill cries. Kent looked up. A man with sheriff's badge stared down upon him with grim eyes.

At noon the boat bore two disconsolate souls to the shore,—Kent manacled in the bow; the girl reclining in the stern. Her eyes were sad, though the breeze was wafting her toward

her home. Her glance could not penetrate the bellying sail to where Kent's form was crouched.

> "A moment's halt—a momentary taste
> Of being from the well amid the waste,—
> And lo! the phantom caravan has reached
> The nothing it set out from. O, make haste!"

James O. Tryon.

SUGGESTIONS.

"Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eût l'air d'une pensée."—*Beaumarchais.*

AT MONTE CARLO.

I was seated at one of the tables of the Café de Paris, and was waiting for the time to come when the crowd would return. The place was deserted, or at least practically so; the only persons present were the leader of the orchestra who leaned on the edge of the piano and with a cigarette between his lips was discussing a political question with the waiter. From time to time he removed the cigarette from his lips and made passes in the air with it, which gave him an advantage over the garcon whose arms were full of empty beer glasses and so had to depend solely on his lips; which, as every one knows, put him at a disadvantage.

The old woman was putting the chairs back in place around the little tables, and the chef talked with the cashier at her little desk at the back. It was quiet, and the only sounds were an occasional whistle from an engine about to enter the short tunnel at Villefranche, which seemed to have a petulant note about it as if the engine objected to entering the dark hole with its red lights, its smoke, and its noise. The towers of the Casino rose above the palms and began to take more definite form as some one lighted one by one the little oil lamps with colored globes that followed the lines of the building.

The first group of guests arrived. It consisted of a man and two women, the former a type of the Frenchman of the Boulevards. He wore the straight brimmed cylindrical silk hat so offensive to the American eye, and the tight fitting evening coat, and the embroidered shirt front and black gloves were in accordance with it. The women were also typical, loud of voice, vivacious of manner, and with that peculiar something that marks at once the born and bred *Parisienne*. The white light of the arc lamp above them accentuated the penciling of the brows and the vermillion line of the lips. A fourth member of the party I forgot to mention. A white poodle cut to represent a lion followed in their wake. Seated at one of the tables over long glasses of absinthe to which the arc light gave the color of beryl, they discussed the events of the day and plans for the evening, nor was the poodle forgotten, for a lump of sugar or sweet cracker now and then fell to his lot. The man was as vivacious as the women, and all talked at once and about nothing, a trait peculiar to the nation to which they belonged. An Englishman now entered, at once making a contrast between himself and the group at the table. Tall, broad of shoulder, blonde, and athletic, with a strongly marked face and quiet manner, he too was a type of the race from which he came, and the old proverb that "An Englishman can whip three Frenchmen" came to my mind as I looked across to where the scented jesticulating son of France sat and grimaced over his absinthe and oranges. It had grown dark and the towers of the Casino were entirely outlined by the little colored globes and between the trunks of the palm trees I could see the entrance like the door of a huge furnace sending its light in a broad pathway and seeming to swallow the many people that crossed its threshold, for every one seemed to go in and none to come out.

Another group entered, two young fellows in evening dress followed by a third marked by his very lack of personality. Tall and dressed in gray with stooping shoulders, his scanty and sandy colored hair carefully parted, he looked about him with watery blue eyes in a vacant way as when a torch is suddenly brought before the eyes of an owl. He was the sort of a man you see on ocean steamers who never seems to know any one and drinks champagne for lunch; you might also see him at a racecourse, but always alone.

They came and went, this light or heavy minded throng, came in and drank and listened to the orchestra and went out again into the night, and if you chose to follow any of them you would generally see them swallowed by the great glowing maw of the Casino. All sorts and conditions of men; the coachman went in beside the count whose ancestors had worn the red cross and died in the Holy Land, for the love of money makes the whole world kin.

And so the crowd came and went in the café, and every one was happy or pretended to be, and the lights from the Casino seemed to grow brighter as the night advanced. Why this was a red letter day to me I do not know, only that I have never forgotten it.

Dudley Butler.

FABLE.

Two men argued at the fork of a road.

"One road leads to Heaven and the other to Hell," said the first.

"That must be so," agreed the second.

"The left hand road leads to Heaven and the right to Hell," said the first.

"You are wrong," said the second. "It is just the other ——"

"I am sure that I am right," said the first, "I shall take the road to the left."

"I am sure that I am right," said the second, "I shall take the road to the right."

They had gone some distance when the roads came together again, and the travellers found themselves once more in each other's company.

"Where are we?" asked the first.

"I really do n't know," said the second.

"At any rate let us eat and drink here," said the first, "for the sun is hot and I am weary."

So they ate and drank and afterward lay down to sleep.

J. O. T.

THE TEMPTING TENT.

The Mahdi or Mufti or whoever it may be that presides over Oriental courts of justice with such tremendous literary effect, glanced down the police-blotter to the next name. He inhaled the smoke of his chibouk, settled his feet beneath him, placed his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat—his tunic, I should say,—and, having assumed a wise and beneficent expression for the benefit of the scribes whose reports in the yellow journals of the time have brought the fame of the Mufti's utterances even to our day, nodded to the sergeant.

A little bald-headed man with the expression of a dissenting clergyman spoiled by eyes twinkling in unholy merriment, salaamed before him.

"So much have I learned," said the Mufti—"that thy name is Theh El Usai, or something of the sort,—that thou hast a tent of entertainment at that place called Midway, in the great fair at Damascus, and against thee are heard the complaints of the people, howbeit I know not the reason. Thou mayst speak!"

"O most puissant and just Mufti, in whose lap the tree of wisdom has yielded all its fruit," said the man, with true Oriental courtesy, "hear now my position.

"My tent is so small that but twelve men may sit at the one time—and the roof so low that of the twelve, some must stoop. Now whereas three-headed calves are a drug on the Midway, mine has but two: my fat woman will not weigh as much as two of theirs—that is, as half of theirs; and of human snakes, triple-joints, dog-faces, and suchlike high-priced articles, I have been able to gather, through a connoisseur, only a slight collection.

"Wherefore, that I may keep on an equal footing with those concessionaires to whom the human centipede is no longer a rarity, I have been driven to the devising of this scheme:

"While other proprietors have opened their doors the wider, I have barred mine; and while they shouted aloud the attractions of their dancers, I sent wayfarers about their business. My collection, said I, is mine own, and if by virtue of my philanthropy I have admitted them to my show, it is after waiting long hours in the outer tent. Also, it has been published abroad that no more than three may enter at once.

"For that reason, crowds of the curious seek admission, whereof but few may pass the entrance. In this, your worship will see, there is no lack of business, and though some may be wroth at the imperfect ratio of the game to the candle, yet are there plenty to issue me a handful of dates daily. It is true I might make greater my tent, but, O Mufti, there is humor in the situation; and is a large tent to outweigh a jest like that?"

"Go thy way," said the Mufti, "truly thou hast told no lie. And, as thou sayest, it is a beautiful situation. Discharged!"

T. P. L.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

The Term Opened

On Thursday, September 22.

The Base Ball Game

Between the Sophomores and Freshmen, on September 28, resulted in a victory for the Sophomores by a score of 6 to 5.

A College Meeting

Was held on Monday, October 3. Amendments were made to the constitutions of the three Athletic Associations and Charles A. Makepeace, assistant manager of the Foot Ball Association, was made acting manager for the season of 1898.

The Track Meet

Between the two underclasses was won by the Sophomores by a score of 75 to 51.

A College Meeting

Was held on the night of October 14, to get as large a crowd of men as possible to go to Albany for the Carlisle Indian game.

The Foot Ball Scores

Up to October 14, were as follows:

September 30, Williams 6, Andover 0.
October 1, Williams 0, Harvard 11.
October 8, Williams 0, Yale 23.
October 12, Williams 0, Union 6.

SANCTUM.

The October LIT. finds itself in the Post-office boxes of one more entering class, and to the Freshmen it wishes to give a few words of advice and explanation. That is one of the privileges of all Williams periodicals and of most upper classmen—to give the Freshmen that advice for which a crying need is assumed, justly, in general.

To the rest of the college there is not much to say except greeting and good wishes. They know pretty well what the LIT. is, and its dependence on undergraduate support, both as regards the manager's pocket-book and the editor's desk, and the LIT. hopes that the men who have subscribed and written will continue to do so, and that college feeling will induce others to follow their example. To those who desire editorial honors, the present editors can unhesitatingly affirm the advantages of such a position, not as regards the college world at all, but as a training.

To the Freshmen now: It is taken for granted that you will subscribe. The LIT. needs the support of your class as well as that of the others, and we hope—we were almost audacious enough to say we think—that you will like the LIT. Those of you who write, can begin at no better time than now. With an early start it is easy to secure a long lead before the elections from your class at the close of Sophomore year. The requirements are four accepted articles, one of which must be in prose; but it is expected and hoped that this number will be exceeded by every competitor.

The LIT. is glad to receive every contribution whether it decides to accept or reject it, and, if it is rejected, why, try again.

It must be plain to everyone that the few men on the board cannot by themselves keep the paper up to the standard which it has held and should hold. Therefore, these oft-repeated editorials urging the college to write, are not inserted for the purpose of filling Sanctum's department, but because they are considered necessary to the success of the LIT.

Among the many changes in the curriculum, the calendar, and the administration rules, which the Faculty have recently promulgated, and whose success in practice we come back to test, there is one which seems to call for the disapproval of almost every man in college. We refer, of course, to the proposed change in the calendar by which the Christmas vacation is shortened one week in order that Commencement may be set back a week earlier in June.

The matter has been fully treated in the *Weekly*, and probably it will be finally settled before this article appears. Nevertheless, we wish to add our protest to the many that have been raised against this radical and, as it seems to us, uncalled for change. It bears particularly hard upon the western men, many of whom will be prevented from going home at all at Christmas, and except for lengthening the summer vacation which, to the students, at least, is already long enough, it benefits no one at all. We sincerely hope that before the LIT. appears the action of the trustees will have rendered this editorial unnecessary.

We wish to congratulate the editors of the song book on the success of their undertaking. Williams has needed such a volume for a long time, and they have earned the thanks of the college by fulfilling that need.

The frontispiece in the LIT., this year, will consist of pictures of the trustees of the college.

CHAT.

The shortened days of fall are upon us, and college has resumed its round of autumnal activity. Recitations and foot-ball practice serve to keep us busy; the musical clubs have started under a new and more definite organization; Cap and Bells is hard at work raising money for the foot-ball expenses; the Chapel Choir is no worse than usual, and Chat sits him down to write his annual Freshman editorial.

Gentlemen of the class of 1902: You have before this received the usual amount of attention and advice which every entering class receives from the Faculty and undergraduates. You have eaten ice-cream on the Y. M. C. A.; you have been addressed by the President, instructed by the professors, patronized by the upper classmen, and visited by the Sophomores. You have learned to bless the name of Hinds, to support your new college dignities, to curtail your indulgence in the weed, at least for a time, and, in short, to play your parts in the changing comedy of college life. And now Chat comes along with his contribution to the general fund of advice and proceeds to preach his little sermon, of which he trusts you will remember at least the text.

There are always a certain number of men here who, not being employed in any special line of college activity themselves, are compelled to confine their energies to a wholesale criticism of those who are. There are others who limit their interest to those special lines of work in which they themselves excel; and, while this latter class is, perhaps, preferable to the first, neither is particularly admirable.

We are fond of talking about our college spirit here at Williams, and when a man has n't any we are apt to be a trifle evasive in our answers when an outsider asks what sort of a fellow he is. Among ourselves we are more frank. You are new to this place, 1902, and probably are weary of receiving advice based on this idea. But there is one little maxim which Chat would like you to remember whether you believe it or not just now—you will believe it later.

The man who is not interested in anything here which he does not do well himself, is neither admired nor respected, nor liked; and, although he may win all the outward and visible signs of college prominence from a Phi Beta Kappa Key to a Varsity W, his college course is not a success, and what is more, he knows it.

In spite of the gloom that pervaded the campus on the night of October 12th, the foot-ball situation is not entirely discouraging. It is, of course, too early to prophecy, but the team, notwithstanding that unlucky defeat, is playing on the whole a snappier game than has been seen here for several years. The coaches, the captain, and the men are all working hard, and it remains for those of us who do not play to show them that we are as much interested as they are in the success of the season.

We can go down to practices regularly, we can refrain from unnecessary criticism, we can cheer them in defeat as well as in victory, we can let them know in a dozen ways that the college is behind them and believes in them. Many a game has been won or lost by the men on the side lines, and it might be well for us to remember this during the football season.

THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS.

The June number of the various magazines is rather below the average, in point of excellence and originality.

Probably the many distractions attendant on the late spring term are the cause of the decided lack of interesting material and meritorious treatment in the June college publications.

Too late for the spring poets with their effusions; too early for the snap and sparkle of the *raconteurs* of fall and winter tales and adventures, the last two numbers of the college *Lits.* are, as a rule, singularly without life and animation.

In the smaller colleges, situated in the country and among the mountains, where Nature in springtime is apt to be entirely too alluring for any close attention to the rather arduous duty of story writing, this literary *slump* is in a way excusable. But the scribe can see no adequate reason why the standard of excellence should not be maintained, at least in the city colleges, where life suffers but little change during the winter, spring, and fall terms.

But, granted that there has been a falling off in the May and June numbers, let us sincerely hope that the spirit of laxity and carelessness has been satisfied by the long summer's rest, and that the various *Lit.* boards of our many colleges, will produce fall numbers of marked excellence and merit.

We clip the following:

THE ANSWER.

We journey through the wood, my love and I,
And linger on the things worn flowers trace.
My love's blown hair falls burning on my face.
In passion that our day should ever die,
And bending low I ask it, eye to eye,
"Shall love that knew in Life still know in Death?"
She answers not, nor sighs, nor sorroweth,
Then droops her head and weeps, not knowing why.

And turning where I stood, I saw below,
Framed in the hanging branches twined above,
Another—gleaming with unearthly glow,
Who sang of Death, and singing, interwove
Through all that dark and mournful dirge of woe
The ever-burning, deathless song of Love.

—*H. A. Callahan in the Yale Lit.*

ABOVE THE CALM.

Sometimes, when ships rock idly on the tide,
  And sea-birds hover in the drowsy air,
  When the world lies becalmed, nor anywhere
A ripple flecks the deep blue far and wide;
Straightway, high overhead, the mast beside,
  Flutters the drooping pennant, streaming there
  Athwart the blushing sky, and, in the glare
Of the red, sinking sun, all glorified.
  Then, toward the purpling distance of the west,
With sails aloft, o' er the gray, breathless sea
  The ships sail on. Thus, O my soul, thy quest,
Above the deathful calm, where winds blow free,
  To bear thee ever on at God's behest,
Adown the trackless years that are to be.

—*Seaver B. Buck in Harvard Lit.*

FORGIVEN!

I saw Love stand,
  Not as he was ere we in conflict met,
But pale and wan. I knelt—I caught his hand;
"O Love," I cried, "I did not understand!
  Forgive—forget!"

Love raised his head
  And smiled at me, with weary eyes and worn.
"I have forgot—what was it all?" he said;
"Only—my hands are scarred where they have bled;
  My wings are torn."

—*Columbia Morningside.*

THE WAR-SHIP'S MOURNING.

Her captain dead beneath this darkening sea
  The gaunt ship tarries desolate to mourn:
  With white sails furled her slanting yards forlorn
Point here, point there; her groaning booms are free:
Listless and loose her ropes swing toward the lee;
  And in the sighs of a great wind outworn
  Her lowered flag, smoke-gray and battle-torn,
Laments the sting of ocean's victory.
So, till in tides of gold the golden sun
  Sinks gloriously: then leaps the flag on high;
    The broad, fair sails, gilded with evening light,
  Breathe the enduring courage of the sky;
And the strong ship, her day of mourning done,
  Speeds on, rejoicing in her will to fight.

—*Henry Copley Greene in Harvard Lit.*

Book Reviews.

"Do n't Worry" Nuggets. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

This little volume contains a collection of short paragraphs from the writings of Epictetus, Emerson, George Eliot, and Robert Browning. As the title suggests, the selections deal mainly with questions of daily life, being bits of advice designed to help the reader over this world's stony places. The underlying principle of the philosophy thus expressed is throughout one of "self-reliance, under trust in God." It is properly called "a study of peace."

Selections from the Works of Richter. American Book Co.

This text book, edited with notes by Professor Collins of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, is designed for students who have attained a cer-

The Retail Tailor

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C. H. Cutting & Co.,

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tain mastery of German. The selections are from Jean Paul Richter's shorter stories and each is representative of the author's manifold genius and style. The general and special introduction will be found very helpful to the student.

MARTIN LUTHER. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This life of Luther, the Hero of the Reformation, by Prof. Henry Jacobs, takes up three phases somewhat separately: The Monk, the Protestant, the Reformer. The aim of the book is to "follow the growth of Luther into the position that has given him fame, and to show that position with fairness. He therefore does not attempt to exonerate Luther from certain blunders, such as his endorsement of Philip, the landgrave of Hesse's secret marriage, but shows him to be a true hero in spite of his blunders. The sources are largely from Luther's or Melancthon's own writings, together with the most prominent German works on the subject. A notable feature of the book is the abundance of good illustrations.

THE STUDY OF MAN. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Alfred C. Haddon has written this treatise on anthropology for the *Science Series*, not as an exhaustive one, but merely as a popular outline of the subject, defining the questions involved, but with no eye to scien-

P. J. BOLAND,

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tific student or expert. It is primarily a book for the amateur and for "that delightfully vague person, the intelligent reader." The first hundred pages are devoted to showing the importance of measurements, of head-form, of hair and eye color, etc., in anthropology and ethnology, while the remainder of the book is largely taken up with the subject of "games." There are many thoroughly scientific diagrams, maps, and illustrations.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, announce for immediate publication, A HISTORY OF ENGLISH CRITICAL TERMS, by J. W. Bray.

In literary criticism and in the discussion of art there are several hundred terms whose history determines their present use and meaning. These the author has arranged in alphabetical order. The history of the more important terms is presented in full. Under each is given (1) its grouping; (2) the historical elements of its use; (3) a brief statement of its principal meanings; (4) an explanation of its changes in meaning; (5) representative quotations. About 150 critics are represented in the quotations. There is a valuable introduction, and in the appendix 1,400 critical terms are classified in twenty-three groups, as far as possible according to the groups of the critics themselves.

September 15, 1898.

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MAGAZINES.

THE OUTLOOK.

The October magazine number of the *Outlook* contains a number of very timely articles of great interest. Dr. William Everett Griffiths writes from Holland an account of "Queen Wilhelmina and Her Realm," Mr. Jacob A. Riis has an article on "Roosevelt and His Men," and Dr. Edward Everett Hale's instalment of "James Russell Lowell and His Friend," deals with "Mr. Lowell in Spain," and throws an interesting sidelight on the Spanish character and methods. The story of the number is "Youth: A Narrative," by Joseph Conrad, the author of "Children of the Sea"; like that novel it is about sea life.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

The complete novel in the October *Lippincott's* is "Confessions of an Aide-de-Camp," an exciting story of the Civil War, in which everybody (particularly the heroine) passes through a remarkables series of adventures before virtue triumphs in the last chapter. Other stories are "Tsh's Triumph" and "Grandma's Diamonds."

Mr. Frederic P. Powers, in his article on "War and Trade," maintains the, at first sight, startling doctrine that "the more commerce is extended the more danger there is of war," and that war, while possibly necessary for the defence of commerce, tends rather to promote than to check it.

The poetry is by Carrie Blake Morgan, Charles Hanson Towne, and Clinton Scollard.

OUTING.

The October number of *Outing* contains Walter Camp's review of the football season of 1897. It is illustrated by photographs of the leading teams, and one hardly needs to be told that it is well done. There is a very good golf story by M. Gertrude Gundell, called "Miss Carrington's Professional." "With Quail as Quarry" and "Trouting Over the Old Hockett Trail," are some of the other more noticeable articles. The illustrations are even better than usual.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The leading article is an essay on "The Anglo-American Friendship," by Carl Schurz. On the same subject A. V. Dicey writes on "England and America." Gilbert Parker contributes another instalment of "The Battle of the Strong," and Charles Copeland publishes his second paper on the "Unpublished Letters of Carlyle." The sonnet by Elizabeth Wilder is one of the best that we have seen recently.

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Vol. XIV. NOVEMBER, 1898. No. 4.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

It is with a feeling of relief that we turn from the monotony of present political life, to behold a man whose record displayed such a striking individuality as to challenge attention in a period famous for its able public characters. Remarkable as were his services, John Randolph stands forth to-day not so much for what he did as for what he actually was. That which most strongly commands our interest is the unique personality of the man, with his eccentricities, his intense passions, his powerful yet half-unbalanced mind.

From his very birth, in 1774, Randolph seems to have been marked by fate. His entire life was a continual struggle against family debt, pride, and prejudice, against a temper he was never able to subdue, against an inherited physical weakness which soon developed into a wasting disease. One of his half-brothers died a madman. "My whole name

and race," he would say, "lie under a curse. I feel the curse clinging to me." He had a nervous, excitable disposition, and so great was his temper that as a child he was sometimes known, in a fit of anger, to fall senseless upon the floor. Instead of being subjected to restraint and mental training, he led a free, outdoor life, and was excessively fond of horseback riding, an almost universal custom in the Virginia of those days. Although occasionally attending school, his education largely consisted in extensive reading. Before he was twelve years old he was familiar with a great number of books varying in nature from "Arabian Nights" and "Gulliver's Travels" to "Don Quixote" and "Voltaire." To the knowledge gained from this promiscuous reading he afterward owed many of the startling effects of his political speeches.

It was in 1799, the year before the great defeat of the Federalists by the Republicans, that John Randolph first discovered he was an orator. Patrick Henry was announced to address the people of Virginia upon political questions, and an immense throng had assembled to hear the farewell words of the Revolutionary hero. Randolph, announcing himself as a candidate for congress, had only the night before decided to reply to the speech of Patrick Henry. Were it not for the outcome, such a decision might be termed foolishly presumptuous. But it was only in keeping with his subsequent career that this man, although never having made a speech in his life, should be so bold as to attempt a reply to the greatest orator of his time. How strangely picturesque must have been the figure of this odd genius as he strode forward to mount the platform just vacated by Patrick Henry! His appearance is best described by one of his contemporaries: "A tall, gawky looking, flaxen-haired stripling, apparently of the age from sixteen

to eighteen, with a complexion of a good parchment color, beardless chin, and as much assumed self-confidence as any two-footed animal I ever saw." His address was a powerful defence of "State Sovereignty." So forceful were his arguments that for over three hours he held the closest attention of his hearers, already wearied by the long address of Patrick Henry. Even his enemies confessed that this was one of the most remarkable speeches the people had ever heard. It procured for him, although having scarcely attained the legal age, an overwhelming election to congress in the following fall.

For nearly thirty years John Randolph stood as the most consistent advocate of the doctrine of States' Rights. He was the author of those principles that were later adopted by Jackson and Calhoun, and which only reached their final solution in civil war. So deeply were they imbedded in his nature that they seem to have been a part of his very existence. "When I speak of my country, sir, I mean the Commonwealth of Virginia." He was too honest to feign a patriotism he never cherished. "Let the government abstain as much as possible from legislation, and so preserve a masterful inactivity," was his constantly repeated declaration. To these convictions he was fearlessly true throughout his political life. He opposed the election of Madison to the Presidency, "because," as he said, "he was weak on States' Rights." He opposed the War of 1812 because he thought war was nationalizing. He opposed a hundred other measures because they led to an increase in national authority.

His policy of opposition was also made to include the denunciation of every bill, whether advocated by friends or opponents, which contained a suspicion of dishonesty or political trickery. The most noteworthy instance of this bold denunciation was in the so-called "Yazoo Speculation." A

number of men had purchased by fraud from the Georgia legislature an immense tract of valuable land. So many prominent politicians were implicated that the government decided to make a compromise in the matter. With the president and even his own party against him, Randolph indignantly protested against any such course. Although at first he stood practically alone in his bitter accusation, public opinion was finally aroused and the compromise defeated. Thus it was that he showed a courage great enough to proclaim the offences of his own party. It was the absolute assurance in his integrity of purpose, in his fidelity to their interests, that caused the people of Virginia to cherish, in spite of his errors, an ardent admiration for this man, an admiration shown by his reëlection as their representative for nearly thirty years.

Randolph possessed such a remarkable power of witty vituperation and intensity of expression that his rising to make a speech was always an interesting event. His exclamation, "Mr. Speaker!" was sure to command a hearing from both House and galleries. As far back as 1811, Washington Irving wrote of him: "There is no speaker in either house that excites such universal attention as Jack Randolph." He possessed an unequalled power of sarcasm, and always had in readiness some stinging retort to hurl with all that force which only *his* anger could summon. Instead of being a question of moral right, it too often became a mere test of courage whether or not a man dare oppose such marvelous powers of abuse. This odd genius, springing angrily to his feet and shaking his long, bony forefinger like an exclamation point to his bitter remarks, would often give way to his passions in an attack most humiliating for his opponent. The craving for these dramatic exhibitions increased as time went on, until they became the most prominent, and in some ways

disgraceful, feature of the latter part of his career. Yet they served their purpose, as shown in a verse from Whittier's "Randolph of Roanoke":

> All parties feared him; each in turn
> Beheld its schemes disjointed,
> As right or left his fatal glance
> And spectral finger pointed.
> Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
> With trenchant wit unsparing,
> And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
> The robe Pretence was wearing.

Proud, fearless, and undeserving of sympathy as he may have seemed in his public capacity, few men have passed a sadder private life than did John Randolph. During the intervals between the sessions of Congress he would withdraw to a solitary retreat on his ancestral estate at Roanoke. It is there, while mourning over his disappointments, that a most pathetic phase of his life is disclosed. Having early lost by death his dearest relatives, having estranged even his closest friends, he was left with only a few servants as attendants. The full extent of his unfortunate condition is difficult to realize. His letters, however, furnish us some idea of his situation. A passage from one of them to a confidential friend reads: "I dare not look upon that 'blank and waste of the heart within.' Dreary, desolate, dismal, there is no word in our language or any other that can express the misery of my life. I drag on like a tired captive at the end of a slave chain. I go because I must."

Yet in spite of rapidly failing strength, Randolph never deserted his post of duty. During the last few months of his life he had to be carried to his seat, but was always present at even the longest sessions of Congress.

On his death-bed, in 1833, he called several witnesses to his side and formally liberated all his slaves. Thus he showed

that, although he had been throughout his life a leader of the South, he was opposed to the slave traffic; that he had fought for the political freedom of the state, and not to perpetuate the misery of the slave.

Randolph's character is difficult to analyze. His nature was unintelligible to even his most intimate friends. He was sensitive as a woman, and showed, at times, a remarkable tenderness and depth of sympathy. His veneration for the memory of his mother was so strong as to almost amount to idolatry. Of her he most pathetically said: "She was the only one who ever knew me." Yet when his fearful anger was once aroused, he proved himself brutally regardless of another's feelings. This ungovernable temper, linked with a very delicate constitution and a peculiarly balanced brain, was the source of many otherwise unaccountable acts. Lacking the physical power to subdue it, Randolph indulged his passion until it brought him to the verge of madness. This insane temper was unfortunately accompanied by a pride which would not permit him to repair the harm done in his irresponsible moments. A sudden burst of anger was the cause of a life-long separation between him and a loving stepfather. His friends feared his irritable disposition, and learned to shun him, so that he was, at last, deserted by all but a few of the most faithful and forgiving. His sincerity and devotion to duty were acknowledged by everyone. Yet he was so misunderstood in both public and private life that there was bred in his disposition, naturally tender, a spirit of distrust, if not of hatred, toward all men.

If a just estimate of John Randolph is to be formed, great allowance must be made for his physical weakness. Those who knew him best declared he never enjoyed a day of perfect health. Certain it is that he ceased to grow at that time of life when other men just begin to reach the period of their

greatest usefulness. Whatever may be said of his political beliefs; in whatever light his eccentric character may be regarded, John Randolph represented that which, with but few exceptions, is so notably absent from our present political life, honesty of purpose, courage of conviction, love of liberty, and fearless obedience to the call of duty; in a word, all that is pure and noble in politics.

A SEA SONG.

He in whose ear the sea-shell sings
Far from the sea,
Must harken to all other things
Unheedingly.
For, though to bar him from his own
Stretch plain and hill,
The patient ocean's undertone
Calls to him still.

He who hath seen the sullen surf
Swing shoreward slow,
Quick foam above, and tangled coils
Of kelp below,
Hath for his comfort, though he be
Far leagues inland,
The pounding, curling, pounding sea,
The beaten sand.

Henry Rutgers Conger.

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THE HAUNTED MIND.

A FABLE.

A noted philosopher was once visiting at the home of his friend, a poet. Of an evening they sat before the hearthstone and discussed the nature of man's actual self. Though the philosopher talked long and eloquently, and the poet listened with the greatest attention, he was at last wearied by an unconvincing argument, and said: "Indeed, you speak with much authority concerning these unknowable things. But what does it profit when they still remain unknown?"

"Much," the philosopher answered. "For through these guesses we hope some day to gain a revelation of the truth itself."

"And yet I doubt not," replied the poet, "that we are far happier being still ignorant of some things."

"Ah, my friend," said the philosopher, "that is but a poet's answer. Perfect happiness shall come only with perfect knowledge."

"That sounds true, indeed," said the poet, "nevertheless, if you will bear with me, I am going to resort again to the 'poet's answer' and repeat to you an ancient story, which, though of pagan origin, yet has a homely truth beneath the words."

The philosopher assented with good grace, and after a moment's thought the poet began:

"There lived some time ago in an oriental city a certain reputable statesman, a young man, and wise beyond his

years. He was in favor with his God, the king, and himself. He had one fault, ambition, and that, in itself, you will admit, is scarcely such, except as it leads on to other faults. But Simon was unfortunate to be ambitious, for while still in his young prime he was tempted by the chance to gain a high office at court. Until now he had kept his fair name untarnished. He had lived a healthy private life, and appeared to the world as an honest man. But now his way was crossed by an adversary, and though he was his friend and worthy to be his rival, yet Simon conceived a base design and had him slandered to the king.

"But despite these foul means, having once gained the post he served it well, and was honored by a nation's praise. In some slight degree he may have enjoyed his fame, but men never called him happy, and though he had their respect he lacked their love. Nor was he himself happy, for Simon had a conscience. This pricked his heart. This made him feel ill at ease to face the public, and he began to shun his slandered adversary's very shadow.

"In truth, as time passed and he tried vainly to pluck out this gift of God, the people grew very distasteful, and at last Simon sought a refuge in the quiet of his ancestral heritage. There the imagined reproach in men's eyes no longer disturbed him, and among the wide parks and meadows of his estate, his nature gradually cast off the sense of shame, and his youth seemed to return.

"One day it happened that Simon was walking abroad through his fields and on passing down a shady lane he noticed a man coming from the distant end. Now, as they approached, it was certainly astounding for Simon to perceive that the other's form, manner, clothing, and countenance were precisely like his own. So, half in doubt, half in fear, he paused to await this curious apparition. Likewise the stran-

ger halted in a similar attitude. Amazed at what he still thought must be an illusion, Simon stepped slowly forward; and behold the double did the same. When they were near enough Simon saw that the man's face wore an expression of mingled deceit and wickedness, and he drew a sigh of relief, for they were then unlike, and the illusion vanished at the thought.

"They were about to pass, however, when the stranger seemed to block the narrow lane, though to Simon it seemed unintentional enough, as often occurs when two persons meet on a single foot-path. So he stepped quite aside, but was only more obstinately thwarted by the fellow. They stared at each other for a moment face to face, and then, as if seized instinctively by a sudden overpowering fear, the statesman turned and fled. In the opposite direction the double also disappeared.

"This occurrence was repeated, and at last became so frequent that wherever he roamed his image might come to meet him; now from the contra-corner of a long meadow, now from a dark glade in the heart of the forest, or swimming from the opposite shore if Simon ventured to take a morning plunge.

"The poor man, at length, left his home in distraction, and after many years of travel in foreign lands where varied scenes and amusements absorbed his thoughts, he finally forgot the weird apparition that used to haunt him.

"One fine morning, however, as he walked out through a beautiful country side, exulting in his renewed mental health and vigorous pace, he suddenly happened to espy his double; yet not in front as on previous occasions, but following tenaciously behind him. He immediately faced about, and the creature vanished only to reappear on the road that now lay at his back. And thus, no matter how he turned,

wheeling this way and that, the double always managed to remain behind him.

"But again, in time, with various rounds of pleasure and among a circle of gay friends, Simon grew accustomed to this uncanny attendance. He failed, however, to note one thing: Every day the image came the least bit nearer to its counterpart, and yet approached so gradually that Simon could not have perceived it save through a considerable lapse of time.

"Now, on growing old, he returned to his home, that he might spend his last worn-out years on the estate and finally die in peace. The double still accompanied him, but Simon's heart had hardened to his life, and the springs of conscience had dried up in his bosom so that he cared little for right or wrong. His one great wish was to die in peace, but fate denied even this poor boon.

"Late one night the old man entered his house and barred the door. His servants attended to his wants and then retired. Through the house all was hushed and silent, and half unconsciously he began to muse about his life, but he was repelled by too many painful memories, and desiring something pleasanter looked around the beautiful hall where gold and ivory statues, with other works of the costliest skill, shone resplendent in the light of a hundred silver lamps. All about were objects in which man's eye might delight, and Simon, pondering on his ill-earned riches, for the first time began to feel contented. 'Yes, surely,' he thought, 'this must be happiness, why not? All that I desire is mine. Peace, wealth, and fame surround me. Fear is at last absent, and my friends are kind. My only wish, now, is to pass quietly at length to my grave.' And with that the old man closed his eyes contentedly and would have surely fallen asleep—

"When, dull upon the tiles just within the door, sounded a hollow step, as of a ghostly tread. Unthinking who could have entered, Simon rose and turned—to face his counterpart. Pale as death, their eyes met in horrid recognition, and the statesman understood. His pictured happiness, his fancied peace, passed like a vision before him and vanished. All the years of his varied life seemed but a moment, an oblivion, wherein all things were forgotten—yet not all, for there at the opposite end of the hall stood his double, grim and hideous.

"'Sir!' the challenge echoed hollow. Then his tongue clove, and he only shuddered.

"'Yes,' the double replied at last, 'you know me—for I am yourself. What you have done is here reflected in me. I am your character, and so I followed you about for a season, hoping you would meet me face to face. Had you allowed me to reason with you then, I might have convinced you of your folly, but you were afraid, and from this self-aversion you failed to recognize me. At last life wore on to where reaction and retribution came; where one begins to gather the harvest of his past, and balance the wheat with the tares. Since then I've walked behind. If your earlier life had been good my attendance would have proved a blessing, but, on the contrary, I dogged your steps. For a season it did not matter to you much. Since then I followed distantly, but although unobserved I have come nearer, ever nearer, till now you have turned and discovered me at your arm, in your own house, and must face me whether you will or not!

"'Look—I am yourself—I hate you. I am your character—I despise it. I am your life—I condemn it. I am the polished mirror of your mind and will, all of whose thoughts and acts are here indelibly reflected,—and, scarlet though it is, behold the outer garment of your soul!'

"With this the double rent aside the tunic about his throat and breast. At the sight the statesman stood aghast in death."

The poet ceased speaking, though an echo seemed to linger in the air.

"A terrible tale," said the philosopher, at last.

"And yet a true one," the poet remarked slowly.

"Pray God it may not be so," replied the other fervently.

Richard Rice.

In the New York club there are several little rooms,—card rooms, they are called,—where one can sit and smoke or read almost undisturbed. On one of those wet, sticky nights in February, when winter has almost yielded to spring, two men were seated in one of these rooms, trying to forget the weather outside in the bright cheerfulness of a big open fire. The lights were all turned low, and the glare of the burning wood flashed across the faces of the two and chased up and down the wall opposite. The elder, Major Hathaway, was stretched out in a luxurious chair, with both his feet propped up on the fender. He was a quick, nervous man, and puffed incessantly on a cigarette. On the other side of the fire, and gazing dreamily into it, was young Robert Eldredge. The silence in the room was broken only by the perpetual roll of the cabs and wagons in the street below. They had been sitting this way for perhaps ten minutes, when suddenly the elder spoke. Evidently he had been thinking intently for some time, perhaps as to how he could best say what was uppermost in his mind. For when he did speak his voice was eager, almost pleading.

"Have you thought this all over carefully, Bob, and realized all that it must mean to you—all the changes in your way of living? If you and May are married, you know that happy, careless life must be a thing of the past, a mere memory. Not that there is anything bad about it, only it is not exactly the life for a married man. And then even your clubs must be given up for a time. Are you ready, are you

able to make this sacrifice for the girl who is to become your wife? Yes, I know, Bob," he went on, as the younger man started to speak, "I know that you love her sincerely and now you think that all this means no sacrifice to you, and that I am only a pessimistic old crank. But I tell you, Bob, no man in this world can get out of the regular ruts of his daily life and settle down into new ones, without very much of an effort."

Major Hathaway paused before he lighted a fresh cigarette, and then glanced toward the young man as if expecting him to speak. Bob continued to gaze silently into the fire. For fifteen years this man had been more than a father to him, and now he saw that a strangeness was rising up between them,—the thin edge of a wedge of years, which, widening out in after life, should turn each into a separate path, and he dreaded it. But he saw that it could not be avoided, and when he spoke all his doubt and indecision had vanished.

"I have thought this over, perhaps more carefully than you give me credit for, and I know, Uncle Dick, just what my choice means. But I would say yes, no matter what the sacrifice. For I love her, and you yourself know how I need her influence in my life."

Major Hathaway could not doubt the ring of sincerity in these words, but he thought a long time before he spoke again. He realized that he was treading on sacred ground, and he did not want to give offence. And Bob's mind, as he waited for the Major to speak, turned to trifles, as one's thoughts are apt to do at such a time. He counted the number of tiles in front of the grate, and then he watched the rings of smoke as they blended together and glided away in the firelight.

"You know well enough, Bob, that I have only your welfare at heart, even though I may give offence, and it is

because of my interest in you that I am going to ask you a question,—a very simple one. I want you to answer straight from your heart, and I don't want you to be hasty. Can you imagine yourself in any position or under any circumstances where you could forget May, or could live just as happily without her?"

"Major Hathaway"—it was the first time in years he had called him by that name—"it seems to me you are going too far." Then he added hastily, "I cannot measure my love for May by any such question. I can only say that I love her. You evidently do not know what that means."

"I was afraid, Bob, that you would be hasty—"

"But I have not been—" began Bob.

"And so," the Major went on, passing over the interruption, "I was very reluctant to put that question. But I felt that I owed it to you and to May, whom I have come to love as a daughter, almost, as I have loved you as a son, and I tell you frankly, if you can't answer that question, you don't deserve to love that girl, and what is more, you *don't* truly love her. Yes, you have refused," he went on, as the younger man made an effort to speak, "you have shown me that you cannot answer it as I would want it answered." He was standing now, and he flung away his cigarette and came up to Bob and took both of his big, strong hands.

"I can say no more. I am not angry with you, only grieved that you could not have answered differently. But perhaps you know best; only think it over well." And with that he turned and walked quickly from the room.

Bob stretched himself out in the chair which the Major had just left. The fire burned up brightly and cast weird shadows about the walls. In the leaping flames he could see a room and a figure sitting before another fire, looking like an old picture in the soft gray light, which cast a rosy sheen

over her pale silk gown. He was sure that he loved her, but did he love her enough to make her happy? Was there, then, after all, some truth in what the Major had said? His life had been so different from hers. It had developed in him tastes that were very far from hers, and ideas that they could never hold in common. But at least he was sure that he loved her enough not to make her unhappy. And so he thought on as the fire burned away.

As the last log fell from the andirons, charred through, Bob rose wearily from his chair and started to go down stairs, when suddenly an idea came to him. Why not put it to the test and go away for a few months, and then after that, if he still loved her, he could laugh at the Major's ques ion. He did not seem to realize that already unconsciously he was answering it.

So that evening, as May sat by the fire and waited, instead of Bob came a little bunch of forget-me-nots and a note. He knew he could not trust himself to say good-by.

* * * *

It was six months later when he came back to attend a wedding,—one that he had often dreamed about when he sat with his pipe in the evening. But it was not to be bridegroom that he came so far, only best man. Perhaps if he had known how those forget-me-nots were tenderly guarded, and were thrown away only on the day on which he arrived, he would have come sooner.

Alfred Dudley Britton.

CURFEW.

How soon their daylight ends,
  Whose task is sweet and long,
When evening's dying Curfew blends
    With even song.

Yet they whose strength is spent
  In toil full richly blest,
May hear its echoes, well content,
    And peaceful rest.

Alfred Dudley Britton.

A STAMPEDE.

For several weeks the cowboys making up the "Double X" outfit had been gathering three-year-old steers for the fall market. The results were as pretty a bunch of cattle as could be found in Texas; four thousand five hundred of them, and every one fat and in perfect condition. The wagon was camped for the night in the valley of White Deer Creek, two miles from the bluffs along the Canadian. Three more days would see the bunch safely packed in trains on their way to the Chicago market, so that it was most important that they should be kept from running an ounce of fat off in stampede. So far they had been handled as easily as sheep, and the outfit was proud of itself.

The men had finished the evening pork and beans and were saddling and staking out their horses for night guard. Over the buttes back of the Canadian, a bank of black clouds were rapidly covering the whole western horizon. Like the distant roaring of an old bull preparing for battle, angry mutterings of thunder could be heard, while the fitful lightning flashes showed the yellow flood of the great river lashed into white caps. All the signs pointed to a nasty night, and Cal Merchant, the foreman of the outfit, gathered his men together at the tail of the wagon, where the sweep of the wind was broken.

"Boys," said he, "there's trouble ahead of us. We're in for a hell of a storm, and I want you all to remember that the bunch of red beauties out there has got to be held together if

it takes every horse and every man in the outfit to do it. As soon as they break loose, there 's eighty thousand dollars gone to the devil, 'cause every one of 'em will run over the bluffs into the Canadian. Remember, turn 'em into the sand hills if they start to run. We 'll double the guard so that every man stands twice for an hour at a time. First guard had better go out now."

As the crowd was breaking up, Joe, the horse wrangler, commonly known as "The Kid," timidly said: "Cal, ain't you goin' to let me help hold 'em? I 've got Pinto saddled, and I reckon he can run around any steer in the Panhandle."

"All right, Kid," was the reply, "if you 're so keen to try, turn out with the third guard."

The promised storm came, and came with a fury that bent the cottonwoods along the creek bottom almost flat, and blew the embers of the dying fire in a long, red stream up the valley. After the wind, came the rain hissing through the dried buffalo grass, which cringed and writhed like a monster cowering under the stinging blows from some giant's hand. The cattle stood huddled together with heads to the ground, all facing away from the storm, only held from drifting with it by the shouts and yells of the men who rode up and down before the line of sullen, lowered horns.

In this fashion the hours dragged slowly by till the third guard came on. Each moment the cattle became more and more restless. Occasionally some steer would make a dash through the line for freedom, only to be turned in again after a mad run of an hundred yards. By this time every man in the outfit was on his horse riding around the bunch.

It was the Kid's first experience with "snaky" cattle, and as he climbed on to Pinto, a white and pink spindle-legged Mexican pony, and settled himself deep in the saddle, he resolved to show the boys that he was as good a cowpuncher

as any of them. Taking his place in the circle next to Cal, he rode slowly up and down the restless, ever-changing line. It was cold work after the first glow of excitement died away, and his hands grew so numb from the lashing of the rain that he could hardly keep his grasp on the bridle. After what seemed to him an infinite age of waiting came the long expected. A bolt of lightning crashed its way from the blackness above. Ripping down through a cottonwood it disappeared into the trembling earth. Almost before the Kid could gather his reeling senses, came a hoarse, wild shout from Cal, "They're loose, boys! Get after 'em!" The whole herd of cattle, stark mad from fear, was flying down the valley towards the bluffs and to certain destruction.

A fierce, deep excitement took hold of the Kid. Forgetting the dangers from the uneven ground, and the grinding hoofs, he gave Pinto quirk and spur, urging him to the front of the flying column. Cal had told him to turn them from the bluff, and turn them he would, if Pinto's legs could do it. He lost all fear as he raced along by the stampeding cattle. Pinto seemed to skim the earth as he settled into his long racing stride, and the Kid, trusting all things to his horse, threw away the reins. He was barely conscious of bogs and gullies jumped in the wild race; of other men who shouted to him as he flew by, words which blurred senselessly in his brain. The glaring eyes and tossing sea of horns so close to his left hand had no terror for him, all his thought was to reach and turn the leaders in time to save them. Behind him beat the merciless hoofs as, on a long diagonal, he cut in before the herd; ahead were the jagged bluffs of the Canadian. Now he was almost even with the leaders, but he could hear above the thunder of the galloping cattle, the roar of the Canadian on its rocks. Slowly, slowly, however, the leaders were turning to the left into the sand hills. The

sight of the hatless, yelling devil on a white pony ahead of them was worse than the unknown terror behind.

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The men of the Double X outfit don't care to talk of the stampede on White Deer for they all liked the Kid. They found him next day under Pinto at the bottom of a crevasse leading to the river. He had saved the herd by the narrow margin of twenty yards, but Pinto was running free and did not turn with the cattle.

The company, however, paid its usual five per cent. dividend that fall.

Albert Hopkins.

HIS SON'S ENEMIES.

At a small table in a café of a low order, on one of the many side streets that lead down to the Seine, near the morgue, sat Jean Coqulard. His body was slouched forward, and his long muscular hands clasped before him, in what a careless passer-by might call an attitude of prayer. But his eyes looked straight ahead in a peculiar, hard, vacant stare. Few, if any, noticed him, and if they did, probably judged him from his dress to be an old habitué of the place, and there more on sufferance than anything else. The room was thick with cheap tobacco smoke, which the wind, when the street door was opened, carried across the place in little whirlwinds. The lights from many cigarettes showed dimly like glow-worms in the dense air. At the other end of the room some one was playing a mandolin and singing in a maudlin voice.

The kerosene lamps had begun to smoke at this late hour, and the people passing in and out seemed out of proportion and like the fantastic shadows cast on the roadside at night by the side lamps of a dog cart. Jean saw none of these things. He was thinking of the journey he had just taken to the great prison outside the city walls, where low malefactors were confined for short terms and worse ones received a five or six years' sentence.

Jean's son was one of the latter. For repeated small crimes he had at last been sentenced for four years, and his father had seen him enter the great iron-barred gates of the

prison, very much as he would see him enter his work shop in the morning, knowing that a certain time must elapse, a necessary evil, before the evening would free him to wander once more in his old haunts. His sentence expired that evening and he had gone to get him but was informed that on the day before his son had died of some disease, whose unfamiliar name he could not remember, and that a mass had been said for the repose of his soul, and he was now number 4761 in the prison. graveyard. The warden actually congratulated Jean on his good fortune, "No one like that, that son of yours, ever comes to any good. I have been here twelve years and can tell. A fellow of his particular stamp never reforms. Perhaps *Monsieur* has other better sons? Yes?" But Jean did not answer him but walked back to the café life like one in a dream.

So his son was dead, his little Henri, who was such a fine fellow, no better company than he; and now he was dead. He could imagine how he had died, there in the prison, alone, with none of his friends around him, looking out longingly, perhaps, out of the little iron-barred window, out over the plain, where the soldiers drilled, to the walls of the city, where the lights twinkled, and where the great Eiffel tower rose straight and slim like a great exclamation point out of the flat page of the city. He sat and thought and lived over again their lives which had been so entwined, thought how as a little fellow he had carried him in his arms of a Sunday to the Bois to see the crowd, or gone with him on one of the little steamers that go up and down the Seine, and when he was older how often they had spent the evening together in some place of amusement. Yes, how often at that café and at that very table. But Henri had a weakness,—was always taking little things that were not his, and repeated offences had finally gotten him this last sentence.

Each time he had promised to reform, but as often slipped from his good intentions. The old story.

A great wave of anger overcame Jean; an unreasonable rage that longed to cry out, to bite, to tear with the hands. What right had the officials to take his son from him, to kill him like a rat in a trap out there beyond the city walls? He seized the bottle of cognac that stood before him on the table and drank the remaining half without stopping. He smiled, a feeling of warmth came over him and a numbness so that the people talking round him seemed a great way off. He rose, saying to himself: "Now I know the way. Now all will go well."

He went out and walked toward the Seine, which ran black and oily at the lower end of the street. He came to the edge and, leaning over the low railing, looked into the water where the ripples made the reflection of the gas-lamp above him waver and seem to beckon to him. He heard a step approaching, a gendarme gorgeous in his blue and red uniform was making his rounds, a comely young fellow, who whistled softly to himself as he looked out over the water, thinking perhaps of his mother in her little home in the Provinces, to whom he was to send half his pay when he received it at the end of the month.

Jean watched him and, as he did, the wave of anger came over him again. So this was one of the crew that had taken his son to that place to die. This was one of those who had robbed him of his little Henri. Well, he would show them. He—

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Two days later, far down the Seine, where the fishing boats from Havre anchor by the shores fringed with tall Lombardy poplars, something red and blue floated in mid-stream, face downwards. And an old man jibbered and gnawed at

his hands in a cell, from the windows of which could be seen the plain where the soldiers drill, stretching away to the walls of the city, where the lights twinkled and the great tower rose dimly through the darkness. For Jean Coqulard was mad.

Dudley Butler.

MARGERY.

Where once thy footstep strays
  Naught is the same;
All the dim forest ways
  Ring with thy name.

Halls that thy presence filled
  Cannot forget;
Hearts that thy songs have thrilled
  Echo them yet.

Henrg Rutgers Conger.

The bumble-bees were drowsily crooning their monotonous chant as they flew heavily over the meadow. From a distant hay-field came the strident clink of the whetstones on the scythes. The girl was lying beneath the shade of a solitary apple-tree, whose brilliant fruit contrasted strangely with its foliage, soiled and rusty from the season's wear. The hot breezes were toying with her hair and she fanned herself carelessly with her hat. A young man vaulted lightly over the stone wall from the next field, his arms full with rich, yellow golden-rod, which tossed its royal plumes in farewell to the meadow bees. Throwing down his burden, he stood for a moment looking silently at the girl.

"What a pretty picture you make, Millicent," he said, after a while. "If I were an artist and could paint you, with that knotted old tree-trunk and mossy wall for a background and that bright color in your cheeks, I could make my fortune with the picture."

"Very prettily spoken!" she replied, laughing. "You must have been thinking that up all the time you were picking the golden-rod."

"Oh, no! It was an inspiration," he protested, so earnestly that she laughed again, and then stopped when she saw that he looked slightly hurt. "Who could help saying pretty things when in your presence? Besides, I have found the one thing needful to make my picture perfect," and, stooping, he pulled from the centre of the bunch of golden-rod one brilliant spray of the most splendid wild flower of New Eng-

land, the cardinal flower. He bent over her and gently twisted the bright blossom among her heavy tresses, where its scarlet beauty served to render their own dark lustre more effective. She glanced up at him with an arch look in her soft brown eyes so bewitching that it would seem to require an effort more than human to resist the temptation to kiss the upturned face. He only smiled in return and then stepped back to admire the effect.

"You look perfectly entrancing, Millicent," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "and the best part of it all is that I am free to tell you so. You and I understand each other so well—we are both, if I may say it, so sensible—that it is possible for us to be together without falling in love. What a foolish thing it would be for me to propose to you, and have to be accepted—which neither of us want—or else rejected, which I could never stand! We are much happier in this spirit of good fellowship."

"Certainly you are right, Harry," she answered, as she pulled to pieces one of the cardinal blossoms, "and I shall always be thankful to have a good brother to whom I may look for sympathy."

And gathering up the yellow glories of the golden-rod they walked together from the field in silence.

The winter had passed. From Harry at college she had received frequent letters, full of the brotherly affection of which he boasted. Hers in return were short and told him only of the news at home, but lately he had noticed rather frequent allusions to "Mr. Morse," and very lately to "Rob." This displeased him, for although he was in no sense her lover, yet he did not like to think of Millicent with Robert Morse, who was really a very inferior sort of fellow, he told himself, and unworthy to think of Millicent, much less to be her friend. Harry resolved to use his first opportunity to

express his brotherly disapproval; for, although he had no objections and no right to have objections to her having other friends than himself, yet for her sake it would not do, he thought, to allow a fellow like Morse to gain influence over her.

It was the evening of the annual reception at the old high school and Millicent was there, bewitching enough in her soft white graduation dress with a bit of crimson ribbon—her class color—at her throat. Harry felt a keen realization of her beauty and of his own good fortune in being on terms of so pleasant companionship with her, as he hastened to her side. She greeted him cordially, but somehow it was not quite what he had expected after almost a year's absence, and it was indeed hard to think that she had not saved at least one dance for him. Certainly he must have that talk with her, and this resolution strengthened as he saw Morse dancing with her again and again and handing her to her carriage at the reception's end. He determined to call on her the next afternoon.

As Harry was ascending the steps he met Morse coming down, and the meeting added to his general sense of discomfort and dissatisfaction. He was still vexed when Millicent entered the room.

"I seem specially fortunate this afternoon," she said, smiling. "Rob has just left—you must have met him—and now I see you again."

The familiar mention of Morse's name jarred unpleasantly on Harry's ears. He looked quickly up, resolved to express fully his brotherly disapprobation of her new friend.

"That suggests the object of my call," he began. "I want to say to you—" He stooped and looked again into the clear brown depths of her eyes, and then abruptly finished the sentence.

"I want to tell you that I love you, Millie."

She gave him no spoken word, but in a look from those brown eyes he read the message of his happiness.

"And you never really cared for Robert Morse?" he asked at length. "I did not know I loved you, dear, until I grew jealous of him."

"Of course you didn't," she answered; "that was what he was for."

Tyler Eddy Gale.

SUGGESTIONS.

"Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eût l'air d'une pensée."—*Beaumarchais.*

FANTASIE.

He was a young Italian count, heir to what most men would have been only too content to have, but the count was not to be satisfied with ordinary circumstances or achievements. There stirred within him a feeling of restlessness, a vague sense of desire for something still more vague, but he interpreted it to himself as an evidence that he was destined for the greater things of life, and accordingly decided to become famous.

It was on one of the fairest days of all the Italian summer that Count Francis was sitting on a balcony of his villa, which overlooked the Bay of Naples. The scene that lay stretched in the bright sunshine before him has been thought by many the most beautiful in the world. But the count seemed to see none of all this splendor as he gazed off across the sea, over the gardens of his villa, over the olive groves and vineyards, that ran down to the water's edge, over the blue dancing waves of the lovely Bay of Naples, far out beyond the cliffs of Capri into the broad expanse of the ocean. And as he looked his countenance was troubled. Why not be content, good count? Take what you have, your friends, your books, your beautiful home; sit down in the life that God has given you and enjoy the things at hand. See this happy world about you and look not off upon the

troubled waters of earthly fame. "But no," Count Francis sighed, "I may not be content, nor will I see this world about me till I have done some great thing." And with that he sank back into his chair and mused and pondered what it should be.

But day after day went by and still the count lingered, idly picturing his future greatness and never raising a finger to win it. The soft balmy air and languor of the Italian summer seemed to check his energy till he had none left. Months passed by and now he had become a mere dreamer.

He imagined that the view from his villa windows illustrated the life and ambition of man. Here in the foreground were the gardens, olive groves, and vineyards, peaceful and undisturbed in the sunlight. Then there was the Bay of Naples, a broader expanse, with its ripples and wavelets curling on the beach. This represented the ordinary scope of ambition which man enters upon after leaving the quiet groves of the shore. Then beyond was rougher water with choppy waves, from which jutted the cliffs of Capri in the distance. This was the field of struggle and adventure. But far out past the last rocky headland there rose and fell the great waves of the ocean in majestic swells. And as this idea flitted through the count's mind, his soul seemed thrilled with rapture; for, in his imagination, there he was himself, always far out on the broad expanse and ever looking still farther on to the horizon. But with all his fine thoughts and vain ideas, here sat the count in his villa still dreaming, only dreaming.

And years passed by and the count grew old and feeble, and still he was standing on the shore and imagining himself upon the deep, but it scarcely occurred to him how he had come there.

Now it chanced one day that he fell ill and wasted rapidly

away. Just before he died his couch was pushed close to the window and once more he looked out toward the cliffs of Capri, but his eyes were so dim that he could not see the ocean beyond. And then it seemed to come over him that perhaps he was not out there after all. That here he was still upon the shore. He started at the thought and tried to gather up his senses. What! had he been here all his life, idling away a whole existence. No! he must be out there, and he strained his eyes to see, but now even Capri was gone and the blue waves of the bay grew dim and blurred, and all he could see were the olive groves and vineyards, where he had spent his whole life, and yet he scarcely recognized them, for his mind had not known them, but had dwelt far out on the bosom of the deep.

R. A. R.

A GLEANER.

When Autumn paints the dear old woods
  With crimson and with gold,
And far from out the glowing west
  The cool breeze sweeps the wold,

Close by the road the asters nod,
    And lift each purple face;
For Mary looks at every one
  With smiling, winsome grace.

When Autumn paints the dear old woods,
  I follow Mary patiently;
For she, of all her wealth, might give
  A single smile to me.

NO ROBBERY.

She and her Room-mate.

"Mercy, child, hurry and find some hair pins for me! And here's a telegram to read while I fix—why will you buy those vicious straight wire ones that slip? I rather think he exaggerates the 'whither thou goest I will go' effect. 'Nothing could detain me upon receiving note.' Hm—I believe we will see Cambridge together in June. Well, I only know this one Harvard man, and I've met him four—five—six times, but there's to-morrow afternoon, and Tuesday if I cut that Elizabethan Lit. Do you want to bet on my whereabouts for next Class-day? Is my hair smooth now—and the rest of my raiment? Please *look* at me before you say I'm all right."

He and She.

"And that's why things can never be the same between us any more. Did n't you ever feel that a certain day or a certain hour had made all the past useless and colorless, and the present and perhaps the future contained everything worth living for? Do n't you think it a bit unkind to spoil a man's past so?"

"Heavens! Have you a past? Is it quite discreet of me to have anything to do with it?"

"Quite. But if my future never turns out a past you'd like to have anything to do with, it's going to be your own fault. And I do n't think you care that!" (He gazes ardently at the insane asylum in the distance.)

"Not a snap of my finger? Perhaps I care a little more than that, Billy, and perhaps even more than you think—"

He Solus—Later a Bell-boy.

William, shake hands with yourself. It 's a very dirty ride from Boston, William, that 's true. But, William, we will go to the Junior Prom. where we shall see another lady who is quite worth all the trouble. Very creditably planned and executed, William. We congratulate ourself and drink to—Oh, is that you, Sam? If you 'll bring four more of the same and set them on the bureau, I won't worry you any more to-night.

W. L. M.

Events of the Month.

Cap and Bells

Successfully presented two one-act plays, "Cicely's Cavalier" and a "Cyclone for a Cent," at the Williamstown opera house, on the night of October 20.

The Trustees

At their regular fall meeting on October 21, voted to adopt the semester system of examinations, and laid on the table the other proposed changes in the college calendar.

The Football Scores

Up to November 15, were as follows:

October 15, Williams 6, Carlisle Indians 17.
October 19, Williams 5, Colgate 0.
October 22, Williams 0, Wesleyan 22.
October 29, Williams 24, Trinity 0.
November 5, Williams 0, Cornell 12.
November 12, Williams 6, Dartmouth 10.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Master of Life to call unto Himself our beloved professor, James Ingraham Peck, and

WHEREAS, In his death we recognize that we have lost a faithful and efficient leader, a patient and devoted co-worker, a helpful, true, and noble friend, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Lyceum of Natural History of Williams College, take this opportunity of expressing our grief at his death and our appreciation of the great service which he has rendered this Lyceum, and

Resolved, That while we recognize the inability of words to console his bereaved family, we wish to extend to them our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this their time of distress, feeling as we do that we are sharers in the same bereavement, and

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be presented to Mrs. Peck, and further that they be printed in the *Williams Weekly* and in the WILLIAMS MONTHLY.

"Then why shouldst thou be dead and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

H. D. PATTERSON.
F. J. BRUNO.
F. W. CROSS.

SANCTUM.

The death of Dr. Peck, on the 4th of November, came to the college with a suddenness which makes it difficult for us, even now, to realize the full extent of our loss. It is only gradually that we are beginning to understand how greatly his life helped us, and how much his death means to us. He was a man whom every one instinctively knew to be thoroughly sincere. He seldom condemned a person or an opinion, nor did he lay down rules of conduct for others to follow; but he lived up to the rules which he made for himself thoroughly and consistently.

Much has been said of his work on science; the success of his past career; the brilliant promise the future held for him. We who knew him well are apt to forget these things, and remember only his unfailing kindness, his simple manliness, his straightforward honesty. These phrases may not mean very much to those who knew him only as a scientist, but to some of us they mean a great deal.

Although more than a month has elapsed since the Song Book first appeared, we take this rather late opportunity of expressing our gratification and appreciation to the three editors for their work.

The book is one that is calculated not only to fill a decided want in the social life of the college, but will undoubtedly serve as a tie between the alumni and undergraduates—a bond between the Williams of the past and the college that

We wish to congratulate the editors—Leonard, '87, Whelan, '99, and Taylor, '99,—on the work they have so ably brought to a successful conclusion, and we feel that the thanks of the entire undergraduate and graduate body are due to them.

Owing to an editorial published in the *Weekly* some time since, the college was unintentionally given the impression that Mr. Leonard was simply the inspirer of the book. Without wishing to belittle the praise given the senior editors, we think it only just to say that Mr. Leonard not only conceived the idea of a song book several years ago, but throughout the whole period of its preparation, willingly gave a great deal of his time and energy towards its final successful publication. We feel that, perhaps, special thanks are due him, not only for his part in this matter, but for the many times when he has shown his interest in the welfare of the college and its institutions.

The editors wish to call special attention to the notice on the first page, regarding two prizes offered for the best short story and the most excellent essay. It will be especially advantageous for every man trying, or expecting to try, for the LIT., to make an effort to secure one or both of these prizes, as all this matter goes before a faculty committee, whose good judgment the editors confidently rely upon. Moreover, it evinces a particular desire on the part of the contestant to *work* for the LIT., and shows the board the quality of his highest endeavor. These articles, whether they win or whether they lose, will receive unusual attention from the editors, and it is hoped that the college will support the plan and help to make the contest a success.

CHAT.

Chat doubts very much if any of the men who accompanied the team to Hanover will ever regret taking the trip, or soon forget the game they saw there. That nerve-wrecking first half, when the ball went backwards and forwards with the varying fortune of the game, and the little knot of Williams men yelled themselves hoarse on the side lines; the splendid stand on our two-yard line, when their backs plunged forward three times, and three times were thrown back for a loss, until at last we blocked their kick and carried the ball out of danger; the desperate counter rush down the field, breaking through the Dartmouth line again and again, until they finally recovered themselves and snatched the victory from us by the narrow margin of three inches; those are the sort of things that one remembers. But best of all was that magnificent rally in the second half, when, with no hope of victory and only a few more minutes of play left, the team held for downs not ten yards from our goal, and carried the ball straight up the field, never losing it until it was pushed over the goal line.

Chat apologizes for this little burst, but, to tell the truth, he feels particularly enthusiastic. When one considers the material we started in with this fall, the outcome of the season, even if we have lost the championship, is decidedly encouraging. It is not so much that the team played hard, clean, plucky football at Hanover; it is that this year there has been a very decided change for the better in the spirit

with which the players and the college have regarded the game.

Any one who has been here for more than a year will appreciate the truth of this remark. We are depending less on individuals and more on team work; we are realizing, more fully than ever before, that the only way to turn out winning teams is to have every man in college who has the least trace of football ability, down on Weston field in his suit; and, as a consequence of this conviction, we are beginning to regard with less toleration those men who can play and won't. Of course this change has come slowly, and, even now, it has not come entirely; but the main thing is that we have started in the right direction.

In this connection, Chat wishes to say a word of praise and thanks to Messrs. Hazen and Hine for their excellent work as coaches. It is to them, more perhaps than to any other individuals, that the improvement in our football this year is due. They have labored under a great many disadvantages, and have earned the thanks of the college for the manner in which they have done their work.

THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS.

The Scribe was walking up from Weston field in a particularly unhappy frame of mind one day during the early part of the football season. Practice had been conspicuously poor that afternoon, the 'Varsity playing without interference and fumbling the ball continually, while there were hardly enough men out to form a presentable "scrub."

He heard some one next to him say, "The fellows who are out are trying hard enough, but there's not enough willing material." And it occurred to the Scribe, as he listened, that here, in truth, lay the root of most of the failures in college undertakings and ventures. Not only in football is there a dearth of material, but the same is the case throughout almost the entire list of undergraduate interests and institutions.

The editors of the papers hold among their kind virtually the same position that the 'Varsity holds in football circles; they try hard to keep up the standard set in the past, but, as in the case of the football men, they are hampered by an utter lack of available material.

Just as it is necessary to have a "scrub" in football to develop new players for the teams of coming years, so in literary work we must have a certain number of able men to make sharp, helpful competition for places on the board, and to replace the retiring editors at the end of each year.

And on the football field, not everybody can hope or expect to be rewarded by a W, but still lots of good, sandy men play day after day, season after season, from Freshman

to Senior year, and feel that although they may not have gained any particular personal honor, yet they have done their duty towards their *alma mater*. And so in trying for the LIT., not every one can become an editor, but every one can and should feel that he is helping his college, possibly just as much as if he tried for one of the teams, and that if he do his best, the college will appreciate his efforts, and he will have the satisfaction of feeling that he is worthy of that appreciation.

The general tone of the October LIT. is a decided improvement over that of the closing numbers of last year. That is to say, the prose is very presentable, in fact, it seems to the Scribe to be rather above the average; but, unfortunately, the verse does not appear to be quite up to the standard. Several of the colleges, noticeably the smaller ones, have lost their best poets by graduation, and, judging from the quality of the October work, it will be hard to replace them.

One of the most interesting stories of the month is "Since the Torch is Out," in the *Wesleyan Lit.* The plot is not particularly original or natural, but the story is well developed and gains in interest as it proceeds. "Un Ami Vrai," in the same magazine, promises to be good at the start, but soon grows very commonplace.

The *Vassar Miscellany* contains an exceptionally clever story, "A Witch and a Pack of Cards." With the exception of a certain unsatisfactory vagueness, the story is well conceived and executed, and holds the reader's attention until the very end.

The *Georgetown Journal* commences the year auspiciously, and the story entitled "Patsy," and an essay on the "Supreme Court," augurs well for a successful volume.

clip the following:

FAR NIENTE.

So fair the sunlight through the glancing leaves,
So fair the carpet that the soft grass weaves,
I lie and dream the summer hours away.
To earth and bending sky my heart all-joyful cleaves,
And drinks, thus taught, the life wine of the day.

—*G. H. G. in Dartmouth Lit.*

SONG.

Bud into blossom, flower into fruit,
The season turneth;
Each cradle-bough of spring, all winter mute,
A new air learneth.
The heart alone, whose June defies December,
No sun can teach dead summer to remember.

Heigho my heart, unfruited autumn's past.
Harsh winds that shake me
Shall hurl me into springtime's fires at last,
Unless she take me
Into her breast, as in the holy ark,
Like Aaron's rod to blossom in the dark.

—*Robert Jermain Cole in Morningside.*

IVY SONG.

A little while we lingered here,—
Forgetting time that fled too fast,
That brought us, all too soon, the last
Swift moments of our parting year.
By memories almost delayed
—And yet by hope our feet are sped—
We go half eager, half afraid,
An unknown path to tread.

A little while we lingered here,
Alas, so short, so sweet a space!
Yet would we leave some little trace,
Unwilling, now the end draws near.

Like others who have trod these halls,
Who left of love the living sign,
So we to-day beside these walls
Plant tenderly our vine.

A little while we lingered here,
And they shall come, and in their turn
Shall stay a little while, and learn
As we to hold these mem'ries dear.
And so the vine we plant shall show
The love we bore, to later days,
Shall tell with vines of long ago
Our Alma Mater's praise.

—*Ruth Parsons Milne in Smith Lit.*

Book Reviews.

Petrarch. By F. H. Robinson and H. W. Rolfe. Putnam's Sons, New York, $2.00.

"The purpose of this volume is essentially historical. It is not a piece of literary criticism; it is only incidentally a biography. . . . It views Petrarch as a mirror in which are reflected all the momentous contrasts between waning Mediævalism and the dawning Renaissance." Petrarch was the man of his time, and as one can best study the Reformation through Erasmus, so also can one study the beginning of that movement which Erasmus seconded, through its founder, Petrarch.

To most people he is known only as the writer of those incomparable sonnets to Laura, but his letters, many of which are translated in this volume, throw much light on the political and literary events of his day.

There is always a certain charm in rediscovering a neglected genius and holding him up in new clothes, and there follows a natural tendency to overestimate the worth of such; but with the single exception of undue praise of his Latin style, the authors have carefully avoided this. A large part of the volume is taken up with letters to such men as Boccaccio and Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, his contemporaries. Though the subject matter of some of these is important and interesting, the style is very verbose. This is explained by the fact that he wrote entirely in the degenerate Latin of the day, and was not, like Erasmus, influenced by a knowledge of Greek. Had he, as Dante and Boccaccio, used the vernacular, his fame and his service to Italy would have been greater.

The most interesting parts of the book are those showing him to be the father of Humanism, and those letters which throw light on the characters of Rienzi and the Emperor Charles IV. These also bring out much of the life and spirit of the age, for Petrarch being a guest of nearly all the Italian and French princes was well able to judge of the political aspects of his time. Of that movement of which Erasmus was to be the champion, and still later Voltaire, the critic, we may regard Petrarch as the instigator. The book certainly makes this and the respect we owe to Petrarch as the founder of modern learning, very clear.

THE GROUNDWORK OF SCIENCE. By St. George Mivart, F. R. S. Putnam's Sons, New York, $2.00.

After showing that this groundwork must be sought for in the human mind, and that a systematic inquiry is necessary to show what it is, Mr. Mivart draws attention to the various methods and objects of science, together with their physical and psychical antecedents. "The rational mind sooner or later seeks to know what is the basis of his own knowledge and the ultimate basis of all science." Therefore the present volume attempts to answer such inquiry. Great care is taken to represent nothing that does not appear to be really evident, and the steps from the first proposition, "Is there a groundwork of all science?" to the conclusion that it is "the action of an all-pervading but unimaginable intelligence" are clear and terse. The treatise is at the same time scientific and popular as the majority of the science series are intended to be.

LITERARY ITEM.

D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers, Boston, have in press for immediate issue in Heath's "Modern Language Series" MARCOU'S FRENCH REVIEW EXERCISES for advanced students, by Dr. P. B. Marcou, Instructor in Romance Languages in Harvard University.

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of grammar, as a general review for students who have already had a year or two of French. They form a connected narrative, detailing the experiences of two young Americans in Paris, and are adapted either as a final grammatical review for high school pupils, or as a preparation for more advanced work with college students.

MAGAZINES.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

The complete novel in the November issue of *Lippincott's*, "A Triple Entanglement," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, has its scenes mainly in Spain and England. The hero is an American, whose course of true love does not by any means run smooth, but leads him into safe harbor at last. The tale is one of this favorite author's best, and perhaps the longest which has ever appeared in *Lippincott's*.

"Mercer's Best Shot," as described by Joseph A. Altsheler, was a very remarkable shot indeed, at an enemy whose shadow only could be seen. More vigor of conception and description has seldom been put into two pages.

J. Armoy Knox, in "The Petrified Legs," revives and amplifies the Irish legend of Lough Neagh. "The Destroyer" is an allegory by Paul R. Heyl.

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Jessie F. O'Donnell gives an account of "The Horse in Folk-Lore." Paul Ward Beck describes "A Ute Funeral." "Fanciful Predictions of War" and "Our Soldiers' Songs" are the titles of two brief papers by William Ward Crane.

Jane Ellis Joy has a little essay on "The Craze for the Unconventional," and J. K. Wetherill another on "The Golden Gift," which is imagination.

"Oriental Stage-Craft" is considered by L. W. The familiar question, "Who is your Favorite Author?" is animadverted upon by Annie Steger Winston.

The poetry of the number consists of quatrains by Julia Schayer and Mary E. Stickney, and couplets by Carrie Blake Morgan and Clarence Urmy.

OUTING.

Outing for November is wide in its scope and timely in its subjects. "The Horse in the Show Ring," the "Football Player on the Gridiron," the "Golfer in Championships," the "Tennis Player at the Nets," the "Yacht on the Storm-tossed Bosom of Old Ocean," the "Trapper in the

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Woods," the "Athlete in his Chicago Home," the "Salmon, the Deer, and the Goose," are only some of the varied contents by such well-known authorities as Walter Camp on football, J. Parmly Paret on tennis, A. H. Godfrey on the horse, Ed. W. Sandys on rod and gun, A. J. Kenealy and E. L. H. McGinnis on yachting, and H. L. Fitz Patrick on golf.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The leading essay in the November *Atlantic* is "Colonial Lessons of Alaska" by David Starr Jordan. Hamilton W. Mabie contributes an article on "The Intellectual Movement in the West," and Ira N. Hollis one on "The Navy in the War with Spain." The "Confession of Three School Superintendents" is published unsigned, and the number also contains the monthly installments of Parker's "Battle of the Strong" and Copeland's "Unpublished Letters of Carlyle."

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Vol. XIV. DECEMBER, 1898. No. 5.

DEAD FOLKS' HOUR.

Hoary the grass in the churchyard still;
A round, red moon peers over the hill.
A cricket cries like a soul in fear,
No other sound of live thing near.
The white frost shines; the dead wind sighs;
The cold stars gleam in the silent skies;
A hand-like cloud blinds the moon's eye red;
Out from their graves peer the sheeted dead!
Then up from their narrow cells they pass
To keep the hour of the Hallow mass.
Strange is the company huddled there,
The old, the young, the foul, and the fair.
Warm and sweet seems the frost wind's breath
To the icy dampness underneath.
They smooth their shrouds, and talk and jest,
For silence reigns in the earth's wide breast.

All too soon do the minutes pass
Of the Dead Folks' hour of Hallow mass.
One o'clock! Their time is done!
Back to his grave creeps every one.
But one begged God in vain to stay—
A mother, buried but yesterday.

The night wind sighs through the churchyard still
And the red moon sinks behind the hill.

Arthur Ketchum.

THE THREE BOSTON MURDERS.

"By sly inticement gives his baneful cup
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Charactered in the face. . . . . "

[*Comus : Milton.*]

"I don't like Sherlock Holmes. His conceit grates on me. Give me a modest, young detective who does n't brag with British self-sufficiency about his own infallibility, who is n't didactic, who is n't always as mystical as Mme. Xavier, medium, and who has moral stamina enough to keep away from the seven per cent. solution of cocaine and the hypodermic syringe."

[*Essays of Aliar : Balm.*]

The equinoctial storm was howling down Leadenhall street. A ghostly quiver shook the windows of Alexis Ball's lodgings. Swayed by the varying blast the elm boughs drew their tips across the panes with a scratch, scratch, suggesting the brittle fagot-ends of witches' broomsticks. Last week's rain had pelted off all the sere leaves and carried them in brown squadrons down the turbulent gutter-streams.

But the dreariness of the weather was relieved by the

cheery blue and coppery-green flames, and the lively fusilade of oak platoons on the hearth.

Seductive warmth! Ball laid aside the scalpel whose edge he had been perfecting, lit a black cigar, and took up the morning *Herald* which had lain unheeded all day on the smoking table.

I put my heels upon the cricket before the blaze and stroked the cat's back complacently.

My companion was a remarkable fellow. Comparatively young, not yet possessed of a practice, still in his days of hospital apprenticeship, there was even now plainly visible under his sober mien the calm, silent, potential working of a genius which forges surely ahead to fame and recognition. He did not shun the world because it ignored him. With him to know the world was to be known. In every situation he saw human need and helplessness. He never declined to render his aid or held his own ability in such contempt as to believe that he could not be of some assistance in the most momentous causes. Here was a man who was willing to wait; patient, self-reliant, content to be dissolved and redissolved a hundred times in the clarifying solvent of experience if at the end he might come forth a pure, white precipitate, serviceable and necessary for the use of the world.

The events of the following week were to prove his worth. By a subtle and rare instinct he was to supply the difficult thread of connection between two crimes, to explain one by the other, and to restore to a panic-stricken city peace and tranquility.

Two months previously Mr. Vanhaft, much trusted president of the Collateral Loan Company, had disappeared. Financial circles were astounded. He was known as a benevolent, kindly gentleman and a confirmed philanthropist. But pitiless examination showed discrepancies in the accounts.

He was seen to depart in disguise on a French liner. And as his friend, Professor Anasthius, at whose house he was on the evening of the disappearance, was simultaneously spirited away, the world said: "Collaborated scheme! canting hypocrites!" and wagged on.

In three weeks the memory of it had faded from most minds. But it had not yet escaped Ball. It was plain to me that he had it stored away in some auxiliary brain-stomach, like a mental cud, ready to be recalled in the cool shade of some leisure hour to be reground, remacerated, and reanalyzed between the powerful molars of his ingenuity.

I was exceedingly curious to know at what conclusion he had arrived and so said bluntly:

"Ball, what 's your theory of the Vanhaft disappearance?"

He lowered the *Herald* and looked over the top of it.

"I have n't arrived at any definite conclusion," he replied. "The time is not yet ripe. No man can reason it out from the data at hand. Judging from the aspect of the criminal world, however, and from police statistics, I should say that we are on the eve of a carnival of crime. Figures show that there are so many suicides and so many murders at stated intervals. Crime has its arithmetic and a yearly average just as meteorological conditions of temperature, dew, and frost. It 's all in the air, so to speak, and if we have less at one time we must have more at another. In my mind something is a-wing that will in some way or other explain the disappearance of Vanhaft."

With this he resumed his reading. I shifted my feet and began again to stroke the cat's glossy black fur.

Thus we remained for a while in silence. Ball uttered an exclamation and held the paper closer to his eyes.

"Look there," he said, handing the sheet to me.

Big headlines filled the top of one column.

"BRUTAL MURDER.

BOSTON STARTLED

BY A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

"Last night at 10:15 switchman Johnston, on duty at the crossing of the Boston and Albany and the Boston and Maine railroads, reports hearing a long outcry which he describes as a 'war-whoop.' As many of the employés of the freight-yard at that place have peculiar cries which they use in night-signalling, he paid no attention to it. Later on, having occasion to go up in the signal tower there, he found the lever-tender dead at his post."

"The victim, Simon Aldwell, who leaves a wife and five children, was a short man, white haired and slightly hunchbacked. The back of the skull was battered in, the eyes were gouged out and their sockets charred black by some powerful corrosive. The Pinkertons are at a loss for a theory."

"This is terrible," said Ball.

"Especially so in Boston," I answered. "We haven't had so startling an act since the Van Ashton affair. Who can tell where the fiend will next—?"

Even as I spoke there rose from the street below a shrill, long-drawn-out ululation, which died and was carried away by the wind. Almost simultaneously there mingled with it another shout. But this was damped as suddenly as a piano-string stopped by the soft pedal.

I looked at my companion. He is a man of tremendous self-possession, but his eyes were dilated with horror. The cat which had been snoozing by the grate now ceased purring, arched its swollen back and hissed viciously.

We rushed to the window. The illuminated tower clock a few blocks away said 10:15. Craning our necks over the coping we saw the street lamp flickering in the fitful gusts,

and the tossing elm branches that cast flying shadows. On the pavement lay an indistinct dark form.

Nearby, in the gutter, now in the middle of the road, our fancy imagined something nervous hovered about, something nervous, jerky, impalpable, something as inapprehendable and elusive as the shadows beneath which it had executed its foul, clandestine mission.

Ball took from his roll-top desk two Smith & Wessons, lit his bull's eye lantern, and said: "Come on."

Grasping the proffered weapon, I followed. Cautiously we descended the street steps, and flashed the light into the surrounding gloom. Then we bent over the prostrate body, and looked into the white face.

When the examination was complete, my friend took out a notebook and began to make shorthand entries. "Back of skull crushed like an egg shell," he repeated. "Eyeballs gone. Sockets evidently smeared with a powerful corrosive. Hair, white; stature, short; back, hunched. Similar in all respects to first victim. Murderer has evidently a grudge against some white-haired, hunch-backed man, and especially against the eyes, which he fears most."

In response to our telephone summons, the ambulance came galloping up. Tenderly we placed the body on the mattress.

Next morning the city was all agog. The newsboys were crying: "Secon' murder. All about de murder on Leadenhall street." Everywhere there was a flutter of excitement. Early in the day patrols were doubled. Special police were mustered into service. The entire Pinkerton force was afoot. In the face of necessity, Seider, Ashburn, and Dunn were hurriedly recalled from New York. All night long in the city power stations the gleaming fly-wheels of the big Westinghouse engines whirled round and round. All night

long the mammoth dynamos purred and sputtered. Until the east was streaked with pink, and the golden hemisphere on Beacon Hill began to glow, the blue sparkle of arc lights shot protecting beams into the city's darkest alleys.

But the efforts of the authorities were vain. The paper that was flung on my stoop early next morning, recorded a third atrocity:

"Murderer still at large. Barbarian yell echoes among Harvard's classic halls, and the Demon exults in a third sacrificial libation of human gore. The deadly club descends within Minerva's sacred precinct. Third and latest assault was committed last night in Cambridge. *At 10:15*, the janitor of S—— Hall, *while passing the house of Professor Anasthius, late coadjutor of the absconding bank president, Vanhaft*, met his death by the hand of the same savage assailant. The police are astounded at the similarity of the three victims, and of the manner of killing. The murdered man again conformed to the strange predilection of the wily Unknown. He was white-haired and hunch-backed. The skull was crushed in, and the eye-sockets were seared and cauterized. The *Herald* offers five thousand dollars ($5,000) for the capture of the criminal."

I went immediately to Ball's lodgings. There a crowd of people were staring at certain blood spots on the brick walk. I avoided them, and entered the house.

Ball was not in his apartments. The janitor pointed me to a note that lay on the smoking table. It ran:

"Will return by this time to-morrow. Yours in the love of humanity, and not of the *Herald's* $5,000. A. B."

Beside this note, in a Japanese, black lacquer tray, I counted the stubs of ten black cigars. They were arranged spoke-like about a central mound of gray ash. Often-times I had seen Ball arrange cigar stubs in this way when think-

ing intensely. Nicotine was evidently a mental stimulus. The preoccupied arrangement of stubs was an unconscious symbol of the state of his thoughts. Stubs in disorder, signified a tangled brain process. If the stubs were arranged symmetrically, and all pointing toward the smooth-patted mound of ash, it was to be deduced that all the evidence was logically arranged in his mind, and pointing to one central and inevitable conclusion.

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With solemn intonation the crier's voice rang through the crowded court room: "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

It was the fifth day of the trial. The attorney-general had completed his examination of witnesses the day previously. All regarded the prisoner. He was securely handcuffed to two portly policemen. These sat warily and had in addition their clubs already drawn, precautions rarely taken, except in unusual cases.

The captive remained inert. Matted and unkempt hair like that of a wild man concealed his eyes and curtained his cheeks. His jaws were massive and protruding as a giant's. With head bent forward he cooned a barbaric melody, and swaying back and forth to the odd accents, brought each phrase to an end with a sharp click of prodigious thumbs.

As the state pursued the cross examination, and wove the circumstantial evidence into a skilful web, the counsel for the defense grew anxious, talked long and earnestly in an undertone with Ball, who was among the witnesses, and they both glanced frequently toward the entrance, though always with a disappointed mien.

As the state's attorney was about to bring his argument to a close a single man might have been seen to tiptoe silently past the guard at the entrance. There was something odd

about him. He was a very short man; yes, under his heavy ulster it was plain he was hunchbacked. Now he was removing his hat. His hair was very white.

An expression of satisfaction and relief spread over the faces of Ball and the prisoner's counsel. The latter now took up his examination with a nonchalant air, and called as first witness Alexis Ball.

From the complete newspaper accounts I record now but extracts:

Counsel: Your occupation.

Witness: Medical expert.

Counsel: State the condition of the body of the victim assailed before your house the night of October the twentieth.

Witness: The back of the head was crushed in by some blunt instrument. The eyeballs were gone, and the sockets charred black.

Counsel (holding up what appeared to be a long, heavy implement of solid crystal and darkened at the heavy end by black blood): Do you identify this weapon?

Witness (without closer examination): I do.

Counsel (setting down the object and holding up to view a small vial): Do you identify this vial?

Witness: I do.

Counsel: What does it contain?

Witness: Oil of vitriol.

Counsel: How did these implements first come to your notice?

Witness: I took them from the person of the prisoner the night of the twenty-second.

Counsel: The night of the third murder?

Witness: Yes.

Counsel: For what, in your opinion, did the prisoner use this glass implement and this oil of vitriol?

Witness: The first was used to maim and kill the victims, the latter to disfigure or sear the eye-sockets of them when dead.

During all this the prisoner always crooned his little weird song, the audience listened without a breath, and the white-haired Unknown whose presence was so strangely essential, moved not a muscle.

The examination now took a different turn. Ball stepped from the witness stand. The defense continued:

"From this evidence, your honors, we will attempt to prove that the prisoner is irresponsible. By the very brutality of the assaults, by the mere appearance of the prisoner, it is plain that he can be called to answer for no lapse of morality. Observe him. Does it appear that there has been in him for a long time any moral sense? Depend upon it: if he was ever in his life a different man, it is by a subtly perpetrated treachery he is brought to his present bestial state. The persistency with which his instinct dealt blind vengeance upon one sort and appearance of men points to the truth of this surmise. I call as witness Dr. Anasthius."

None of the witnesses moved. Near the door a commotion arose and a space quickly cleared itself about the Unknown.

His face was white. He maintained a rigid, strained posture and stood for several seconds buffeted about by a terrible inner strife.

But when two officers put hands on his shoulders his countenance was again composed. Placidly and without resistance he went down the aisle and stepped into the witness-box.

The examination continued:

Counsel (after preliminaries): You occupy, then, the chair of biology at Harvard University?

Witness: Yes. That is. I did.

Counsel (holding up bottle): Do you identify this bottle?

At this question murmurs of surprise and indignation ran through the audience.

The doctor, however, did not notice them. He grasped the rail and tottered a little. Then with an imperious gesture as if to waive all legal authority he composed himself.

"Your honors," he said, "it has not been difficult to bring myself to this place. An irresistible impulse impelled me to look once more upon the man whom I had destroyed, and chastise myself with the sight of the squalor and degradation to which I had brought him. Remorse would make my life a hell were not this secret declared. To your honors and to the world I make my confession. God knows I have been weak."

"I must make a seeming digression. Two months ago Mr. Vanhaft, president of the Collateral Loan Company, disappeared. The city was shocked. Such a crime seemed inconsistent with the character of an optimist and of one grown old in philanthropy. Damaging evidence was found. He was seen to leave the city in disguise. But it was the cashier who was guilty. That I know. Neither did Vanhaft leave this city. That I know also; it was I who impersonated him, I who counterfeited his appearance. I wished him to seem guilty in order that I might escape detection, to seem to abscond, that my own crime might be kept a secret."

"But though I impersonated him, and he remained in this city, Vanhaft did, nevertheless, drop as completely from view as though he had been eclipsed, and the memory of that sensation has been lost in the enormity of this."

"The explanation of the forgotten crime is the explanation of these three atrocities:

"Vanhaft frequently came to my house in Cambridge. While the tenets of our belief were widely different, he always delighted in an abstract controversy. For, though a keen business man, he was deeply intellectual. On the eve-

ning of the day when he disappeared he took supper at my house. After supper we adjourned to the library. There he at once resumed what had come with us to be a moot-point."

"'Man's nature,' said he, 'is idealistic. He looks naturally upward. How then can he be naturally degenerate?'"

"'You make him higher than the angels,' I returned.

"'Listen a few minutes, Vanhaft, and I will state my grounds. You can then refute as you choose.'

"'If we neglect a garden plant,' I began, 'a natural principle of deterioration comes in, and changes it into a worse plant. And if we neglect a bird, by the same imperious law it will gradually be changed into an uglier bird. Or if we neglect almost any of the domestic animals, they will revert to wild and worthless types again.'

"'Now the same thing exactly would happen in the case of you or me. Why should man be an exception to any of the laws of Nature? Nature knows him simply as an animal—Sub-kingdom Vertebrata, Class Mammalia, Order Bimana—and the law of Reversion to Type runs through all creation. If a man neglect himself for a few years he will change into a worse man and a lower man. If it is his body that he neglect, he will deteriorate into a wild and bestial savage—like the de-humanized men who are discovered sometimes upon desert islands. If it is his mind it will degenerate into imbecility and madness—solitary confinement has the power to unmake men's minds, and leave them idiots. If he neglect his conscience, it will run off into lawlessness and vice. Or, lastly, if it is his soul, it must inevitably atrophy, drop off in ruin and decay.[1]

"'In other words, Vanhaft, you, though you deny it, are subject to the Law of Reversion to Type. There is in you the germ of ancient and brutal man, the nucleus of your

[1] Drummond: "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

prehistoric ancestors who lived and died in caves, carved aboriginal images in bone, slew mammoths by dint of many stone-headed lances and arrows, smashed the skulls of their next door neighbor with their wives' maize-grinders, and waged a two months' war on the Lake dwellers, their lowland enemies, who had carried off the beetle-browed Helen of their subterranean metropolis.'"

"I grew warm on my theme. A spirit of maliciousness possessed me. I determined to settle the dispute once for all. 'Vanhaft,' I went on, 'every man has in him this tendency to revert. There is working in you at this moment but a single unconscious effort to counteract this decay. Let this conserving effort be rendered null and inoperative for but one iota of time, the forces of deterioriation begin to act, and you will begin to return to the beast form. Indeed, if this suspense be but complete enough, the process of reversion may be carried to its limit in a single man instead of working slowly through several generations.'"

"'Can you refute that, my dear Vanhaft?' I exulted."

"Vanhaft had sat musing. There was an indescribable look in his face. The firmness of his faith had transfigured him.

"But he gazed quietly straight into my eyes with that confidential expression of his and said merely:

"'Man's Godward tendency is stronger than that.'

"'Prove it,' I said sharply, for I was exasperated.

"'I will maintain it with my own body, mind, and soul.'

"'The tenacity with which you cling to that belief is childish.'

"'Childish——I did not think——'

"'Follow me,' I said curtly.

"In my laboratory I cleared a table of its test-tubes and acid-flasks, and sat upon it an axial mirror. This mirror strangely fashioned with myriad polished facets about a cir-

ocular block centre imitates the iris of the human eye. As a beam of light from an incandescent source fell upon this mirror, its dazzling radiance shone directly in Vanhaft's face. By means of a small electric motor I set it rotating. Now the power of its fascination was increased a hundred fold. Coolly he allowed his gaze to be mastered and bewildered by the whirling disk.

"Still heated by the discussion, I began to make passes before his face, bending the forces of my will upon him. Soon he slept.

"I redoubled my efforts and concentrated my gaze upon his forehead. The conserving powers of mind and soul must be overwhelmed. Science must win a victory over emotional convictions.

"Presently marvellous changes took place in his face and trunk. His skull seemed at once to grow plastic and mouldable as clay. Made mad by my success, I watched the convulsion of his features; the long-controlled forces of deterioration began to gain sway over the fair work of the soul, to rule by their caprice the very form of his flesh and bones. With evil joy I watched holy calm fade away, saw benevolence and a kind spirit replaced by malice, blankness and utter devastation of mind substituted for a happy religious belief.

"Now the noble wall of his brow fell and became low and receding. The eyes moved closer together and resembled those of a pig. The cheek-bones rose and thrust out the skin of his cheeks like tent-covers. The jaw increased, grew abnormally square, massive, and prominent; the teeth became like large, white pebbles.

"Still he slept. But his soul was fast fleeing away. Now the body was moved by an inner spasm. Through nerve and sinew, bone, muscle, and marrow the new master-current of

beast life ran rapid as lightning. The frame before me shook and quivered with the violence of the conflict.

"Now his neck bent forward, his shoulders broadened to Herculean proportions. His legs became bowed, and their muscles swelled to the size of an Arizona mound-builder's.

"I, too, trembled as with an ague. Beads of cold sweat stood out on my face. Like a man intoxicated I reversed the passes and said: 'Now get up, Vanhaft, and look at yourself. When your hair grows long, wiry, and bushy the metamorphosis will be complete. But that is a vegetable growth and requires time.' A demoniac laugh came from my lips.

"But he only looked at me dully, torpid-eyed, and running out a thick tongue at me, hissed like a serpent.

"All of a sudden it seemed as though a devil fled out of me. I came to myself. Horror rushed torrent-like over me. I looked with a clearer divining eye on my awful handiwork, and realized what I had done. I had lost my dearest friend. I had annihilated a human soul. I was accursed.

"But it must be a horrid dream. I spoke to the effigy before me, hoping to see it break down into a million pieces like a frail fantasy or a desert mirage.

"'Sit still,' I cried, and strove to bring him again into the trance. But make passes and exert myself as I would, though he again slept, no change appeared. The brutal conformation was indelible. It could not be purged away. My theory was too well proved. For a man once lost by reversion to type there is no recall. Nature provides for no Prodigal Son. Vanhaft was no more. A savage sat before me.

"Now when I realized my weakness I deserted my pagan creed and called desperately upon God. But at the sound the Thing thrust out his tongue and gave a louder hiss than before. Now he stirred his monstrous limbs for the first time. I retreated in a frenzy of fear to the farthest corner of the room.

But to my surprise he did not at once pursue me. With his gnarled fingers he picked to pieces a great Wimhurst machine that stood near, examining in an uncomprehending way each piece before proceeding to the next, rending easily apart constructions that hydraulic pressure had put together. The solid glass pillars, some three feet long, attracted his fancy. He grasped one as a child grasps a rattle and turned to seek new curiosities.

"He perceived me. His beady eyes began to glitter ominously; instead of a hiss, unearthly yells came from his cavernous lungs. As he passed the end of the table he picked up a vial which bore the label 'Oil of vitriol.' When I saw this, reason left me.

"When I was again conscious the dread memory returned. How long had I lain there? Why had he not struck? Where was he now? The window was open and on the turf, twenty feet below, were two deep footprints. One of the glass legs of the Wimhurst machine was gone, and I looked in vain for the vial of acid.

"But not the glass implement, not the vial of acid, not the prisoner who croons his ancient song before you, are responsible for the three crimes in the indictment. It is I and I alone; I and my diabolical perversion of what was good, and true, and noble. For I am a fiend that I should trifle with God's wonderful mechanism. I implore the court: be gracious to the prisoner, be kind, be gentle, be magnanimous to him."

The speaker's utterance became broken and partly choked. He leaned toward the prisoner as far as the railing would allow, and cried to him beseechingly: "Can you never return, dear friend? Shall we never again clasp hands?"

Thus he stood some time with arms outstretched. The prisoner only stopped his song for a moment and looked up at him silently.

But some say that at that instant the lines of his face actually changed, and that they saw Vanhaft once more. All agree that in the momentarily softened gaze there flashed a gleam like that which had always made lovely the benevolent and kindly face of the bank president.

The witness now leaned heavily against the dock railing, and hung limply there like one who has passed through a severe nervous strain.

"I have returned from France for this," he said weakly. "Justice must fall upon me, your honors. I pray the court for this. I am a broken man. My spirit is contrite. Upon me, your honors, upon me—justice."

His head drooped, and great sobs burst from his breast.

Philip Richards Dunbar.

Far and yet farther—let me see my shadow
Lengthen in the sunset and follow o'er the meadow.
Oh, the city there, that I needs must see and hear!
Let me think a moment alone in peace and quiet,
The broken voice of Paris murmurs still too near.

Let me fare so far that any bush may cover
The dim city's smoke, like a plume that droops above her,
That eternal cloud, hanging motionless and still.
That any droning bee that hurries past may silence
The great city's voice, far off and faint and shrill.

John Saunders Oakman.

A CHRISTMAS VILLAIN.

Two men sat together at a table from which the servants had just removed the last course of rather a long dinner. They were friends in a way, although their ages differed by more than twenty years; friends partly because their tastes were similar, partly because each was rather a lonely man, and loneliness sometimes makes odd friendships.

Carrington admired Biglow as a young fellow just beginning his career admires a man of recognized position in the business world; and Biglow liked Carrington for his intensity, and for a certain unworldly optimism with which he persisted in regarding people and things. An optimism, which, though it sometimes made the older man smile, more frequently made him envious.

"It was awfully good of you to dine with me, to-night," said Biglow, as the door closed softly behind the deferential butler, and the two were left alone; "otherwise I should have had to eat my Christmas dinner by myself. That's the worst of being a bachelor," he added, laughingly, "no great gain without some small loss."

"I was very glad indeed to come," answered Carrington, a little absently; and something in his tone confirmed Biglow's suspicion that to-night his guest was not completely at his ease. This was so unusual a thing in their companionship that it worried him, and he resolved to discover the cause of this embarrassment before the evening was over.

"Shall we go into the study?" he asked, a trifle abruptly;

"I told them to build the fire in there, and I want your opinion on a new brand of cigars I 've just discovered."

The combination of a comfortable chair, an open fire, and excellent tobacco, is calculated to thaw any man out of his reserve. Carrington soon began to talk more naturally and more freely than he had done before, and his host noted the change with satisfaction. The conversation wandered rather aimlessly for awhile, and then Biglow, apropos of some remark about literature, pointed to a pile of magazines on the table.

"I was reading these before you came in," said he. "It 's poor taste, but I confess that I always enjoy the Christmas numbers. It 's the season or something. All the stock characters that disport themselves annually between the covers of the December periodicals seem like friends. I follow their doings every year with the deepest interest, in spite of the fact that they always do exactly the same thing that they did the year before.

"Just at present I am deep in the fortunes of a poor, but most deserving widow, with five small children, whom she cannot provide with a Christmas dinner because she has spent all her money, and the mortgage on the farm is going to be foreclosed. I am really very much wrought up over her misfortunes, although of course I know perfectly well that the husband and father, who was lost at sea before the narrative began, will turn up promptly on the night of the twenty-fourth with a fortune in each hand, to the joy of his destitute family, and the entire discomfiture of the mortgagee.

"By the way, did it ever occur to you that there is no greater crime in popular fiction than forclosing a mortgage? A man can commit murder if he wants to, and still keep the respect of the reading public; but let him try to collect his

debts, and he instantly sinks below our contempt. And yet in real life, we execute the murderer, and invite the other man to dinner. All of which goes to prove that human nature is, at times, foolishly inconsistent."

Carrington did n't answer for a moment, and when he spoke, it was with all his former embarrassment and constraint, and yet with a certain note of resolution in his voice, as if he had decided upon an action which he had been meditating for some time.

"I do n't know that the inconsistency is altogether foolish," he began slowly. "Our ideals do us no harm, even if we do n't always live up to them. You pretend to laugh at these stories, and yet you know that you would be a pretty poor sort of a man if you did n't have a sneaking affection for the things. Look here, Mr. Biglow!" he broke off abruptly, "I 've been trying all the evening to speak to you about something, and this is the best chance I 'm likely to get."

Biglow looked at him quizzically for an instant; then, seeing that he was evidently very much in earnest, became serious in his turn.

"I saw you were worried when you came in," he said kindly; "suppose you tell me what the matter is and I 'll promise not to interrupt until you 're through." He leaned back in his chair, and waited for the other to begin.

"I want to ask you to do something," said Carrington, hesitatingly, as if he were feeling his way. "It is n't anything you have to do; in fact I 'm not quite sure that it 's anything you necessarily *ought* to do. What worries me most is that it seems rather a mean trick to accept your hospitality and then talk to you as I 'm going to; but the truth is that I did n't know anything about it until this afternoon."

He paused, and Biglow said encouragingly, "You know

perfectly well, Phil, that I 'll do anything in reason for you if you 'll only tell me what —"

"It is n't anything for me," the other interrupted; "it 's something for Edith Winthrop."

Biglow started a little and then his face hardened. "Oh!" he said, "so that is what it is, is it? I did n't know she was a friend of yours."

"I do n't know her very well," answered Carrington. "I've met her a good deal this winter at teas and things, but that 's about all."

Biglow looked a little incredulous, but he only said, "Well, go on."

"She came into my office this morning," continued Phil, "and said that she wanted to speak to me on business. She was pretty well broken up, I could see that, but she was plucky about it and told her story quite simply, and without any hysterics.

"It seems that five years ago her father invested his money in some western mine; 'The Four Jacks' I think they called it, or some such name. Anyway the thing went up the spout, and he died soon after, leaving his daughter a lot of stock that had a face value of forty thousand dollars, and a market value of nothing at all. Since then she has been living with relatives and having a pretty hard time of it, too, I imagine, though she did n't say so.

"Last week she got a letter from you, offering her five hundred dollars for her stock and jumped at the chance to get anything at all for it. About two days ago the news came out that they had discovered a new vein in the mine, and the shares started up with a rush. And now," he finished desperately, "she thinks you knew what was going to happen, and tricked her into selling."

Carrington stopped, a little frightened at his own plain

speaking. Biglow took the cigar from his mouth with rather a queer smile.

"I have always admired your candor," he said, a trifle sarcastically. "I admire it now, although it is not very pleasant to be called a rascal by a man almost young enough to be my son. You have stated your side of the case with commendable frankness, now I must ask your attention while I state mine.

"Six months ago a few of us sent an expert out west to see if something could not be done with that abandoned mine. After a good deal of work, and considerable expense on our part, we discovered a very rich vein which had been overlooked by the original company, and would never have been discovered except for us. As we had undertaken the thing entirely at our own risk, we did not feel obliged to share the profits with the former stockholders who had done nothing but make fools of themselves five years before. Therefore, we began to quietly buy up the shares and did not make our discovery public until they were almost all in our possession.

"I do not know this Miss Winthrop at all. I have seen her only once, when she came here to conclude what was to both of us purely a business transaction. Now I understand that she thinks I took an unfair advantage of her, and I am afraid that you are also of the same opinion. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that this is rather an unjust way to look at the matter."

Carrington colored at the accusation. "I don't think you quite understood me," he said. "I admit I was a good deal worked up about the thing this afternoon, but now I see quite plainly that you did nothing which was not perfectly right from your standpoint, nothing perhaps that I might not have done myself under similar circumstances. I told Miss Winthrop very frankly that she had no case whatever,

and that, although I would do my best I did not think that I could persuade you to give her back those shares or pay her the present market price for them. Since then," he added decisively, "I've changed my mind. I think that I can."

Biglow raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Why?" he asked.

"It sounds like a perfectly idiotic reason of course," answered Carrington, smiling a little; "but it's because you like to read Christmas stories."

"Then you think that if I am a fool in one thing, I'm likely to be in another?"

"I don't think you're a fool at all," said Carrington. He was more at his ease now and spoke with growing confidence. "My point is simply this. You admit that, when you read those things, your sympathies are always with the widow and against the mortgagee, not because he is trying to collect his debts, but because the woman is in trouble. Now it seems to me that, in the present case, you will be apt to take the same point of view."

"You forget," said Biglow, "that just now I am the mortgagee, and I have yet to learn that *he* ever sympathized with the widow."

"And I," answered the other quickly, "have yet to learn that he ever enjoyed the Christmas magazines."

Biglow laughed; he had caught his companion's drift now, and was beginning to enjoy the game for its own sake. "I can act but one character at a time," said he; "when I try to be both the villain and the reader of the story you see I confuse the parts. Now if, as you suggest, I should assume the rôle of the benevolent shipwrecked husband as well, I would only involve myself in still further trouble."

"That doesn't follow at all," objected Carrington.

"When the husband appears on the stage all the trouble is over."

"For the widow, yes; but how about the villain? You forget that I am still playing that part."

Carrington was amused in spite of himself. "That is all very pretty," he said, becoming serious again; "but it isn't taking us anywhere. The fact still remains," he went on, with more warmth than he had hitherto shown, "that, while you may have been perfectly justified at the time in making that bargain with Miss Winthrop, you'll be a good deal of a scoundrel if you hold her to it, now that you know all the circumstances.

"Don't you see yourself that the situation is entirely changed? Before she was simply the owner of some shares that you wanted to buy; now you can't honestly consider her in quite so impersonal a light. I don't wish to be unduly theatrical about it, but, after all, you owe your success in the affair to the fact that you were dealing with a girl, who couldn't fight you, and who, in a way, trusted you. A man would have suspected something at once, if you had offered him five hundred dollars for stocks that were a standing joke in Wall street, and probably would have held on for a rise, or at least made you increase your offer very materially. It was hardly an ordinary business transaction, and, if you persist in regarding it as such, I can only say that you seem to me greatly lacking in several very desirable qualities which your remarks earlier in the evening led me to believe you possessed."

"Carrington," said Biglow, "I like you too well to quarrel, but it seems to me that to-night you have been talking like a very young man. You haven't been consistent for three minutes together.

"You started by saying that I was quite justified in buying

those shares; you admitted that under similar circumstances you might have done the same thing; you even said that you did n't expect to be able to persuade me to release this girl from her bargain, and now you call me unpleasant names because I do exactly what you yourself acknowledged I had a perfect right to do; and your only argument seems to be the fact that I sometimes enjoy Christmas stories. You are enough of a lawyer, I suppose, to know that personal abuse is not logic."

"I am not talking as a lawyer, just now," answered Carrington. "I admitted in the first place that I had no case, and I am not even trying to be particularly consistent. But I repeat that you will be a scoundrel if you go on in this matter now that you understand exactly what you are doing."

"Well?" asked Biglow, half defiantly, "Exactly what *am* I doing?"

"Mr. Biglow," said Carrington, gravely, "you are taking advantage of a young girl's ignorance to deprive her of everything she has in the world, and to condemn her to live, all her life, upon the charity of other people. The money does n't mean anything very much to you, but to her it means independence and happiness. It 's different with a man; if he 's good for anything he can always make his own way; but a girl like that is so completely helpless. I wonder if we men ever can realize what poverty means to a girl."

"Are you quite sure," asked Biglow meaningly, "that your interest in Miss Winthrop is of a purely professional nature?"

Carrington looked him straight in the eyes. "I beg your pardon," he said, quietly.

"I beg yours!" answered the other quickly; "I had no business to say that." There was quite a long pause.

"Well," said Carrington at length, "what are you going to do?"

Biglow gazed silently into the fire for several minutes; then he rose, crossed the room, and took from the safe a bundle of papers. Who knows what brought him to his decision; pity for the girl, shame for himself, or a desire to stand well with his friend? Perhaps it was all of these; perhaps it was something quite apart from any of them. We know too little of our own motives to attempt to judge those of others.

"It 's all so confoundedly commonplace," he said apologetically, handing the package to Carrington; "just exactly as if I was the repentant villain in one of those fool stories. For heaven's sake, Phil, be original and do n't wish me 'Merry Christmas.'"

Henry Rutgers Conger.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Some call Love the shadow of the morning
  Ever decreasing as the day grows bright;
But, strengthening in the growing twilight,
  Friendship, the shadow of the night.

But better; Friendship as the daytime shadow
  Remains, yet ever changes with each hour;
And Love, the shadow of the evening,
  Is undefined, an all-pervading power.

Alfred Dudley Britton.

"But if you will pardon me, Colonel, this matter is entirely out of your province. You have never married, you cannot understand. It is not a question of social position or of wealth. I do n't see that it is at all a matter for discussion. It 's simply that I love her," and the younger man rose and knocked the ashes sharply from his pipe.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "I believe that for the present at least you do love her, but I do n't think you fully understand quite what an important step this is in your life. You have n't spoken to her as yet?" queried the elder man anxiously.

"No, not definitely, but I think we understand each other. I am to call to-night and I hope—"

"Precisely," said the Colonel with a sigh of relief. "Now all I ask of you, Bob, is that you take time to know your own mind. Time is the only register we have of love's depth, and while you are proving your love for her you can test her love for you."

"I need no proof of the one; I would not test the other except by her answer," said Wayne, proudly. The Colonel smiled, half in indulgence, half in admiration.

"When your father died," he continued, "he entrusted you to my care. As a boy you won the love of all your associates. Your career at college, so far as I know, was like most young men of your position. You have never given me any trouble. Sometimes I have even felt that I was not keeping

my promise to your father very well, because I let you carry out a good many notions of your own which in themselves were unwise, merely that you should come to depend on yourself. Soon you will have grown beyond me, and acting as I am trying to, for your own good, I wish you might respect this, my last wish. Wait a month, wait a year. Understand that you must love this girl better, and be willing to do more for her than you would for your own self. Understand that it means the total abandonment of your free-and-easy-life. You cease to consult merely your own wishes and pleasures. For a while even the club will be out of the question.

"Most people are selfish, and you will find it very hard to change a life to which you have been accustomed for almost thirty years, unless you get in return the best love a woman can give. Your name, your wealth, make you a desirable husband, from a worldly standpoint alone. Miss Kent is nothing if not worldly, and you know yourself that her position in society, the training of her whole life, would lead her to marry for convenience rather than love."

Wayne rose with a little gesture of despair. "It is very hard," he said, quickly. "I appreciate your affection for me. I know you are looking to my best interests, and you purposely make it very hard for me to refuse you." The young man leaned on the mantlepiece and gazed out through the club window. Outside the lights were beginning to twinkle cheerfully. He stood there for some moments scowling moodily out upon the busy panorama before him. The Colonel noted his advantage and remained silent. Suddenly Wayne wheeled sharply around:

"I want you to understand," he said, "that I am obeying you merely out of respect for you, and not because I admit that your course is wiser or better for me. I think you are wholly wrong."

The elder man nodded. "You will have to go away," he said, meditatively, "and I think—yes, it will do you good to go out and inspect your mines in Colorado. It will give you some idea of the extent of your own property and the labor you control. Your mind will be healthier when you return." The Colonel glanced at his watch.

"Send your man right over to pack your trunks," he continued; "you can just comfortably make the ten o'clock limited." "And my engagement for this evening?" "Is the last thing I want you to keep. Send your regrets immediately. Urgent business has called you out of town. You do n't expect to be back for some time."

That night Wayne gazed moodily out upon the sombre Hudson and wondered grimly whether the Colonel had been as merciless in war.

After almost a year's absence in the far West a dinner at the club is an especial luxury. So Wayne thought as he lingered over his coffee. He was feeling especially satisfied with himself in the knowledge of having done something and done it well, and of having conquered himself and for the time being set aside his own wishes. It did seem that the Colonel was right, after all. His mines had interested him immensely. He had spent a good deal of labor and thought on them and his efforts had succeeded far beyond his hopes. As for Miss Kent—well, it is harder for love to find entrance into the life of a busy man, and though absence may throw a halo about certain memories, still memories will fade and—

Wayne was musing over his cigar; just now he was thinking how good it seemed to be back in New York, and to see his old haunts once more. He rejoiced in the possession of numerous friends whom he knew cared for him and who would be glad to see him. In the café several women had nodded

brightly to him. The pompous head waiter had beamed kindly upon him. Even the soft, mellow lights around him seemed to blink a lazy welcome to him. Yet as he sat there thinking he grew uneasy. In spite of himself a certain face would keep appearing before his eyes. "It 's no use old man," he said to himself. "Might just as well stop wishing. Nobody's in town in August." Just then Randall rushed up:

"Mighty glad to see you, Bob; we 've missed yon wonderfully. How 've you been? No, much obliged, can't stop now. Yachting party coming up from Newport; got to order dinner and dress. Say, can't you join us? About nine I should say. That 's good. Helen Kent is to be there, and, of course, Sir Henry Linton. Biggest catch of the season. Well, see you later; do n't forget."

Wayne sank back in his chair. "And, of course, Sir Henry Linton." The lights hurt his eyes, the room seemed very close. He rose and walked slowly out of the club and down the avenue toward his rooms. Someway he longed for the plains of Colorado where he could see for miles and miles. For a long time he sat in his rooms looking very gravely at a picture he held in his hand, and occasionally addressing it. As it was he was late at the club. His face betrayed no emotion as he took his seat next Miss Kent.

Their greeting was that of people who had come to know each other well in a purely worldly way. Across from them sat Sir Henry Linton, a distinguished looking man, rather well on in years, with a kindly expression on his face which was irresistible. From time to time he smiled knowingly and rather gravely at Miss Kent. The latter was especially brilliant; she talked of everything—anything, and the dinner was half over before Wayne had a chance to defeat her too evident purpose in so doing. Then he leaned over toward her.

"You have changed" he said, "and—I am sorry, because" he continued, "I came here to-night especially to see you and to tell you something. It was a little unfinished story which has been on my mind for some time, and which I wanted you to finish. Your demeanor to-night tells me that the ending would not be a happy one, and yet I wish for my own piece of mind that I might tell it to you."

"How very romantic," she said. "Of course you may, I will try not to disappoint your expectations as to the ending."

"It is very short," he began. "A young man, whom I knew intimately, grew to care very much for a certain girl, and she was especially kind to him. Finally he decided to tell her that he loved her, but one of his very best friends advised him to wait—to go away—in short to test the girl's love. So the young man went away, much against his wishes, and when he returned several things told him that the girl did not love him, in fact had grown to care for another man. Now—"

"It seems to me," she broke in, "that your friend is rather too weak and impossible to be the hero of a story. As I knew him he played a very different rôle, especially towards the end. Shall I tell you what I know of him?" He nodded silently.

"Mine is not a pretty story," she began, "and it is especially hard for me to tell it to you. A girl who had lived always in the whirl of a social life, and who had been taught that friendships were merely maintained in so far as they were a means to an end, and that all life was but a game of give and take, of which a strict account must be kept; in short a girl who had never been taught to consider her heart, came to know and to like a certain man.

"She liked him because he was so unselfish—because he cared for her, for herself alone. He was a man whom any

girl could love, and he was very devoted. There could be only one result. Then just as their friendship was budding into love—just as the world began to take on a new and happy light for her—he went away.

"For some time she continued to believe in him, then as month after month went by she learned that he was only one of a great many young men, who have been bred to look down upon that which is low and vulgar, and who turn for their amusement to girls of their own class, and gain favors and privileges from these girls by promises they never expect to keep—by all manner of white society lies—whose greatest pleasure is in overcoming some girl, in spoiling what few good ideals she has, and then leaving her for fields untried, unconquered." She had spoken impulsively and very earnestly, but when she paused there was a little droop about her mouth, and a look almost of helplessness in her eyes.

"Is that all?" said Wayne harshly. She threw her head back, then let it fall wearily forward.

"No," she said softly. "No, a man came who offered her everything, everything but love, and in place of that honor and devotion.

"And she took it?" he said dully.

"May God forgive her, yes," she answered.

They rose from the table; seemingly no one had noticed them, yet Sir Henry was no longer smiling. Wayne's face was set and expressionless. He made his way through the diners out on to one of the little balconies overlooking the park. He saw the happy little lights strung so regularly along the avenues of his past life; then he turned and in the gloomy vistas of the park he saw his future.

She had slipped on a long white cloak. "I came," she said, "to say good night, and perhaps—"

"Good night," he said.

Her eyes filled with tears. "Have you no mercy?" she said; "I spoke hastily to-night. I was unjust to you and to myself and I have come to say that I am sorry."

She paused, but Wayne was still silent. She raised her head with an effort. "If I must go I want always to think of you as a very dear friend. I have wronged you. Say you forgive me." She stretched out her arms toward him.

"Do n't," he said fiercely, "I can 't hear you blame yourself." He took her hands impulsively in his. In another moment she was sobbing like a child in his arms.

Unnoticed by them a third figure had stepped through the window. It was Sir Henry. He stopped abruptly with one hand on the casement; the other hand closed slowly and his shoulders straightened. Twice he started to speak.

"Pardon me," he said.

Wayne drew back, but kept his arm defiantly about Miss Kent. Then slowly his hands sank to his sides. But Sir Henry was not looking at him.

He spoke slowly, "Is this the other man you told me of, Miss Kent?"

She nodded silently.

"And—and do you love him?"

Her only answer was a sob. For some few moments Sir Henry was silent, looking first at Wayne and then at her. His face was very white.

"Yes, it is best," he said softly. "I am growing old, and she loves him." Then aloud, "Life itself is too full of tragedies for people of your age to be making them. There have been several in my life, although never one just like this, but it is better that I should bear it than you." Gently, like a father he stooped and kissed her.

"Good night," he said. "May the best of this life be yours always."

"I can 't—you must n't," broke in Wayne.

"It is not for you," said Sir Henry coldly, and then before they could stop him he had stepped through the window and was gone.

Going through the lobby they met the Colonel, who immediately and forcibly remarked that he 'd be damned; which remark even as events turned out was undoubtedly true.

Charles Fisher Hepburn.

ONG OF THE LAND-LOCKED SAILORS.

The grime is on our foreheads,
The dust is on our feet,
The shore wind plucks our garments
To lure us down the street;
To lure us down the street, lads,
By warehouse, wharf, and quay,
Where, past the tangle of the town,
Lies, waiting us, the sea.

The way was long ashore lads,
And slowly ran the time,
With weary stretch of dusty roads,
And weary hills to climb;
But now the strong salt breezes
That drifting landward come,
Bear us the welcome message
That calls the sailors home.

Then get ye from the taverns
And pay mine host his dues,
Aswing around their anchors
The ships expect their crews.
They chafe like tethered horses
That struggle to break free,
And wait the landworn mariners
Who hasten back to sea.

Henry Rutgers Conger.

Late in the autumn of 1870 the little village of Rowville, in the valley of the Loire, was disturbed from its quiet rest by the coming of the conscription for the army, which, like a huge octopus, had at last sent out one of its long arms to drag away the sons and husbands. The government must have men to fight the Germans, and if they would not come of their own accord they must be made to.

The long, low room with its heavy woodwork darkened by age, that served the village for a court-room, presented a curious sight that afternoon as the drafting proceeded. It was filled with peasants, come to see the drawing, mothers anxious to know if their Henri or their Louis would have to go out from their quiet lives to fight a people against whom they had no personal hatred and whom they had heard of only in the same vague and indefinite way in which they had heard of vampires and evil spirits in general. They were all in their holiday dress, for surely it would be wrong to come to town without their finery even on so unpleasant an errand as this was.

They stood huddled together with furtive looks and filled with that dumb, wondering fear peculiar to their class, that made them seem more like animals as they stood and looked in silent apprehension. At the other end of the room on a raised platform was a group of a very different character. At a desk sat an old sergeant whose bronzed face showed service in Africa; before him was the jar containing the

slips of paper, miniature death warrants, as it were, which were to be drawn. Beside him lounged two or three young officers of higher rank in gorgeous uniforms who smoked and chatted together and watched the people, looking with an amused smile or sneer, perhaps, as some peasant more awkward than the rest came forward to draw. What was it to them if a peasant unfolded his slip of paper, turned white, and went back to his friends with the look of a condemned man on his face?—they who had always lived the lives of soldiers stationed in the French capital without home ties or influences. Yes, it was quite a joke to them, and they enjoyed it very much as they would have enjoyed a cock-fight in a quiet corner of the Bois on a Sunday afternoon.

A private in fatigue uniform sat at a desk at one side and wrote in a ledger as the names were called. It was beginning to be an old story to him, and he forgot how he himself had been one of these peasants three years ago in his little home in the avenues. And so the drawing went on, and the officers sat, and smoked, and talked of Paris, and the new plays, and the latest scandal, and the peasants stood with patient faces and waited.

"Gaspar Mélin."

The sergeant's voice had grown monotonous now, but he glanced up with more interest as a tall, well-built young peasant stepped forward and took one of the bits of paper from the jar, glanced at it, and turned to the sergeant, saying, without apparent emotion, "I am drawn," and turning on his heel, walked from the hall. The sergeant watched his disappearing figure, and turned to one of the officers.

"The best looking chap we have gotten to-day." The other nodded.

Gasper stood on the steps in front of the building, his thoughts in a whirl. "So he had been drawn. Well, he

knew he would, he had felt that all along; but, thank God, he had succeeded in hiding his feelings from all that crowd." He let his eyes wander over the view before him, across the fields to the river, and on to the little farm where all his life had been passed. He looked at the road where it ran beside the river, a company of soldiers was marching along it; how dusty and tired they looked, each man seemed so loaded down with his heavy knapsack and gun. Then a thought came to him suddenly like a blow, and made him feel numb. "Soon I shall be one of these." He did not wish to stay till they came up, he did not want to see them; they might look like those whom he had seen a few days before, overcome with their long march so that their blood-shot eyes were half closed, while the officers had cursed them, and struck them with the flats of their swords if they lagged.

So he would soon be like one of these, beaten and cursed, and sent out to fight a people whom he had never seen. He felt a sort of dread of the advancing men, as if they were coming after him, and he walked quickly down a side street. He pictured his future to himself as he walked; the life in camp, the long marches, and the horror of the battle-field, pictured himself dead, and wondered just how he would look. And then he wondered, "Shall I be afraid?"

It had begun to get dark as he walked on and on. Suddenly he thought: "I ought to be thinking of my home, now that I am about to leave it." But he could not fix his attention on it, his disturbed imagination kept a constant panorama of pictures of his future life moving before his eyes, grotesque and distorted, that made him shudder. He felt himself facing a charge, and heard the hoof beats coming nearer and nearer in a great roar till—

He came to himself suddenly. It was the roar of an approaching train that had made him think of a charge of cav-

alry, for his walk had brought him to the railway. On it came; he thought again of the soldiers marching in the dust with the curses and the blows, and of the batttle-field with all its horrors. Then another thought came to him. "He must outwit them; yes, he would not march and march, and be beaten." The train came nearer, and he could see the headlight making the track light as day, and the two little red lights on each side of it. It fascinated him as a bird is fascinated by the eye of a snake. He thought again of the march, and the blood-shot eyes, and the battle-field, and the blows and curses, and decided.

Next morning the old sergeant met one of the officers outside his quarters. "Our squad from here is reduced by one. That tall, young fellow who seemed so cool about it all. He was found late last night on the track; he had probably been drinking too many farewell cups with his friends, and walked in front of the express."

"Rather unfortunate," responded the officer, indifferently, "he had a better figure for a uniform than the rest."

Dudley Butler.

ıdrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintil-eüt l'air d'une pensée."—*Beaumarchais.*

CELEBRITIES.

"A quelque piêds sous terre un silence profond,
Et taut de bruit à la surface."

Take your meed of fame, lad,
Feel the people stare.
Be glad it 's becoming,
The bay-leaf in your hair.
Who would be a hero
Were there none to wear?

So they print your picture?
All the papers know?
Well, they won 't to-morrow;
Drain your glass and go.
To-morrow is to-morrow,
And you must leave it so.

It 's pot-luck you 're taking,
Romulus and you.
Who put the Sphinx together?
Who captained last year's crew?
William Tell's a fable—

Get down off the barrel!
Do it with good grace;
There 's a line behind you
Waiting for your place.
Run along, and thank God
You ever had your bays.

G. C.

A BELATED APOLOGY.

Through the pass of the Cote 'd 'Or mountains, Avallon being now far behind, thundered the express from Paris.

There were two others in the compartment. I leaned back in my corner and observed them. They were both of striking, stalwart build, and with heavy, square shoulders.

One turned, at regular intervals, the pages of a book, the title of which, indistinctly discerned, I judged from the date and from the expression of the reader's face, to be Cyrano de Bergerac. But his face, though of a Parisian contour, might also have been that of a German student, for a long, livid scar marked his forehead.

The other studied Baedecker's Switzerland, from which he raised his eyes only to gaze out at the rapidly revolving, purple panorama of mountain slopes. Now he let his book fall and began to read with a curious air, the face of his opposite.

Then he touched him on the knee.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said, "J 'ai trouvé quelque chose de très difficile. Je crois que c'est antique. Pouvez-vous me l'expliquer," holding out his Baedecker and designating a paragraph.

The other examined the passage in question.

"Mais comme c'est idiomatique," he said, "Nous n'avous

At this he took out a pocket dictionary. As he did so it slipped and fell to the floor so that the fly leaf became visable.

The eye of the questioner caught the inscription, "E. M. W., Harvard '97." "What!" he said, "You're not a Harvard man?"

"You've struck it," replied the other. "And you?"

"Yale."

With manifestations of extreme surprise they shook hands. As they did so the Yale man observed sharply the scar on the other's forehead.

"Where'd you get that scar?" he interrupted.

"At Springfield."

"What! You're not Withington, captain of ninety-three's team?

"The same."

"Well," answered the other, "my name's Blickey. I played end that game and have to offer my apologies for jumping on your head after that first touchdown."

"There's my hand," replied the Harvard man. "Shall we see Lucerne and St. Gotthard together?"

P. R. Dunbar.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

If friendship takes the sword, 'tis best
  To bare thy breast and wait.
Love in this world has conquered love,
  But hate ne'er conquers hate.

A. D. R.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

The Freshmen Eleven

Defeated Drury Academy, on November 9, by a score of twelve to nothing.

The Football Eleven

Elected Draper, 1900, captain for next season on November 22.

The Annual Game

Between the Sophomores and Freshmen was played on November 22, and resulted in a tie, neither side scoring.

The Road Race

From North Adams took place on Wednesday, December 7, and was won by Seaver, 1900.

The President's Reception

To the Freshman class was held on the evening of December 8, at President Carter's house.

The Football Scores

For the season have been as follows:

WILLIAMS

vs

Andover	6— 0
Harvard	0—11
Yale	0—23
Union	0— 5
Colgate	6— 0
Wesleyan	0—22
Carlisle Indians	6—17
Trinity	24— 0
Cornell	0—12
Dartmouth	6—10
Amherst	5—16

SANCTUM.

The LIT. reaches its subscribers just about in time to wish them the best of vacations (it is three weeks, and we may all be thankful for that), a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. May the holidays be diverting enough to please every last one of us, and may Santa Claus put some manuscript in the LIT.'s stocking. There is a saying, which is older than Facultus, and goes far behind Socrates and all subsequent teachers, for use at this season. "And we hope that you will employ your time to advantage and return prepared to do good, earnest work." If the LIT. were ever tempted to speak thus (which Heaven forbid), it would be to the men trying for the LIT. and to those concerning whom we are in doubt as to whether they are trying or not.

The announcement of the prizes for the best essay and the best story will appear in the January LIT., and the articles will be published in that or subsequent numbers.

Cap and Bells will give the first performance of its winter play in Troy on December 21, presenting Goldsmith's well-known comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer."

It is needless to dwell on the tremendous strides dramatics has made at Williams during the past few years, or how, from a position of semi-obscurity, it has risen to a prominent place among our college institutions.

And it has made this progress simply because the men

who were connected with it, had the best interests of the club at heart, and were willing to sacrifice themselves in order to make their undertakings successful. The college has of recent years supported and seconded the efforts of the club, and it probably was this very necessary encouragement and help which incited the men to do their best. The interest that the college takes in its work is evinced by the good audiences that almost invariably greet the club when it plays in town, and by the fact that nearly thirty candidates appeared this fall to fill five vacancies.

To-day the reputation of "Cap and Bells" is not excelled by any dramatic club of the smaller colleges, nor is it confined to this section of the country, but has attained of late a prestige which is very flattering to its members and to the college at large.

The LIT. feels that this editorial is probably unnecessary. As we hope the interest the college has shown in dramatics is undiminished, but we want to bespeak for "Cap and Bells" the best support of the student body in the future, and to beg the latter to realize that the work done by the men in preparation for a play is probably quite as arduous and tedious as the usual training of any of the athletic teams.

CHAT.

The falling snowflakes, and the general air of expectancy which pervades the college, would suffice to tell us that Christmas is at hand, even if we lacked the official information of the calendar. And, with the knowledge, there comes to most of us a host of memories, all more or less touched by sentiments appropriate to the season.

In almost every case these memories center around a period of our life, not so very far distant, when Christmas was *the* event of the year; a season of pure delight, long anticipated and remembered, when there were stockings to be hung, Christmas trees to be viewed, and mighty dinners to be eaten.

In those days we believed firmly in the existence of Santa Claus, not only for the good and sufficient reason that our elders (such is the duplicity of parents) testified to the validity of this belief, but because we ourselves had beheld him in the flesh when he appeared at the church festival and distributed gauze bags of pink-striped candy, which we devoured in blissful ignorance of its constituents.

We do not look at Christmas in quite the same way now. Most of us no longer hang up our stockings, and, while we have retained much of our old interest in the dinners, there is not quite the same gulf that there used to be between them and our everyday meals. Worst of all, our over sophisticated eyes invariably perceive beneath the bald wig

and white whiskers of the saint, the features of an excellent but entirely unromantic Sunday-school superintendent.

The world has grown smaller since then. A railroad journey is no longer an absorbing adventure, and we can gaze over the brass rail of the nursery fender without standing on tiptoe. In reality we are quite satisfied with these new conditions; yet we like sometimes to think that we are not, and to remember, with a regret that is not wholly feigned, the time when the years went by slowly, and we were never weary of wondering at the marvels of the world we had so recently discovered.

There is, after all, some warrant for this tendency to regret the past. We have gained by the change, it is true, but it has not been all pure gain. Some price we have paid for our "grown-up" prerogatives of unlimited desert and indefinite bed hours.

We have lost in a measure our old power of unthinking enjoyment; it is not enough now that things please us—we must know *why* they please us. And then we are not so easily satisfied. Our pleasures are, on the whole, less keen; and if they are more permanent, why so too are our griefs. Really, the more one considers, the less cause he has to congratulate himself on the changed conditions of life which time has forced upon him.

At all events, for good or bad, the change is permanent. We cannot return to that strange land where once we wandered so freely; try as we may it is lost to us forever. But the gods are kind, and, to lighten our exile, they have decreed that such as are worthy may at times stand close upon its boundary, and breathe awhile its pure air, until they catch again something of the innocence of their childhood.

And at this season of the year, which is so peculiarly

world that is to each one of us but the reflec-
nature.
is simply Chat's rather elaborate way of say-
istmas!"

THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS.

The three prizes of $250 each, which are offered annually by the *Century Magazine* for the best story, poem, or essay, written a year after graduation by a student who has received the degree of A. B., were won this year by young women. Two were graduates of Vassar and one of Smith.

The scribe does not know the number of competitors for the prizes, nor whether the women were in the majority or minority, but he considers the fact that all the prizes were won by them, a mark of decided literary development in their colleges.

For a long time the magazines of the women's colleges, all over the country, have been quite on a par with those of their brothers, and the Scribe has a sneaking conviction that several in the East would be adjudged as rather superior in quality and literary merit, if the decision were left to an impartial jury.

The Scribe does not for a moment believe that women are any more blessed with the divine spark than his brother editors. Although it must be confessed they have a certain lightness of touch which few men can imitate; but their work as a whole is better done, and shows more really careful effort.

As the Scribe has said before, a woman is not as a rule afflicted with the same striving after obscure, artistic, literary effects as a man, and the result is that instead of the drift of

the poem or story being vague and encumbered with absolutely unnecessary adjuncts, it is clear and concise, and we believe quite as attractive and interesting.

The *Smith College Monthly* prints a most amusing story called "The Courting of Dorothea." It tells of how a Senior and a Freshman were in love with the same girl, and how the latter outwitted the former. The Scribe does not, as a rule, approve of such precociousness in freshmen, but there is no doubt but that the plot is cleverly conceived and well executed.

Another good story in this month's issues is "Miss Lucy's Trousseau," in the *Wellesley Magazine*, which, while not at all pretentious, is a pretty little tale, delicately told.

The *Amherst Lit.* prints an essay on "College Democracy," which upholds the influence of college institutions on the rising generation, and shows that college life is the true training for, and salvation of, the country's politics and moral development.

The *Columbia Lit.* has an excellent essay on the "Modern German Drama," and a sketch called "Harkness: A Paradox," which, while fairly interesting, lacks a certain degree of unity and is rather commonplace as to plot.

We clip the following:

CRADLE SONG.

Soft, soft! there are zephyrs a-whispering,
  And the ripples awake on the sea,
And the moonbeams that creep toward thy cradle
  Are singing "Sweet Sleep" unto thee.

Soft, soft! there are pine trees a-swaying,
  And the wavelets that wish to be free
Are tumbling and hurting each other
  As they try to leap out of the sea.

THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS.

Soft, soft! for the Father is watching
  While the winds and the waves of the sea
And the moonbeams that dance in the evening
  Are crooning "Sweet Sleep" unto thee.

—*V. B., in Vassar Miscellany.*

PERHAPS.

I wonder if some day I'll smile
  Or blush to hear that once all song
  Held out a golden promise strong.
That some time—tedious wait the while—
I, too, might march in rank and file,
  As boon companion of that throng,
  "To whom the laurel wreaths belong,"
Because their lips knew naught of guile.

Then will you turn, as now you do,
  A look of reverence in your eyes,
And quote of mine a verse or two,
  Giving me gifts the world denies—
Or will your lips, their first task through
  Make Hell of what seemed Paradise?

—*H. R. R., in Trinity Tablet.*

AUTUMN.

TO MY MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

A merry child was gathering flowers in May.
  With sudden, new delight she stooped for one,—
  A bud,—and held it, laughing, in the sun.
"Will it grow up, and be a flower, some day?"

Through all the weary summer, in hot toil,
  One labored, watering with anxious care
  The thirsty vines, and whispering in despair,
"Shall thorns bear fruit in sick and fevered soil?"

With glowing smile of joy the autumn stole
  Upon the land. Amid the purple light
A woman lifted high a gleaming bowl,
  And looked with shining eyes upon the bright
O'erhanging fruit. Her deep-exultant soul
  Had conquered toil, and love had cleared her sight.

—*G. L. C. in Wellesley Magazine.*

Book Reviews.

Principles and Methods of Literary Criticism. By Lorenzo Sears, Litt. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

Among all the books and essays that have recently been written on this subject, one may look far, at least, to find a more practical exposition. It deals eminently with *criticism*, and never steps aside to dip into the fascinating subject of prose composition, as do the majority of such books. The author tells briefly of the value, place, and purpose of criticism; then he sets a standard, shows the various tests of good writing, and does not make the mistake of intervening at this point several chapters on Unity, Force, Elegance, and so forth, nor does he try to improve the classic definitions of *style*. The chapters on *Impressionism* and *Appreciation* are alone enough to secure success. He strikes upon a happy idea in defining the latter term as the mean between the two extremes of criticism—those of censoriousness and commendation. Appreciation is the hardest accomplishment for the critic to acquire. It cannot be gained by training or education, as is evidenced by "the fact that no college has ventured to add the degree of Doctor in Criticism to the sixty odd now conferred." To anyone wishing to understand the merits and defects of the books he reads and thus to form an intelligent estimate, this volume will be found of great interest. The author certainly has a faculty of expressing his ideas in the most forcible and not unoriginal manner.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Mr. Parker has deserted his old haunts, and stepped across the sea to the little island of Jersey, which he reveals to us, with much local atmosphere, at the end of the last century, during the social struggles in France, and those between England and that country. But if the scene is changed from the usual battle ground of Canada, this does not prevent the author's continuing in his same tone. He has dug up many an ancient custom of the island, and the pages are full of quaint phrase and patois. Some of the most striking scenes, however, are enacted on the mainland in Normandy, where the real plot is developed. This is rather clever and slightly complex. Guida de Laudresse is married to a British captain, Philip d'Aranche, who, in the fortunes of war, becomes a prisoner to the French. A nobleman, the Duc de Bercy, of the d'Aranche family, happens to discover him, and being desirous

to prevent a nephew, Détricaud, from succeeding him as heir, the eccentric duc persuades himself to adopt Philip. Détricaud comes to the duc's chateau on family business and recognizes Philip, whom he had seen while in service at Jersey. Détricaud also loves Guida, and though he does not know she is already married—for this ceremony was secretly performed, he suspects something of the kind. Circumstances arise that cause Philip to marry a countess of the old duc's choosing. Détricaud, who has been constantly trying to oust the impostor, is present at this ceremony, and becomes very suspicious about Philip's moral character. The result finally is that the crime is exposed.

This is the barest thread of the story; but just this little, with a knowledge of Guida's character, is enough to remind one of a very famous novel by George Eliot. Now it is no fault that Guida and Romola, that Tito and Philip, should be very similar characters. George Eliot created a woman who has never been equaled for the beautiful dignity she displayed amid sorrow and shame; and Tito is selfish love personified. Both are novels without heroes, where the heroines stand grandly alone. The two plans and sets of main characters are very similar, and yet the two stories are quite individual; nor does the recent volume suffer by a comparison.

"The Battle of the Strong" is undoubtedly one of the foremost books of the year, and stands next to the author's "Seats of the Mighty."

THE BIBLIOTAPH AND OTHER PEOPLE. By Leon H. Vincent. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

This is a volume of bright, witty, and at the same time most appreciative essays on various literary subjects. Some of them have appeared already in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Springfield Republican* published the paper on Thomas Hardy, which is among the best. One of the most delightful features of the essays is that they are just the right length for the style of treatment, and for the interest of the reader. Into the half imaginary portrait of a "Bibliotaph" the author has interwoven some very amusing and original anecdotes. The Bibliotaph is a singular person, whose immense knowledge of men, books, and the world is combined with a mysterious quaintness of manner, an intangible charm, that despite his eccentricities at once draws you to him. The Bibliotaph is, in fact, a very original creation. His ideas on various books, literary topics, and the ideal life of the Bookman are well worth gaining.

"A Reading in the Letters of John Keats," throws a new light on the poet's life and work. Mr. Vincent certainly has a deep sense of humor, and here he shows us a delicate vein in Keats's nature that escapes general attention, since that is alone given to the poems. The two last

papers are on Stevenson. They are a critical estimate of the man's work, which brings out the reasons why he is so popular with this generation as well as those why he will not be ranked among the great novelists. His distinctions between what is great and what is a great success are admirably drawn. These essays, then, with several others on lighter subjects, comprise this very attractive volume.

THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN EUROPE (Vol. II). By Prof. C. M. Andrews. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

We reviewed the first volume of this new history last year. The second part, carrying on the subject from the middle of the century to the present time, is necessarily a little different, in that the opinions are more individual and less settled. Still the method is practically the same, and subjects and events continue to be treated with broadness of view and impartiality. For the last fifty years, European history has been involved and intricate, owing chiefly to the Eastern Question. This relation is vividly brought out. While little space is taken up with campaigns, great importance is given to the various political influences, such as Bismarck, Cavour, and Russian diplomacy.

OLD CHESTER TALES. By Margaret Deland. Harper Bros., New York.

A quaint New England town, with the most delightfully odd people in the world, is the theme of these stories. They describe a number of adventures and portray a variety of characters. In "John Ward, Preacher," Mrs. Deland gave us a charming portrait of the kindly minister, and here we find old Dr. Lavender appearing just often enough in the series of stories to fill them with the glow of his geniality. But in this volume the best creations are certain maiden ladies, who consider the heights of refinement to be shown in exquisite fancy work or else in the reputation for being an *invalid*, and whose creed is that almost pitiful New England *properism*, which one still sees in little white farm villages ten miles off the railroad. The foibles of these people are endlessly amusing, and the atmosphere of Old Chester is one well worth entering in this busy hurried life of ours, if only to rest our brains for a moment, but aside from this, each tale has its little message that is given to us quite imperceptibly, and yet bearing that refreshment which one enjoys in reading a pleasant story. Mrs. Deland rarely writes a poor story, but the criticism is often made, and not unjustly, that she tends too much to religiousness and to a monotony of characteristics. Certainly in a book of this sort, where the tales all have the same local atmosphere, variety would be the spice of "Old Chester." In "The Promises of Dorothea," there is surely no attempt at religious-

ness, and, when it is brought in, how does a one-legged, acrobatic preacher strike you for a change?

A GENERATION OF CORNELL. Address Thirtieth Commencement, by President Schurman. Putnam's Sons, New York.

President Schurman has most interestingly described the aims and growth of this university, which in but thirty years is already the foremost of scientific schools. It is a valuable commentary on university development.

WHAT ONE CAN DO WITH A CHAFING-DISH. By H. L. S. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This little book has already reached its twentieth thousand, and one does not wonder on glancing at its contents, which describe the preparation of one hundred and fifty dishes most briefly and lucidly. A few original hints on chafing-dish cooking at the beginning are very well worth considering. With this book at hand no chafing-dish product need be a failure, and there may be an endless variety—anything from "Codfish Tongues" to that remarkable dish called "Bubble and Squeak."

THE MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's—The complete novel in the December issue is by Annie

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Eliza Brand, and has its action mainly in London. "Mrs. Russell's Sister" is a young, well-to-do, and attractive widow, who takes a small house in a back street with a view to benefiting her humbler neighbors; but her philanthropic efforts are apt to require masculine assistance, and all her fortitude cannot keep her lovers at a distance. "Lincoln of Coyote," by James T. McKay, is a plain Western tale of a weak and alcoholic husband, a wife whose patience is worn out, a dubious friend, and a faithful one who does what he can to mitigate the tragedy and acts as a sort of presiding genius. "Nobody's Fool," as described by L. S. Bernard, was an unpretentious person who knew how to turn the tables on a worthless wife. Charlotte Adams, in "Six Weeks on the Stage," gives an account of a brief and unprofitable theatrical experience. Kate Mason Rowland sketches "Philadelphia a Century Ago," chiefly through letters of Mrs. Stoddert, wife of our first secretary of the navy, when the city of Penn was the national capital. "Babylon the Great" is reconstructed from its ruins by Austin Bierbower, who makes that mighty city of the remote past live again before us. Some account of "Verona" is by the late Bishop William Stevens Perry of Iowa. "Table Sundries" (nuts, eggs, berries, etc.) are described by Calvin Dill Wilson. "Rudolf's Decision," in Anthony Hope's last

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romance, is discussed by Frederic M. Bird, who aims to show that the case was clear, not open, as some have supposed. Alfred Balch takes ground for "Signature in Newspapers,"—*i. e.*, that reporters and others should bear the responsibility and get the credit for what they write. The poetry of this number is by Mary E. Stickney, Carrie Blake Morgan, Grace F. Pennypacker, and Francis Sterne Palmer.

The Atlantic Monthly—Gilbert Parker concludes his "Battle of the Strong," which has just been published in book form. William Dean Howells has a paper on the "Confessions of a Summer Colonist," in which he describes the typical cottage life at the seashore. There are articles on the political situation by Benjamin Kidd and Carl Evans Boyd; on Byron by Paul More and Pierre La Rose; and the first chapter of an autobiography of Julia Ward Howe. The number also contains a short love story of unusual merit by Mary Knight Potter.

Outing—One may always count on this magazine for adequate treatment of the various phases of sport, and they seem to have made a special effort in their Christmas number. In addition to the usual athletic review, there are, among other things, articles on "Moose

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Hunting," "Quail Shooting," and "Big Game Hunting in Celon." The two most prominent contributions are "Golf and the American Girl," by H. L. Fitzpatrick, and "The New York Athletic Club," by Malcolm W. Ford.

LITERARY ITEMS.

D. C. Heath & Co., publishers, Boston, have in press for immediate issue in Heath's Modern Language Series, "*La Main Malheureuse*," a very attractive little French story, edited with vocabulary, by Miss H. A. Guerber of Nyack, N. Y. The above little tale is easy, interesting, and well adapted for early reading with school or college classes.

Col. George E. Waring, Jr., whose untimely death by yellow fever has been so universally deplored, left not only the volume on "Street Cleaning,"—in which he discussed the methods and results of disposing of a city's waste and the effect upon public health, public morals, and municipal prosperity—but also a book of fiction, called "Whip and Spur," containing eight stories of riding horses, cavalry horses, and hunters. Both volumes were published by the Doubleday & McClure Co.

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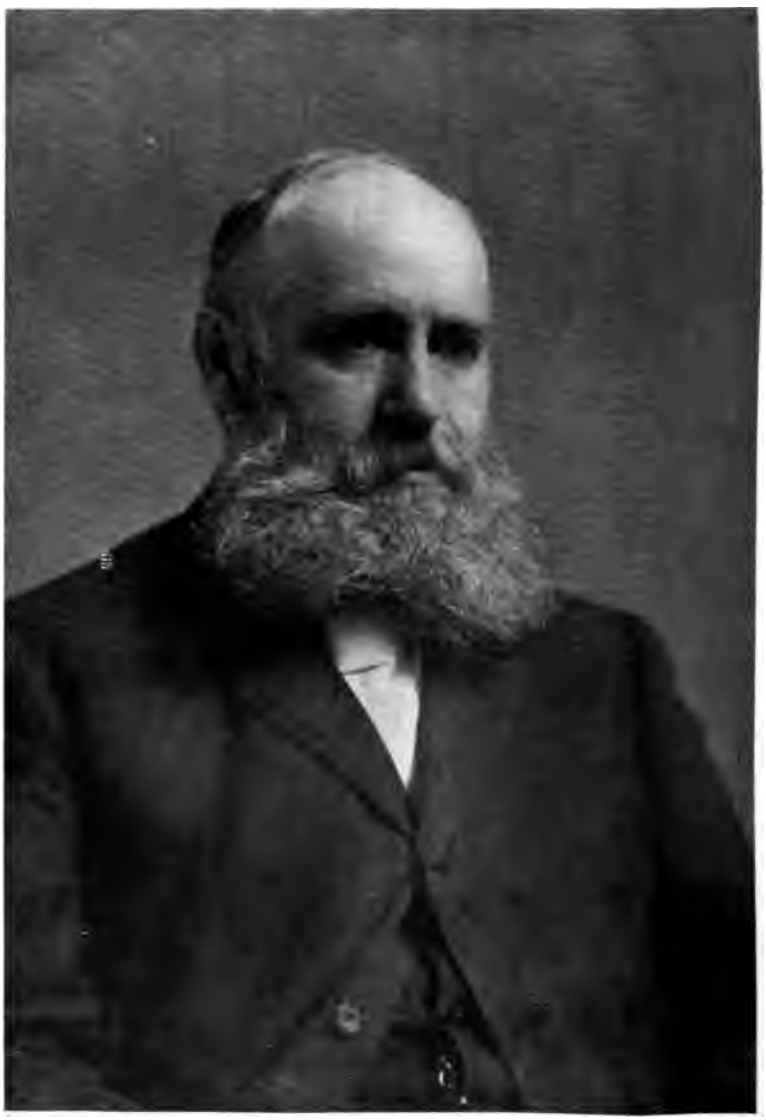

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FRANCOIS COPPEE, POET LAUREATE TO THE HUMBLE.

[Awarded the prize in the LIT.'s Essay Competition.]

Born in Paris, of Parisian parents, M. François Coppée is a *parisian parisiennant.* "*Un vie en famille; très calme, très retireè; aucune bohème,*"—so does he characterize the story of his early life. Surely a strange starting point for a French litterateur! The birthplace of the average Parisian journalist, novel writer, or poet is far away in the sunny south, or by the mist-haunted western shores, or in the fertile central plains. He comes to the great city as a young man and throws himself into its whirl and excitement. This is the Bohemianism of the student, afterward comes that of literature or of art, but the later change does not avail to recolor his views; they have become bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh; his eyes are blinded to the subtle undercurrent of human passion.

HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER.

Quite different were the influences which moulded M. Coppée. Paris is his native place, his home, his mistress. He studies every side of her nature with the ardor of a lover. "For me, why, Paris is my only love!" he sings. Nor does he love her for herself alone. Every corner has a story, every alley a history. Her streets are the stage in a theatre where the scenes range from lightest farce to the deepest tragedy.

> "*C'est la rue, en un mot, effrayante et brutale!*
> *Du lux, des haillons, de la clarté, des cris,*
> *Et de la fange! C'est le trottoir de Paris.*"

Dirty passage-ways, dreary, dusty roads of the exterior boulevards, quiet streets, quays, long, narrow routes which connect the grand boulevards with the commercial quarters, are all equally familiar to him. He frequents carpenter shops; the hot, foul air of the smithy delights, and the odor of stale beer in the little cafés, attracts him. He watches the washerwoman of the higher reaches of the Seine, knee deep in the river, wringing and beating the soiled heaps of Parisian linen. A dirty field in which clothes have been hung to dry, or an old leprous wall covered with torn advertisements, draws him irresistibly. Factory hands and flower girls, leather workers and blacksmith apprentices, riverside bargemen and cigar-end seekers, cobblers and stone masons, troop across his pages. Shock headed and grimy handed, untaught, barbarous, brutal, dense, indelicate of speech, and coarse in gesture. He sets them in no sentimental glamour, yet they appeal irresistibly to our higher instincts by the pathos of their eternal bondage to toil, and by their unequal share in the universal sorrow of the world. He knows, and in his charming fashion tells, how much of courage, patient effort, and unostentatious devotion lies hidden in lives, which, to outward appearance, seem commonplace and mean.

He even goes into the suburbs. In how many of his verses

has he described the dusty highways, bordered upon one side by straggling red brick villas, on the other by stretches of meadow grass, which merge at a little distance into the real country. He depicts the struggle between the outskirts and the city, and the true pathos of the suburb peeps out through the meshes of the simple story which it serves as a background. The average poet is not attracted by the country, or, if he is, the fields must be very green, the lambs very fleecy, and the babbling brooks very songful, before he will deign to write a sonnet in its honor. The broken pottery, the lean cattle, and the poultry of the environs of a great city are utterly abhorrent to him. It is well that this is so, for such subjects in his hands could not but become distasteful to one. François Coppée, alone, can excite pity, untouched with disgust.

M. Coppée is no lyrist, if we except two or three of his productions, no lyrist, for his life was not conducive to such outbursts, but a true poet, nevertheless, and above all, a modern poet, an exponent of the simpler forms of our complex civilization, a faithful recorder of the people's necessities and tribulations. He has no delight in nature for its own sake, no poetic fervor, no cold vigor, no tempestuous imagery. Abstract questions and subtle philosophies have little fascination for him. It is in depicting the simple lives of the poor that he delights, and one feels, in reading his stories, that, in this great-hearted man, the lowly have gained a powerful advocate. He is an interpreter of humble emotions, a transcriber of everyday ideas, a past-master in the ordinary, and, if he is not complex, he is at least thoroughly human.

M. Coppée is known chiefly as a poet, then as a dramatist, and finally as a story writer. The greater part of his work consists of short sketches, *contes*, the French call them.

The *conte* is a form of fiction in which the French nation has always delighted, and in which it has always excelled. It is a tale, something more than a sketch, and something less than a short story. Sometimes it is prose, sometimes in verse. Most of the "Canterbury Tales" are *contes*, and so are some of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

No one has succeeded better in the *conte en vers* than M. Coppée, whether by the sea he weaves his simple story, or, as is more often the case, in the streets of the city. His subject is some incident of daily occurrence, made significant by his interpretation; he chooses a character, commonplace enough, but made noble by conflict with evil, and by victory over self; he tells his simple story with no maudlin sentimentality. His *contes en vers* are, unfortunately, untranslatable, as are all his other poems. As some one has brutally put it, a translated poem is a boiled strawberry. The prose tales which M. Coppée has written, however, may be adequately rendered in English, as many of them have been. It is a good omen for American letters, too, that the best of modern French fiction is being translated into our language, and that the taste for it is increasing. Fiction is more of an art in France than in the United States, and especially is this true of the short story.

François Coppée's style is rough-hewn, his vocabulary prosaic, the vocabulary used by the man on the street, but it is redeemed by a certain vigor. Mysticism has no attraction for him and never enters his verse or stories. There is a finer morality in his work than in that of most modern Parisian story-tellers. His tales are characterized by some kindly and elevating thought, and throughout exhale infinite tenderness. We seem to breath in them a finer moral atmosphere, more wholesome and more bracing. They deal with Christlike love, with devotion, and with self-sacrifice carried

out through the long years of life; youth, health, and love itself being given up to duty.

M. Coppée is a realist, true to life in his picture drawing; he has the gift of spontaneity, a gift which springs only from genuine inspiration. His imagination is powerful because it is his own. Furthermore, when he sings, he has something to sing of; he weaves strength-giving silk with his gossamer. There is the beating of a human heart, too, in all that he writes, and one knows that the artist himself has felt, and that he is giving from his own store, his impressions of life with its joys and its sorrows.

Arthur Lawson Goodwillie.

AN EASTER GIFT.

[Awarded the prize in the LIT.'s story competition.]

Monsieur Edouard, Viscount de Charville, stood looking out of the window sunk in deep meditation, his hands thrust in his pockets. His window looked out on the Place de la Concordi. It was early spring, the trees were beginning to look quite green, and the public gardens to assume a verdant aspect. He noticed this and his frown deepened, for all this greenness meant that spring had come and brought with it Easter Sunday; indeed this joyful feast would be to-morrow, and it was this fact that caused his annoyance.

It meant that he must make a costly Easter present to the family of Monsieur Le Mâitre, by marrying whose daughter he expected to recuperate the fortunes of his house. This custom of gifts at this season of the year, although given up by many of the more modern people, was religiously observed by the Le Mâitre family and their circle of intimate friends; and he knew that a failure to present his offering would lower him in the estimation of them all. His thoughts wandered to his ancestral Chateau in Normandy with its crumbling walls and neglected grounds, whose rusty gates bore the arms of the Charvilles. How poor it all seemed and how the dowry of Mademoiselle Le Mâitre would renovate it all!

He came to himself suddenly; what had all this to do with the present problem that faced him? Time enough to think of renovating the Chateau when she was his wife! With twenty francs ready money how could he buy a present worth a hundred; his credit was on its last legs and would not

stand the strain. Yet one hundred francs he must have, for Madame de Mâitre would be disappointed if he sent some tawdry thing such as his Louis d'or would buy. "A curse on this custom of giving Easter presents!" he muttered, "I am sure no ancestor of mine ever invented it." And with that philosophical remark he again turned his attention to the problem which confronted him.

He wondered if Renard, the money lender, would advance him the requisite sum, but a fleeting remembrance of their last conversation banished such an idea from his mind. So he sat and thought and one idea followed another only to be dismissed as impracticable till finally in despair he seized his hat and rushed from the house to seek inspiration in the quiet of a walk along the Rue de Rivoli.

Down the long arcade walked the Viscount, his tall figure and military bearing giving him a distinguished look as he sauntered along, at times twirling his light cane jauntily, and his well-fitting clothes, all falsely proclaiming him a man of wealth and fashion. On he walked past the shops filled with Oriental goods, delightful to those having an eye for the unique, past the flower stands loaded down with the delicate blossoms brought to the dusty city early in the morning with the country dew still on them, by the great market wagons drawn by three horses, whose drivers now sat sipping and smoking in some near-by café. Past all these he went, till he suddenly found himself in the Palais Royal where the jewelers congregate, and things of value, gems, pictures, and works of art of all kinds were as plenty as dust and flowers had been in the Rue de Rivoli.

He paused before one of the larger shops whose windows were ablaze with gems, which sparkled and seemed to mock him as if they knew he had not the where-with-all to buy even the smallest of them. "Well he would step in, that could at

least do no harm, and perhaps he could get something unique if not costly that would come within his means." He entered, and the proprietor came forward bowing.

"What would Monsieur give himself the trouble to look at; rings, pins, statuary, or something else? All cheap, so very cheap, fairly given away." This last caused an ironical smile to flit for a moment over the Viscount's face as he ran his eye over the shop.

"What was the price of that little clock?"

"One hundred and twenty-five francs."

"Ah! he would look at something else." He walked around and came to a shelf, in a corner of which were heaped the fragments of a costly and beautiful jar of Dresden china. It was possible even by the fragments to see what a beautiful thing it had once been. Suddenly a smile illumined the face of the Viscount; he had an inspiration, an idea that would help him out of all his trouble. He walked on past the shelf and looked at several more objects, then he turned to the proprietor.

"Have you any Dresden china? I am thinking of getting a specimen."

"Alas, Monsieur, the last piece in the store is gone,—a beautiful vase! It was broken yesterday, and will be a dead loss to me. See, here are the pieces." He indicated the pile that had first attracted the attention of the Viscount, who now stepped forward with a well-feigned expression of regret and took up one of the larger fragments. He examined it, and then launched into a eulogy of its beauties.

"Truly, what a beautiful vase; it must have been superb! Look at the tints in this bit—marvelous! Yes, I will even buy the pieces if I cannot have the jar itself. What will you take for them?"

"Three francs."

"Yes, please send them to-morrow at three o'clock to No. 12 Rue Moneey." Twelve Rue Moneey was the address of the Le Mâitre family.

The Viscount paid and walked out, his head erect, his eyes bright. This plan of his was certainly a master stroke; he would get the credit of having given a magnificent present, and yet it had cost him but three francs. He pictured the scene next day in the house of Monsieur Le Mâitre. He had told them to send the pieces at three o'clock; he himself would be there at that time, the messenger would arrive, the box be opened. He saw the look of disappointment on the face of Madame when she saw the wreck of the once beautiful vase. He would scold the messenger, who would protest that he had not broken it, then he would appear to forgive the fellow, saying that accidents would happen, and even give him a tip. That would be a good card; it would make him appear magnanimous, kind-hearted, forgiving; yes, it would make a good impression on the minds of the Le Mâitre family, and he would kill two birds with one stone. Surely the fates smiled on his suit. He was very happy. He retraced his steps along the Rue de Rivoli, no longer in abstraction, as he had been when he walked along it half an hour before, but with his mind keenly alert to what was going on around him.

The house of Monsieur Le Mâitre was in its gala dress the next afternoon, and Madame and her two daughters were resplendent in new Easter finery as they waited for the callers who might come to pay their respects. On a large table at the end of the room were arranged many costly and beautiful things, presents from relatives and admiring friends, —the bronze statue given by Monsieur Corand, their father's partner, the silver plate sent by a rich aunt living at Bordeaux, together with a thousand and one pretty bits of

bric-à-brac, the offerings of old and young gallants. Surely the vase of the Viscount would not have looked amiss even among such a noble array! It was but two o'clock, yet there were already quite a number of callers, a sign of many more to follow. Monsieur Buré, the ancient fop, with his dangling seals and elaborate scarf, was taking snuff and talking to Madame Le Mâitre about the prospects of gaiety for the coming season. Monsieur Corand was deep in a business discussion with the father of the family, and the daughters were showing the presents to some young men who had just arrived, when the footman announced, "Monsieur Le Viscount de Charville."

He entered, bowing low over the chubby, bejeweled hand that Madame Le Mâitre held out to him, and having paid his respects to the father and the guests standing near him, made his way to the end of the room, where the daughters formed the centre of a little group of admirers. They came forward to meet him, for being an old friend of the family the usual ceremony was set aside, and led him at once to the table to show him the presents.

De Charville was at his best when he was praising anything, and the ingenuity he displayed in commending each separate article was really admirable. Some new arrivals drew the attention of the girls from him and he sought Madame.

"Pardon my stupidity," said he, as he came up to her, "but the trifle I had ventured to present as a token of my esteem has been delayed in transportation, but it will be brought here some time this afternoon."

"Oh, really, Viscount," simpered Madame Le Mâitre, with a would-be coquettish glance of her eyes at him, "I trust you have not gone to great expense; I really hope it is, as you say, a mere trifle, but I fear you have sent something worthy of a prince."

But the Viscount declared he had not, and, as new arrivals came at that moment, he was again left to himself. Hidden from view by a palm, he drew out his watch and glanced at it nervously. Half past three; he had been there some time already, and must soon go; he hoped the man would come while he was there, it would be much more effective if he could carry out his plan about the generosity, the tip, and so on.

Just at that moment a servant touched his arm; the messenger had arrived with the bundle. He looked around, and saw Madame Le Mâitre, surrounded by all those present, standing at the table about to open the box. He came nearer and looked on with great interest, ready to assume that expression of chagrin and vexation the moment the time for so doing should arrive. Madame saw him, and cast another of her coquettish glances at him, and then began to remove the first layer of the tissue paper.

Suddenly the Viscount started forward, and a cry something between a groan and an oath broke from his lips. Oh, a thousand curses, that fool of a shopkeeper had wrapped up each piece separately in paper!

Monsieur Edouard Viscount de Charville never looked around; he took up his hat and passed out of the door and so out of the lives of those who saw him that day, and went down the broad stairway a sadder and a wiser man.

Dudley Butler.

TO A PORTRAIT OF MY AUNT.

[Painted about 1863.]

Your eyes are good; likewise your chin;
  Also your nose.
But Aunty dear, who dressed you in
  Those awful clothes?

What shocking lack of public taste
  There must have been,
When Mrs. Grundy spoiled your waist
  With crinoline.

You say you had attractive hair,
  And lots of it;
But that queer "net" you had to wear
  Hides every bit.

You 're older than you used to be,
  And not so spry;
But on the whole it seems to me
  You're less a guy.

When at Time's ravages you 're glum
  Reflect awhile
That though he's made the crows' feet come
  He 's changed the style.

I know you mourn your vanished youth,
  However it 's
Quite plain that you and Time, in truth
  Can still cry "quits."

Henry Rutgers Conger

"I am exceedingly hungry. Would you mind getting up and finding me something to eat?"

One night last spring these strange words, aided by the glare of a dark lantern, awakened Mr. Howard, one of the summer residents of the Berkshire village of Stonington. Dazed by the bright light he lay motionless till a quiet, well bred voice, backed up this time by the muzzle of a revolver, repeated the request for something to eat. Mechanically Mr. Howard got up, pulled on his trousers, and, once more urged to action, preceded his visitor down stairs to the pantry. Aided by the constant presence of the stranger and his revolver Mr. Howard spread what viands he could lay hands on, even including wine and cigars. By this time his fright and amazement began to leave him; indignation at the man's coolness and effrontery made him boil inwardly but quietly. To cap the climax he was told to be seated while his hospitality was enjoyed. This was Mr. Howard's first opportunity to observe his visitor. The dark lantern was so placed that a beam of light fell across the plate, showing a pair of white, well-cared-for hands, unadorned save for a plain gold ring. The gleam from the barrel of the revolver which lay beside the plate and the unpleasant direction in which it pointed occupied Mr. Howard's attention to such a degree that he observed little of its owner's personality, save that he was tall and wore a black mask. Having finished his repast, along with a pint of claret, the burglar pocketed two cigars and asked Mr. Howard to return to his room and keep strictly silent for half an hour, or take the consequences.

This experience of Mr. Howard's was but the first of many which quiet little Stonington underwent during the memorable summer of '98. This one burglar, unassisted, put the whole town under a reign of terror. Every one bought revolvers; while all the younger men divided into guards which patrolled,—clanking—veritable arsenals, through many fruitless hours. No locks kept him out; no burglar alarms rang forth a warning at his entrance; posses organized to hunt him came back empty handed; yet with great regularity once or twice a week some house would be entered, its inmates aroused and asked to set forth their valuables which the big quiet man would appropriate and then vanish. Many small things seemed to point out the fact that he was by birth a gentleman. Once, for instance, when he had called on a Mrs. Gillette to ask her for her rings, upon the owner's request he gave back a valuable sapphire because it was treasured as having belonged to Mrs. Gillette's deceased sister.

For outsiders the situation possessed a deep tinge of humor. It is related that one night the town was awakened by the clamor of a policeman's rattle sounded madly out a second story window by a white clad figure, at which the patrol hurried off in the opposite direction, afterwards saying that it was pursuing the fleeing burglar. The next morning it turned out that Mrs. Adams had given the alarm because she was certain that she heard some one trying to get into her room.

In spite of the midnight invasions the affairs of every day life had to go on in Stonington, and Mr. John C. Wilton, Yale '96, was putting in his spare time that summer fitting the Landman boys for the entering class at New Haven. Incidentally he found leisure to see quite a little of the various girls who golfed and wheeled around Stonington during the

summer. Wilton was popular among the young people for, in addition to being tall and good looking, as are so many Southern men, he had stroked his crew at Yale and had come within three of the "bogey" on the golf links. The ladies' record was held by Miss Ethel Payne, a New York girl.

Here it might be proper to state that the Payne house had been entered upon two different occasions by "our burglar," as the Stonington people called him, and the subject of house-breaking was to Mr. Payne as a red rag is to a bull.

As both Wilton and Miss Payne were enthusiasts at golf they were thrown much together on the links. A friendship sprang up and waxed strong, as summer friendships have a way of doing, till hardly a day passed but that the young people were seen starting off with caddie bags or wheels.

Soon after the night invasions commenced Wilton had been chaffed quite a bit upon his resemblance to the burglar, both in physique and voice, some even going so far as to say that they would swear to the identity of the latter; it had also been remarked that the robberies began in the same week in which Wilton had come to town. He had taken all the guying good naturedly, however, and it soon had ceased.

One hot evening in the latter part of August, Wilton came to the Payne's house and asked Miss Ethel to go rowing. The road to the river stretched out before them white and still in the broad moonlight, and Miss Payne, turning to Wilton, said jestingly, "It's a poor night for such an occupation as yours, Mr. Burglar." Instantly the thought flashed through Wilton's mind,—"Why not try to make her believe that I really am the burglar? It would be good sport, and I could even up some of the guying she has been giving me." No sooner had the impulse come than it was acted upon. Wilton had hot, romantic, southern blood in his veins, a strong imagination, and the power of feeling as true whatever he

might say. This sort of thing, "jollying," he called it, was his special delight.

Immediately upon Miss Payne's words he fell into his part, and assumed a distrait, preoccupied air, replying to her remark, a short "I suppose so." Hardly a word did he say all the way to the boat, and so unusual was his silence that Miss Payne, wondering, railed at him and called him moonstruck. Once in the boat, with a few strokes Wilton sent her from under the overarching boughs into the middle of the river, where the black, still water seemed another heaven glorified by a moon and stars brighter than those above. Here, resting on his oars, he spoke for almost the first time,—"Yes, Ethel," he said, "I have been silent to-night, but it is only because I have been trying to get up my courage to tell you something which I have wanted to say for a long time." Miss Payne started, looked suddenly at him, then half motioned that he should stop. Wilton went on, "Please let me speak, Ethel, for the whole rest of my life will be influenced by the way you receive what I am about to tell you." Surely some preparation was needed before announcing that he was a criminal.

"But Jack, we have been such firm, good friends and have had such jolly times together this summer, I do n't believe I want you to say what you were going to."

A numbing palsy seized Jack Wilton's tongue. "Great Jove, does she think I was going to propose? What a perfect ass I have made of myself. How the devil shall I get out of it?" These thoughts flashed through his mind and he was silent.

"I did n't mean to be abrupt or to hurt your feelings or anything, Jack," the girl said, "for I do like you—but—," and she stopped and looked away from him. As she sat in her white dress with hands clasped over her knees and gray eyes

half veiled as though in trouble, she was beautiful enough to make any man lose his head. Jack Wilton was a Southerner —this explains all things—excuses many. He felt suddenly that he had been a blind fool for not realizing before that he loved Ethel Payne. The delicate perfume of the sweet peas on her breast went to his head like wine. He lost his dumbness and spoke as only a man can speak who firmly believes that he is pleading for his future happiness. But Miss Payne was adamant. "No, Jack, I can't answer you as soon as this. I do n't know my own mind yet. Please row me back now."

They walked home silently, for it was as though a constraint had grown up between them; only at the gate of her home, Ethel with a return of her usual spirit said, "Jack, when you prove to me that you really are n't the burglar, I will give you my answer."

Having reached his room at the Landmans, Wilton, still in a whirl from conflicting emotions, lit a pipe, threw himself into an arm chair, and resolved to analyze his actions during the evening. Had he simply lost his head and acted the cad or had he spoken the truth after all? It was, no doubt, a sudden change on his part from friendship into love, but might it not be sincere? In his mind he went over his companion ship with Miss Payne during the preceding three months. Although he had had many personal talks with her about his plans and ambitions, he now realized for the first time how large a share of his thoughts she occupied, and what a difference it would make in his life if she should go out of it. Here Wilton's cogitations came suddenly to an end. He thanked the gods for the lucky thought of impersonating the burglar. Since so much depended upon it, his first aim in life should now be the bringing of the real criminal to justice in order to get his answer from Miss Payne. Although

the condition of her answering him had been given partly in jest, yet, with the capriciousness of a girl, Miss Payne insisted upon abiding by it.

No houses were entered during the next two weeks, and it was said that the burglar had departed to lands unknown. Amidst the universal rejoicing the only sorrowful person was Jack Wilton. Fortune, however, was with him, for one night he was awakened after the usual manner of the burglar by the polite request of "Please get up and show me where the Landmans keep their silver. Mr. Landman is so old I hate to disturb him." Here was the long hoped for opportunity. If he could only capture the big man before him, he would both get square with those who had chaffed him and fulfil Ethel's condition. It was, however, a much easier deed to think of than to accomplish. Knowing that a cocked revolver was within two feet of his head, he got up, as others before him had done, and preceded the burglar down stairs, resolving that if worst came to worst he would risk one shot and close with the man.

At the foot of the stairs came his opportunity. A rug on the hardwood floor slipped sideways under the burglar's foot and he threw up his right arm to save himself from falling. Turning quick as thought Wilton sprang at him, but the treacherous rug slid from under him and he fell forward against the man's knees. At the same instant the revolver cracked, and Wilton felt a stinging pain in his left shoulder. His arms weakened their hold, slipped down, and everything became black before his eyes.

When he came to he was in bed, with Mrs. Landman and a doctor bending over him. His shoulder ached as though a red-hot iron were being bored into it, and he felt sick and dizzy, but his first words were, "Damn that rug." Later in the day came the following note from Ethel Payne:

"My Dear Jack:—Never for an instant did I suppose that you would do anything quite so foolish as this. I cannot tell you how sorry I am that you are hurt, partly—may I say so—on my account. Perhaps, Jack, when you are well again you will let me tell you how very certain I am that you are not the real 'Mr. Burglar.'

Ethel Payne."

Albert Hopkins.

A TWILIGHT SONG.

When in old childhood's scenes
At close of day,
Some far off memory gleans
In lights that play;

When shadows slowly creep
O'er fields we knew,
And sunset covers deep
The hills with blue;

When clouds up in the sky
By setting sun
Turn gold before they die
And day is done,

Then fade to greyer shades
And deeper blue;
Just before twilight fades
I think of you.

Alfred Dudley Britton.

GUARDIAN OF THE TRAPPED.

The Northwest is a bitter region when the snows of winter cover its gloomy hills. You would never think its rough regions the setting for a love imperishable. For there is but one love which is undying and that is the love which surpasses knowledge and at the end is crowned immortal—it is the love from the depths of life.

In the regions of new found gold there is a civilization peculiar to the place—a civilization founded on man's natural ideas of justice and right, the essence of that which is highest in uncouth natures. And woe to the man who transgresses the unwritten laws of that civilization.

I.

There was the bitterness of disenchantment in Kane's heart. He looked steadily across at his wife in the opposite corner of the fire-place. There was no tenderness in the look. Grief and harsh determination fought for mastery in his face.

"What made you do it, Margaret?" he asked at length. His voice was quiet, but it woke the echoes of an empty room.

"We were starving, Jim, it was for you;" the tears started at the words.

"I never dreamed that I should have a thief for a wife. We might better both have starved. But it is done and we must take the consequences. The least we can expect is a quick death."

There was silence. Soon in the stillness of the winter night a dull sound reached the ears of the anxious watchers. It grew in intensity till it could be distinguished as the noise of many foot falls, the creaking of unmelted snow.

Kane turned to his wife.

"Margaret, I am taking the blame for this. You shall not suffer. They may not intend the worst, but if they do I shall fight. I shall never be taken alive. But you stay where you are! Whatever is said or done, whatever you hear, keep perfectly quiet! Do you understand, will you obey me?"

She looked up at him tremblingly. "If you think it for the—best."

"Oh, of course, the best—for you."

There was a sneer on his lips as he turned and left the room. Was she a coward, too? But as his hand touched the latch, he stopped a moment, "God help me to save her," he muttered.

A crowd of silent, stern-faced men confronted Kane as he stepped out upon the low porch. On either side he could perceive others, mere lurking shadows in the darkness, stationed probably as scouts to prevent escape from the rear. He stood a moment in silence. His eyes took in every detail of the situation. When he spoke his voice was calm, but the words rang out clearly in the crisp, winter air.

"What does this crowd mean?" he said. "Are you here as friends or foes?"

There was a moment of hesitation. Then a large, bronzed man stepped forward—his voice trembled with excitement and indignation.

"You've got nerve, Jim Kane, to ask such a question as that; but nerve won't help you. We've come to ask *you* a simple question and mind you answer it straight, too! We

want to know if you've got anything in this house that don't belong to you?"

"What if I have?"

"If it's anything that belongs to any of this crowd, then God help you!"

"Yes," said Kane slowly, "there are things here that possibly belong to some of you—" a yell of scorn and derision interrupted him. He raised his hand for silence. "Hear me for a moment. I am responsible for this. I admit the whole thing. But if there are any gentlemen among you, I want you to promise me that no harm shall come to my wife—that she be unmolested. Will you promise me that? Answer me, Yates!"

"I'll promise you that," answered the former spokesman. "Now you are our prisoner."

"Never, while I live," answered Kane sharply. There was a report. Yates's right arm dropped helpless at his side. Before he could recover a shout reached the sky: "He's through."

"Shoot, you fools," screamed Yates. He fired shot after shot left-handed at the vanishing figure. The crowd stood as if in a trance for a moment, then a perfect fusilade of bullets pursued the fugitive. Yates held his smoking pistol in his uninjured hand and swore impotently at its empty chambers. But Kane had reached the bushes, with the whole mad crowd at his heels.

In the empty house a woman sat in the chimney-corner, her face buried in her hands. Tremblings shook her slight frame.

II.

In the heart of the forest there stands a hut of logs which the melting snows cover with a roof of ice. It is rarely used. Its existence is almost unknown—its situation a puzzle. But

Kane had made use of it frequently. It was to him to-day a goal of refuge.

In winter the black branches of the forest trees are sheathed in ice. Snowy owls, driven by the storms, seek shelter in the pines and wake the long nights with weird howls. When the light breaks they sit all day on the frozen branches, but then they are mute. The hare, matching the snow with his whitened coat, plays fearlessly among the stumps. His winding tracks decorate the expanse of snow.

At the hut door a famished lynx sometimes snarls, then scurries in his coward's fear, to concealment, startled at the slightest sound. There is another visitor, too,—the steel-gray panther, when the pangs of hunger drive him from his lair. Then he lurks near by and watches the little hut. He recognizes it as the habitation of man. There is death in the ugly gleam of his keen eyes.

Kane's legs felt like lead, but he still plowed on among the trees. A scant, straggling underbrush rose through the snow behind him; ahead the dark forest-goal loomed. His speed had stood him in good stead, for he could detect no sign of his pursuers, but behind stretched a broad, deep furrow in the snow—a path impossible for his enemies to lose. Before he reached the hut he staggered for half a mile up the half-frozen bed of a forest stream; but he knew that this precaution would avail him little. As he reached the hut which had been his shelter so many times before, his heart gave a great throb of thankfulness. He closed the door, then dropped exhausted upon a heap of boughs.

Kane built a roaring fire in the hut. He lay upon the floor and gazed long into the leaping flames. But in them he saw nothing but the face of the woman that he loved; of the woman whose guilt he had taken upon his own head; of the woman whose life was dearer to him than his own. He saw

her in the flickering shadows of the room, in the red fringes of the firelight, in the darkness that shrouded the corner-nooks. Her voice was in the roaring wind; her voice was in the low crooning of the wind-bent boughs.

It was the second day of Kane's stay in the forest. He always kept a small store of provisions in the hut for use on hunting trips, but this was running short. He was now trying to decide what to do. He wished to go somewhere else; but where? There was no town within thirty miles. He could not return to the mining-camp that he had just left. He decided, at length, to start for Lansing, thirty miles away. Would his provisions last him on the tramp through the snow? Could he find his way? These were questions he must leave to chance to decide. He crawled beneath the mass of boughs that served him as bed and coverlet. The morrow should see him on his way.

The sun failed to rouse the sleeper as it pierced through the crannies of the logs. It brought the gleam of daylight into the hut, but the weary and hungry sleep long.

As the day brightened the light revealed a human figure across the doorway—a figure which also slept, but a sleep less quiet and untroubled. A deep moan awoke Kane. He started up as he saw the light, then stopped as the figure on the floor met his eyes.

"Margaret!" he cried, and gathered her into his arms. He groaned as he heard her first words—"Do you forgive me?"

"Forgive!" he cried. "I have done that long since. It was for me you sinned, and now you have risked your life for me—for me, unworthy even of your love!"

"I have brought you food," she told him. "I knew you would come here, and I had your trail to guide me. But they are coming, too. Let me tell you: They hoped to take you

by surprise—Bill Yates and Green—they were to start this morning. Yes, they should be here even now, and I have slept and cost you your life."

"No, best of women, you have saved it. I shall never be taken now; I have you to fight for."

In the stillness without a squirrel chattered, and his shrill cry woke the twittering of myriad winter sparrows, and through it sounded a man's voice, cold and stern.

"Here's the hut, but they've probably both skipped. Mind you, if it comes to a scrap, don't hurt the woman. We've nothing against her. Now, Jim Kane, if you're in there, say so. I'm going to take you back, alive or dead. It makes no difference which, it'll be all the same in the end. Sing out, now, if you're there, I say."

Kane pushed Margaret gently back to the furthermost corner of the hut. Then he stepped to the door and opened its small loop-hole. In this opening he rested the muzzle of his revolver, the only weapon which he had.

"I'm here, Bill Yates," he said quietly. "If you want me come and get me. But I warn you to look out."

Yates's rifle was at his shoulder in a moment, but the shot was never fired. As his finger pressed the trigger, a steel-gray body flashed from the tree above. One wild scream of anguish, and the "Guardian of the Trapped" had claimed his victim.

* * * * * * * * * *

This is the story of a love half sundered and again remolded. To you, who are my friend and Margaret's friend, I send the tale. For the most poignant, bitter song has become a pæan of happiness, and infinite night has yielded to the brightest day.

Kane has told me the story of the death of the "Guardian," and to me it is the one sad link in the chain of the finished

tale. It was Kane himself who sent the bullet through the head of the avenger of his wrongs, then covered Green with the sweep of his emptied barrel. But that warrior's nerve had gone, and he thought only of return to the haunts of men. I have heard the story of the weary tramp through the forest to the city, thirty miles away. The remainder is as familiar to you as to me, and you have beheld the skin of the steel-gray panther which two prize so highly.

James O. Tryon.

SUGGESTIONS.

"Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eût l'air d'une pensée."—*Beaumarchais.*

BUBBLES.

The child of three dipped a long clay pipe in a bowl of soap and water and putting the stem to her lips blew gently. A wonderful airy bubble changing at every moment, sparkling in every light, rose into the air and floated off toward the window, where a pot of tall, white roses helped to usher in the sunshine. The child smiled in mute delight and watched it glow in a hundred quivering colors as it entered the sunlight, and then as it dropped in a perfect curve toward the flowers, when at the slightest touch of a rose petal it vanished, leaving only a drop of water in the heart of the flower. And the child looked up sadly at her nurse out of great thoughtful eyes.

That night she dreamed of making countless soap bubbles till the room was nearly filled, for none of them ever broke but flitted hither and thither about her in beautiful circles of light and color. At last she blew the biggest one of all. It sailed off dreamily around the room, but now was wafted slowly toward her till it caressed her soft cheek with a cool, pleasant touch. And the child put up her tiny hand to take it, when lo! it had vanished, and the room was suddenly dark.

A young girl was reclining in the shadow of a vine-covered lattice through which the full moon cast stray fairy moonbeams flecking her white dress with streaks of uncertain light, and tinging her hair with silver gray. The soft night wind rustled in the leaves and murmured soothingly as it

went whispering on its way, and the night seemed calm and safe. A man bent over her and spoke truly and tenderly in a low voice, things which she loved to hear, which she had prayed for in the depths of her heart, and which now filled her with a boundless joy such as she had not even dreamed of. And she put her hand in the man's and leaned her burning cheek against his shoulder, and they were both silent while their hearts spoke to each other in the beautiful mute language of love. Then the girl unfastened a white rose from her hair and gave it to the man, promising him all her love, and all that was true and real within her went out to him in the darkness.

That night as she lay down, a deep sense of happiness swept over her, and going to sleep she dreamed only of a great blue heaven, and a mighty love seemed to swell from her bosom and fill all space. All the deep sky and the air was filled with her love as with sunshine. And suddenly the small white petal of a rose flitted upward and struck the very zenith of the sky. When, lo! the clear vault of her love was rent asunder and out from beneath the broken dome of blue, passed the light and sunshine into an impenetrable darkness and vanished as though in an abyss. Then night swept in and covered up the vault and all was dark save for one small white star in the midst of the night.

R. A. R.

HALL PLAYS.

[*With all due apologies.*]

In Vassar plays, the girls who take
The girlish rôles would surely make

The ladies of the stage to fear
Their empire o'er, their finish near.

(One's sure enough such is the fact—
But, oh, if one might see them act!)

Upon the stage no *ingenue*
Was ever half so sweet and true.

No mother-in-law, who looked a fright,
So charming in her own despite.

The "men" stalk grandly from the wings,
Attired in their brothers' things.

Their hair is parted smooth and flat
Beneath an English walking hat.

A fierce moustache from ear to ear,
A mossy beard (style somewhat queer).

Their dress coats hang without a fold
O'er plain black skirts. But I've been told

They're somewhat short—and once a pair
Of——Ready, if you *care*,

About the things that they have on
Consult, pray, the Vassarion.

Now doesn't it seem strange to you,
Whatever she may choose to do,

And even in such togs as these,
The college maiden's sure to please.

S. E.

Events of the Month.

An Illustrated Lecture

On Oxford was delivered by Professor Rice before the Art Association on the evening of December 9.

At the Annual Dinner

Of the New York alumni of Williams held at Delmonico's last month, Professor Russell spoke for the faculty and college.

The Christmas Recess

Began after the examinations on the morning of December 21.

Cap and Bells

Presented "She Stoops to Conquer" in Troy on Wednesday evening, December twenty-first. On the following afternoon the play was given in Auburn before a very large house.

A College Meeting

Was held on Saturday evening, January 14, to discuss our attitude toward Dartmouth and the Triangular League. A resolution was presented but was laid on the table for a few days.

The First Entertainment

In the Thompson course was given on Monday evening, January 16, by the Redpath Concert company of Boston.

SANCTUM.

We take pleasure in announcing that the judges in the LIT.'s competition have awarded the prize for the best story to Mr. Dudley Butler, 1900, and the prize for the best essay to Mr. Arthur Lawson Goodwillie, 1901.

"*Disqualification for athletic and other organizations.*—No student is allowed to represent the college in any athletic, dramatic, or musical organization as member, substitute, or officer, if he is under discipline for irregularity of attendance or conduct, or if he is pursuing an additional course of study in consequence of a failure in an examination for a condition or deficiency, and he may be debarred from such privileges for the remainder of any term after he has been formally warned by the Faculty that he is not doing his current work in a satisfactory manner."

The Administrative Rule quoted above has not only been the topic of rather vigorous discussion at the meetings of the Athletic Council, but has been read with a feeling of strong dissatisfaction by every undergraduate or recent graduate who follows Williams's athletic interests. The objections to this ruling come under two heads—first concerning its applicability during the semester beginning in February to men conditioned last spring; and second, of its fairness *per se*.

Under the first head, there is an argument which has not yet been answered, and cannot (or so it seems to us) be answered. That is, that the rule passed last June, and applying on conditions imposed for the work of the term ending in June, is an *ex post facto* law. If that law had been passed before Easter, the men in question could have chosen

other electives, or taken one of half a dozen other means to avoid the risk of even one condition. But now a penalty is imposed on those men, which was not formulated until their conditions were unavoidable, and which, therefore, they could not foresee or take any measures to escape.

Secondly, the objections to the rule in any case. These are, in brief, as follows: No account is taken of the circumstances outside any connection with athletic or other organizations which may have caused the failure to pass all work. Also a member of two or more organizations is given no option of dropping one, but is promptly excluded from all.

The example of Harvard, Columbia, Amherst, Wesleyan, and Trinity, all of whom permit conditioned men to play in their teams, is noteworthy. The only reason that the foregoing list is not much longer is the fact that the rules governing athletics in other colleges are not at hand. Amherst attempted for a year to live under a rule the same in substance as our own; but so strong were the objections urged, that it was rescinded by the faculty. Yale, with a system of grading and conditions wholly dissimilar to ours, still permits conditioned men, under some circumstances, to play on the teams.

It is hoped, therefore, that those members of the faculty who uphold this rule most firmly, will consider the objections urged, the enormous obstacle in the way of our athletics (which have none too easy a time at the best), and the general weight of opinion throughout the college, and will drop so oppressive a measure.

CHAT.

It is Chat's misfortune that when his department appears, the problem of the Triangular League will be so far solved that any thing he can say at this time will be hopelessly out of date. Nevertheless he is going to hazard a few remarks in the hope that their rather general character may prevent them from becoming entirely obsolete before any one reads them.

Truly "here is matter for a May-morning!" Dartmouth, although willing to continue in the league for another year, evidently feels that the present arrangement is not to her permanent advantage. Our athletic council, after a careful study of the situation, are strongly of the opinion that now is the time to break with her, and, candidly, Chat can find no very logical arguments to oppose to their view.

And yet Chat has a good deal of sentiment for the old league, and rather hopes that the feeling against it at Dartmouth is by no means so universal as the newspapers would have us believe. Williams may be forced in self-defense to withdraw, but she will do so with regret, for, at the best, it will be some time before any new athletic arrangement which we may make will obtain quite the same hold over our affections that the old league has had, and, in spite of recent events, has still.

Dartmouth certainly has been, to say the least, tactless; and, at the present writing, it looks as though this "tactless-

ness" (to stick to that convenient word) would result in a rupture, which, in a few years, she herself will be the first to regret. There is still some little hope that the quarrel may be healed. If not, the steps toward a permanent separation will be taken without the least animosity on the part of Williams; for, after all, we are parting with an old friend, and old friends are proverbially the best.

We clip the following:

FINIS.

[FLETCHER AT THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF BEAUMONT'S MARRIAGE.]

Take courage, pen, for thine a task
  Beyond thy customed road
Of tracing thoughts to publish wide
  For men's delight, which flowed
Like water with a sparkling tide,
While boldly by the fleeting side
  A grander current rode.

And, merging in a single flood,
  Swift, laughter-loving, free,
Now shadowed pool, now sunny shoal,
  Sped onward towards the Sea.
But ere they reach that distant goal
Their ways divide. The surge's roll
  Grows fainter—dies. Ah, me!

Come, pluck up heart, thy skill command,
  One effort more is thine.
A message to a comrade bear,
  From out this heart of mine.
Ask,—if the old-time love is there,
Seek,—if thou find'st it anywhere,
  Some memory, some sign.

Put back reproach; write sooner thoughts
  Befitting such a friend.
Arise! thou love within my heart,
  Behold, here is the end.
With veiléd face and sad, depart,
Thou life-long friendship, sealed in art
  Broken—and who shall mend?

—*W. H. Field, in Yale Lit.*

MORNING.

When morning dawns the heart is strong and light:
Men face their brothers squarely, manfully,
And each from each new courage gains for life and daily needs,
For man is nearer man when morning dawns.

When morning dawns the heart is clean and pure;
All dark and evil deeds,—companions of the night,—
Do not reflect the white light of the dawn—hence are invisible,
And man is nearer God when morning dawns.

—*E. W. H., in Amherst Lit.*

Book Reviews.

Cyrano de Bergerac. Doubleday and McClure, New York. $1.00.

This is Miss Hall's prose translation of Rostand's famous play, which is attracting so much comment and attention at present. As a prose translation it is admirably done and reproduces the lightness and spirit of the original to a great extent. But the poetry of it is, of course, not to be found outside the French and a prose translation conveys almost as satisfactory an impression as does one in verse.

When Chivalry was in Flower. By Edwin Caskoden. Bowen, Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. $1.50.

Among the many historic romances of the English court none is more fascinating than that of Mary, sister of Henry VIII, and Brandon. The king tried to force her into one royal marriage after another but she steadily refuses until, to save her lover Brandon, she marries the king of France. Louis, however, is soon worn out by the round of gaiety that this young beauty leads him. He dies and Mary is secretly married to Brandon, who has followed her to Paris.

The story is thoroughly exciting and charmingly told, being taken directly from the memoirs of Sir Edwin Caskoden, master of the dance to Henry, and an ancestor of the author. The idea which is given of the English court is quite different from the usual accounts, and I am inclined to think not very correct, but otherwise the atmosphere of the times permeates the book and makes it a thoroughly historical novel. Various incidents are related exactly as given by the old chronicler, Hall, and form an interesting feature in the story.

Hymns That Have Helped. Doubleday and McClure, New York. 75 cents.

This is a small collection, without music, of the finest hymns, as well as the most popular. When one considers it, there are not more than two or three hundred hymns out of all the hundreds in a modern Hymnal which are really sung with any feeling. These are here collected and make up a volume of great worth.

MAGAZINES.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

The complete novel in the January issue of *Lippincott's* is "The Mystery of Mr. Cain," by Miss Lafayette McLaws, daughter of the Confederate general of that name. The scene is in Georgia, and the plot is so uncommon that to reveal it would be unfair to the reader. "The Other Mr. Smith," is a society story—but of the unconventional kind—by Ellen Douglas Deland. "John Rutland's Christmas," by Henry A. Parker, is a tale of practical philanthropy, personally administered. In "Black Feather's Throw" Joseph A. Altsheler deals again with the times when Indians tortured their white prisoners and burned them at the stake. The history of an ill-fated empress—"Poor Carlotta," wife of Maximilian of Mexico, is told by Lucy C. Lillie. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney revives "The Great Debate of 1833," in which Calhoun bore a prominent part and was opposed by Webster. Dr. Felix L. Oswald offers "An International Study on Liberty," bringing out the widely differing significations which the word is made to bear, or aspects of the thing that are insisted on, by different races or sets of men. "Fin de Siécle Individualism" is brought to book by Gertrude Evans King. "A Reporter's Recollections," of work and incidents in the West some

The Retail Tailor

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fifteen years ago, are supplied by J. L. Sprogle. Under the caption, "Why I did not Become a Smuggler," L. C. Bradford tells of an adventurous trip in Texas in 1878-'79. The poetry of the number is by May Riley Smith, Dora Read Goodale, Arthur D. F. Randolph, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Harrison S. Morris.

OUTING.

Outing for January is a beautiful number which carries the usual generous supply of interesting text and artistic illustration. It is full of the sport and pastime of bracing winter days. "Mid-Winter Madcaps," a poem by Charles Turner; "A Christmas in Mooseland," by Ed. W. Sandys; "A Snowshoe Caribou Hunt," by Frank H. Risteen; "New Year's Day at a Hudson's Bay Fur Post," by W. Blaisdell Cameron, and "Figure Skating," by J. E. Mitchie, are a few of the many good features which have the pale beauty of the snow in them. The fiction department contains two complete stories, while tales of sport, travel, and adventure in many lands furnish the needful variety. The editorial and record departments are fresh and interesting.

P. J. BOLAND,

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THE OUTLOOK.

The December Magazine number of *The Outlook* is its tenth annual book number. *The Outlook* was, it is believed, the first of the weekly papers to publish a special illustrated number a few weeks before Christmas, in which space and attention were largely devoted to books generally and to books of that season in particular. This annual book number has been, as many evidences show, of special interest to *Outlook* readers, not only in the articles and reviews, but also in the very extended announcements by the publishers themselves made in this number. It thus affords a record of the book output of the year and of the season. This year a special feature of the book number is a fully illustrated article about the best ten books of the year—books which have been pronounced to be the best and most important books of the year by a vote taken among the readers of *The Outlook*. This article does not consist of formal reviews, but of informal talk about the books and their authors. In addition to this, the book number contains a comprehensive special survey of those books of the season which, in the judgment of *The Outlook*, are worthy of the most careful attention at the hands of readers and buyers. Other features of this special num-

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ber are: An article by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, called "Poets on Their Own Poems;" the final instalment of Dr. Hale's "James Russell Lowell and his Friends," which, by the way, is about to appear in book form; a beautifully illustrated article on "New College and Oxford," by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie; a charming French story having both a literary and a Christmas significance in its plot; and a clear and readable account of "The Dreyfus Affair" from the beginning to the present day, by Professor Adolphe Cohn, of Columbia University, illustrated by many photographs lately received from Paris for this special purpose. The news, critical, and editorial departments are up to their usual standard. ($3 a year. *The Outlook* Company, New York.)

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Vol. XIV. FEBRUARY, 1899. No. 7.

THE '98 CLASS-DAY POEM.

[Read at Commencement, June 21, 1898.]

I.

June hath lit all the valleys with splendor,
  Kissed into life each flower and tree.
Winds grow sweet with her; harsh skies tender,
  And brave the hills where her banners be.

She hath brought new grace to the waiting woodlands,
  The smiling meadows her favors wear,
New dower of joy is the garden's guerdon;
  Hath she no gift that shall be for our share?

Shall she forget us, who know her and love her?
  Here in the hush of the hills' deep heart.
A last gift claim ere we go forever
  Down ways asunder, and paths apart.

Yea! truly for us: for the June is gracious,
We, too, have part as all subjects may
n their sovereign's pleasure, and as our portion
Out of her treasure, she gives—to-day.

II.

The great winds knew of it; all night long
They sang to the trees in a sleepy song
Till the forest-places were all astir
With the joy of June and the grace of her.
And the rumor grew, till the hills had heard,
And new green burgeoned at the word,
And the secret flashed, till the valley-ways
Had caught the rapture and were ablaze,
And wonderful lights on the meadows lay
For the promised joy of our unborn day.

III.

Out of the heart of the East it came,
In the soft mist's circling fold,
Domed with azure and lit with flame
And splendors of faint gold.

One out of all of time it came,
And we, who have waited long,
Shall we not give it in welcoming
The meed of an answering song?

IV.

Ye have bidden one make a song for you
Who hath little of art or skill.
Willing his song, but the deed is weak,
Tho' the heart is full and fain would speak,
The lips are dumb and still.

Ye have bidden him sing, and this, his song,
    Hath striven to fitly tell
The promise of days to be, and give
To four years, fleeting and fugitive,
    A greeting and farewell.

And lo! a picture he fashions for you,
    Your censure to lose or win.
And the beckoning joys and the shadowing fears,
The prophecy of the coming years,
    They shall all be wrought therein.

V.

The weaver sits in the darkening room
Crouching and low—bent o'er his loom;
Withered and wrinkled and sere is he,
But he plieth his shuttle ceaselessly;
Unwearied he weaveth day by day
A fabric of colors, dark and gay.
And leisure and rest he may not win
Till the task is done and the night sets in.
And ever he croons o'er the whirring loom
The Song of the Weaver and his Doom.

"*Out of the shadow, into the Sun*
Doth my shuttle upon its errand run.
It may not stay, it may not wait,
It weaveth the web and the woof of Fate.
Out of the sunshine, into the shade
Is the ceaseless course of its journey made.
And still the grim old weaver stands
And guideth it with tireless hands."

Mystic the web, and no man knows
The color that next in its texture shows.
Swiftly he weaveth—loop and fold
The yellow threads of soft-stranded gold.
The crimson of passion glows like flame
With the purple of pomp and pride of name.
With the rose of joy and white purity
Is blent gray doubt;—and red bravery
Twines with green peace, and mingled there
With the blue of hope is black despair.
The busy shuttle is never still,
The grim old weaver plyeth at will.
For he may not tarry; he will not wait
Who weaveth the web and the woof of Fate.
But only when the long day is past
Is the task of the Weaver done at last.
Then he cuts the threads off—one by one—
And the loom is silent—the weaving done.

VI.

So Fate in the silence hath woven for us
  The garment our lives must wear.
And the darkness lies thick and none may see
What the special fashion of his may be,
  Grim tho' it be, or fair.

And for some is the weaving deft and gay
  (Ah! the rose and the gold gleam bright!)
And some shall in sombre trappings go,
God's pity for them who soon shall know;—
  But the end for all is the night!

But this is he who is conqueror,
  Yea, he is the earth's true great
Who does not question if gay or dim
Are the colors God's hands have woven for him
  At the mighty looms of Fate.

But doneth them gaily and goes his way,
  Nor doubts, at the end, to win.
And does his bravest and layeth his best
At the feet of the world, nor thinks of rest
  Till God's kind dark sets in.

VII.

So then an end to the song and the singing,
  The way lies open and we must start.
A last farewell and the day is ended,
  We turn forever and so depart.

Sadly we go from the tender mother
  Here in the silences wide and deep,
And the dreams we knew, and the youth that dreamed them,
  We leave here, safe in her ward and keep.

Sad—but we may not stay or wait;
We follow the law of a changeful fate.
Yet gladly—for this in our hearts we know,
"So that God's may come—the half-gods go."
The river must wend to the greater sea,
The good must pass that the best may be,
And better the June's time keeps in store
Than ever a June we knew before.
And whatsoever of truth there be
Is ours for all the eternity.

VIII.

"We going to die," they said of old—
  Who went to be killed or to slay.
"We going to die our greetings bring.
Hail and Farewell! O Thou great King!"
  But not so we say to-day.

For a fairer field our courage waits,
  And it lasts till the long years fail;
But no craven answer our high hearts give,
For we go forth not to die but to live,
  And we cry to life, "All Hail!"

Arthur Ketchum.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR—AND POLITICS.

I.

Saturday afternoon is a busy time in the village of Cherry Creek, for every farmer in the whole township considers it his duty, whatever may be the state of the weather or the roads, to go to town on Saturday. And what better day could be found? Does not the *Weekly Tribune* arrive on Saturday, and the *Dalton Democrat*, with its column of "Cherry Creek Cullings," and last but far from least, the *Cherry Creek Clarion*, "a paper for the people, and devoted to the interests of Cherry Creek?" Besides these attractions, it is the close of the week, there is no hard day's work to follow, and ever since the settlement of Cherry Creek it has been the invariable date for caucuses, town-meetings, and every kind of public assembly. Of course, everybody comes to town on Saturday.

And so to-day, though the mud was inches deep in the roads, the church sheds were filled with teams, and a crowd of men were moving in different directions on the platform in front of the stores at the head of the street. Here are Cherry Creek's three only stores, but each has a stock of incredible variety, and among their proprietors are the town clerk and the postmaster. In the back part of the store containing the post-office, around the old stove which the fall frosts had recently brought out of its summer retreat in the cellar, was seated a group of farmers, men with broad shoulders and plain clothes, types of our average rural population.

One was perched on the counter, dangerously near the cracker barrel, whose cover was already slightly pushed to one side; he was evidently a thoroughbred Yankee,—a tall, rather spare man of perhaps fifty, with hair just turning gray, and a thin, grizzled beard; he wore an old felt hat, a faded, brown overcoat with assorted buttons, the conventional blue overalls, and rubber boots. As the discussion of the effect of the recent rains on the wheat crop had become rather monotonous, all were glad when his interruption gave a different turn to the conversation.

"Well, boys, how d'ye reckon Jack's goin' ter run nex' Saturday?" and extracting with some difficulty a plug of tobacco from his hip-pocket and a jack-knife from another, the speaker cut off a generous slice for himself, and looked up for an answer. A portly, smooth-shaven man, with a decidedly Celtic face, who was seated on a nail keg opposite the counter, took two or three vigorous puffs on his clay pipe before removing it from his mouth, and then began in an accent which left no doubt as to his race.

"If th' auld mon kapes out of it, I do be thinkid' Jack 'll get it. But, begorrah, Oi 've noticed that the frinds of the Squire be the wans goin' around talkin' aginst the b'y, an' sayin' ter shtand boy the min thot knowed what be best for the party. 'T would be hard on the young mon if they bate 'im out of it."

"Jack's a darned clever feller, but, by gum, he'd be the youngest 'semblyman this 'ere county's seen sence my reckerlection. Haint that all the old man's said agin 'im, Pat?"

"Yis, but 'e 'd niver be lettin' any of thim fellers up to Dalton be runnin' 'im, thim 'air politicians. Oi knowed 'is father, an' a moighty foine auld gintlemon 'e was. Mony's the toime Oi 've heard 'im say thot he was a good Republican, but siz 'e Oi 'll not hov thim tillin' me 'ow to vote. The

b'y 's a chip o' the auld block, and Oi 'll not vote for the dilligates that ain't for 'im. It 's no matter to me what the Squoire do be thinkin', for, begorrah, he hov no roight to run the town, if his farm be the biggest in the valley."

"Yer too durned prejerdiced on th' old man, Pat, he 's done a lot fer the town when 'e was supervisor. Good head on 'im, too, he 's got for politics. Cares a leetle too much fer what them air fellers up to Dalton say, mebbe, but take 'er all 'round, a purty clever ole chap."

"Yer got 'is measure, Si," spoke up the old man in the arm chair with his feet against the stove, "an' a great eye the Squire 's got, too. Lemme tell ye what I seen 'im do onct w'en we war down in the swamp there arter quail" . . . . and the old man, after an impartial glance around the group, went on with his story.

II.

Jack Harris had taken charge of his father's insurance business, and at the same time opened a law office in Cherry Creek some six years ago. There was really little for him to do as a lawyer, but the insurance on village and farm property was considerable— for the town of Cherry Creek is the most prosperous farming district in the county—and there was no competition. Moreover, Jack's father had been born and had died there, and although Jack had no intention of doing the latter, yet Cherry Creek was his birthplace, and he was not yet ready to leave it. He had the old homestead, which he shared with the family with whom he lived; it was quite different from paying office rent, and high prices for board and lodging; he had now plenty of comfort, and a sufficient income to satisfy all his needs. How long he would stay there he did not know; at any rate he would wait until reasonably certain of something better. For Harris was

really an ambitious man, but he had inherited his father's prudence and sound judgment.

Jack's position, which was somewhat above that of the few other young men in Cherry Creek, naturally made him a favorite among the feminine portion of the community. But since his return from college, most of the time which was not taken up by his business he devoted to reading or exercise on horse-back, and he seemed to pay little attention to his numerous admirers of the other sex. But people will talk, and never more than in a country village.

During the summer, before the opening of this story, the report had been industriously circulated at sewing circles and missionary meetings, that Jack Harris had lately been showing a decided partiality in the infrequent calls which he made as a matter of duty; that he was not always alone on his daily rides; that the Squire's old saddle-pony had been seen with a new and a fair rider; in short, that Jack Harris and Mary Preston were showing a dangerous liking for each other's society. The Squire must certainly be blind.

Squire Preston, whom we have heard called "the old man," was a farmer as well as a politician. He had for thirty years managed his two hundred acres, and often had himself done a hard day's work in the field. He had thus gathered a little fortune, and he knew how to place his money at interest better than any other man in the township. His wife was dead, but his only daughter had been carefully educated; her wish had always been his will, and she was now of almost more help to him than he to her. His housekeeper was fully capable of taking care of the household; his tenant was experienced and could satisfactorily manage the farm. The Squire was influential in the town, and had thought that he ought to make more use of this influence. So he had resolved to enter politics,—on a small scale, to be sure, but large enough

in his own eyes and in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen. He had formerly refused to represent the town as supervisor; he had been repeatedly asked to accept, and now he consented. Re-election was easy. He gradually gathered the reins of authority into his own hands, and soon he found himself in the coveted position of leader of his party in his district, where the Republican party had undisputed control. A leader, as far as his neighbors were concerned, but otherwise a mere member of a party machine, in that state where machine politics has reached the highest stage of development with the least taint of corruption.

Some of Jack Harris's friends in Dalton, the county-seat, had been agitating for his nomination as the Republican candidate for the state assembly. His town had not been represented there for years; it was manifestly its turn, and why should not Jack be the man? There were but few in Cherry Creek qualified to fill the place; it ought to be easy to persuade Squire Preston to support Jack, and of course that would be sufficient for his nomination. The Squire had repeatedly said that Cherry Creek would select the candidate this year, and probably he already had Jack in his mind. The people of Cherry Creek took up the idea with enthusiasm, and soon some one mentioned it to the Squire. The latter was evidently surprised, and thought for a moment before giving his opinion. Then he quietly remarked that Harris was rather young and inexperienced, and that it was quite a responsible office. The effect on the ardor of some of Jack's supporters was instant, especially of those who were desirous of favors from "the old man." They also reflected that Jack was young and inexperienced, and began to reiterate these sentiments in public. In their own minds they were confident that the Squire had already made his choice of some other man, and they tried in vain to

satisfy themselves as to his identity. Not a few suddenly came into possession of castles in Spain, of which they had formerly not the slightest thought.

As the time for the caucus drew near, all was excitement in the usually peaceful village; but there was more discussion than dispute. Jack's friends were not really sure of the Squire's position, and dared not say much against him, while the Squire's supporters, also ignorant of what he really wished, were very cautious in their expressions of opinion, and confined themselves to the mild doubts which "the old man" seemed to entertain. But no other subject aroused much interest or remained the topic of conversation for any length of time on Saturday afternoons, when nearly all the voters of Cherry Creek were gathered in the various public places.

Meanwhile the Squire had been thinking, and thinking hard. For the man whom he desired to seat in the assembly was himself. He had not hitherto considered Harris's possible candidacy; he really had thought him too young. But had he been right? Jack was keen, far-sighted, and prudent; he could trust his judgment in anything; he had known him since boyhood, and his father had been one of his warmest friends. Jack had been at the house often, had asked and received his advice on different matters, and had relieved him of considerable anxiety by generally accompanying Mary on her afternoon rides. Perhaps— no, there could be nothing in that; they both happened to own saddle-ponies; they had played together when children. A mere kindness of Jack's, a matter of course. Probably wanted to keep on the best of terms with the old gentleman; might want to be district attorney sometime—nice young fellow, Jack, and clever, too. But— Assemblyman Preston, maybe sometime Senator Preston, that would be a reward for his years of faithful

work and his busy life. He could then settle down in complete retirement, and see his daughter married to some worthy young man,—possibly Jack,—perhaps sell the old place and live with Mary in the city. And what was to hinder the fulfilment of all these dreams? Jack, of course he was too young, young and inexperienced—that was it—and after all he would n't feel justified in supporting Jack, at any rate—pretty responsible office. Perhaps Jack might be available for next term; the place now belonged to the Squire, he deserved it, and moreover he wanted it.

III.

The caucus was to come on Saturday. Friday morning the Squire rose early, and was ready for breakfast before his daughter had come down-stairs. He went to the door which opened out on his driveway and on the yard at the side of the house, and stood on the threshold, breathing the crisp morning air. The sun had just risen above the clouds on the horizon and was fairly started on its course, the morning haze which had rested on the earth had been almost dispelled, and the sky was gradually changing its dumb and expressionless gray for the exquisitely eloquent blue, which gives to the autumn, when all else is so changed, a touch of the freshness of spring. The fields had long since given up their grain, and were now covered with useless stubble, or dark soil which had been recently turned up by the plow; the twice-mowed hay-fields had now become pastures, and the cattle had just begun to graze there, as their driver barred the gate. The trees along the fences no longer displayed green foliage, and on many of them even the red and yellow leaves had begun to fall, bringing into greater prominence the black branches, and, on the hickories, the scattered nuts. Nearer, in the garden under the shade of old apple trees, the dew

glistened on plants and weeds, on whatever was still green. Here and there were large piles of barrels, ready to be filled in their places, or be taken over into the orchard, which was separated from the garden by the lane leading from the back yard through the fields to the wood-lot in the distance. The yard was carefully mowed, and ornamented with occasional rosebushes or evergreen shrubbery. From the door where the Squire was standing a gravel walk led around to the front of the house, where it joined the broader walk of flagstone. Nearer the garden was the driveway, which led to carriage and horse barns in the rear. On the other side of the road were large barns for his hay and grain, and smaller buildings for other purposes. And straight before him, the landscape which has been described, not luxuriant, nor yet barren, but such as any farmer likes to look upon, when his crops have been harvested, and his summer's work done. The Squire felt that he had made a success of life; he felt quite satisfied with himself and the world.

He had done a hard day's work the day before; he had kept his friends busy canvassing assigned districts, and they had returned to him at night with favorable reports, and assurances of victory. The party would stand by its recognized leaders, and let them use their judgment in selecting a candidate. Visions of the assembly hall had been before his eyes as he lay in bed that night, until they were at last driven away by a needed but most unwelcome sleep, so profound as not to admit of dreams. And now he greeted his housekeeper with an unusually hearty good morning as she came in to make final preparations for breakfast. Turning from the open door he was about to pick up a newspaper from the stand, and settle down in an easy chair, when his daughter entered the room. She was an undeniably pretty girl at any time, and now more than ever, dressed in a blue

morning gown, and with a little deeper tinge of color than was usual on her cheeks.

"Good morning, papa."

"How bright you look this morning, Mary. But I got the start of you for once, for I've been up for half an hour; and breakfast is n't ready yet. Just look outdoors for a moment, and see what a fine day we're going to have for the men to pick apples, and for you to take that Sunday-school class of yours on the nutting expedition you promised them up in that beech grove."

"I've something to tell you, papa, and if breakfast is n't ready yet, I'll tell you now. Only you must come into the parlor, so that nobody will hear." Her face became more and more flushed as she said this, and she had some difficulty in pronouncing the last words. The Squire allowed himself to be led into the next room, and forced into a large chair. His daughter sat on its arm, and began to speak at once, though with a great deal of hesitation and confusion:

"Papa, you know, Jack,—why we were out riding a pretty long time yesterday, did n't you think so, papa? And when —why, papa, Jack asked me if I—I would—"

"And you—" interrupted the Squire, eagerly.

"I knew you liked Jack, papa, and I—I like him very, very much, and—and—Jack says he is sure that he'll be elected, for the others dare n't even tell who's going to be the one against him—nominated, I mean. He thinks you're going to help him—and he'll be an assemblyman, and make a reputation. Then we'll go to the city, perhaps,—Jack, and you, and I, papa—for you must come and live with us, and—why, papa, what's the matter? I—I thought—you would n't—"

"Don't, dear, wait till noon anyway; you must give me time to think it over, you know, for I really had n't—"

"Yes, papa, but of course you—"

"Do n't say anything more about it now, Mary. Come, there is breakfast all ready and waiting for us."

Little was said during the meal, and that on the most general topics. The Squire was the first to finish, and with a mumbled excuse, he rose from the table, took his hat from the rack, and started off down the lane towards the woods, his favorite walk. He had even forgotten to whistle for his dog, or take with him his stick, and walked along with head bent, and evidently deep in thought. His daughter stood in the doorway, her face expressing the struggle that was going on in her heart between her sense of courage and the strangely mingled feelings of doubt and joy, which were working together to overcome it, and watched him until a clump of trees hid him from her sight.

IV.

"Well, boys," said the Yankee, whose acquaintance we have already made, "I jest see by the paper that Jack's first speech come durned near bein' a corker. Yer kin bet yer last punkin 't he 'll be right amongst 'em any day in the week."

"Begorra, Oi knowed the mon hod the shtuff in 'im, an' 't would hov been a domn dirthy thrick av the Shquire not to hov turned in and holped him. Shure 'n 't was white av 'im to do the nominatin' himsilf, after he 'd gone 'n worruked agin 'im, loike Oi knowed 'e did at first, but 't would hov been bod for 'im if Jack 'd ever got it wid him favorin' somebody else, domned ef it would not."

"But look 'ere, boys," said the first speaker, "I do n't b'lieve the old man went an' changed his 'pinion that way fer nothin'. The wimmen folks up to my house has figgered it all out, an' I 'll be gol-darned if I do n't b'lieve they 've

hit it. They calc'late that them two, Jack 'n' the gal, has had an understanding a darn sight longer than people think, and they would n't be s'prised, nor I either, that Jack went an' perposed jest about the time of that air caucus. I hev allus reckoned that he was one of the clev'rest fellers in these parts, and, by gum, that proved it." And with a self-satisfied chuckle he looked around for the approval of the rest of the group.

"I ain 't got no idee who he was goin' to run, but to think ole Bill Preston 'd be sech a dumb fool ez to let 'is gal run 'im," said the old man in the arm-chair, "but Bill thinks a lot o' that gal. Haow he us' to talk about 'er an' what a pert little gal she was, when him an' me was trampin' over these 'ere hills. Them was the days when they was n't many a man in the county could aim a gun better 'n us. Why——." All drew their chairs and boxes closer in order to hear the inevitable story.

Charles H. Seaver.

FROM DARKNESS TO DAWN.

The hands on the illuminated clock face in the church tower on the corner pointed to half past eleven when Dr. Vane ascended the steps of a house on upper Fifth avenue, and, being admitted, entered the dimly-illuminated hall. The only light came from the lamp on the newel post, the bronze figure of a Satyr holding the lamp high above its head, the flickering flame of which caused the bronze face with its satiric expression to seem to leer at him as he passed up the broad stairway. There was that peculiar oppressive stillness which is always to be noticed in a house in which sickness has set its foot, and it seemed to Vane, as he went up, that the whistles from the boats in the East river sounded louder than usual, and the distant roar of the city traffic was more distinct.

He passed into the bedroom where the night-lamp, glowing dimly like a live coal in its opalescent globe, made the largest possible shadows and gave the least possible light. The nurse rose as he entered.

"There has been no change since you were last here."

"Thank you. You had better get some rest now, I will stay with him for an hour or so."

He moved to the bed, and stood looking at the sick man. It was a fine face with its well-marked features, firm mouth, and crowned with the white hair. The sickness had not altered it, and the pallor rather heightened the aristocratic expression than otherwise. He turned away, and sitting down by the window, raised the shade, and looked out into

the night. It had commenced to rain since he came in, and the wet pavement glistened in the light of the arc lamps which stretched away in converging lines down the long vacant avenue. A belated cab went past, the rattle of its wheels on the pavement growing fainter as it disappeared. Somehow it set him thinking of the passing life of the man who lay so still on the other side of the room, and who was now beyond his aid. The man whose past life was known to none apparently, at least to none in New York.

He was known only since his coming five years before for his large fortune and willingness to aid in all good works, respected and loved by all who knew him, founder of a hospital and a free school, always ready to aid in philanthropic work of any kind. He himself had known him only as a generous and public-spirited man. He wondered why he had never alluded to the past.

How long Vane sat, he did not know, his thoughts had turned to other matters, but the striking of the clock aroused him from his revery. There was a little light in the east, a gray streak that made the street lamps look pale, and the prospect more dreary than before. It showed the low hanging clouds and made the long street seem like a canyon, the sides of which looked higher in the uncertain light.

He rose and went over to the bed. Yes, that cancer was doing its work steadily, and the man would soon pass into the future, as unknown as the past. The nurse entered, and the two stood looking down on the impassive face.

"I think he is unconscious now," said Vane. They were silent for a few moments; the nurse was the first to speak.

"Do you think there is any hope?"

"No, it will kill him," was the brief reply.

To his surprise his words seemed to arouse the sick man and he turned uneasily and muttered, "Kill him, yes." Then

a change came over his face, it was no longer the face they had known, for it was now distorted, his eyes seeming to pierce the walls that enclosed him, and see some horror invisible to those beside him that drew him irresistibly to it.

He started up and raised his right hand as if in the act of taking an oath, and said in a drawn and lifeless voice, "I plead guilty, Your Lordship." Then the light in his eyes seemed to burst, and then go out, and he sank back.

Vane turned away, the dull gray light had begun to fill the room, and the whistles from the river, which had recommenced, sounded dully, mingled with the sounds of life from the awakening city. A new day had begun and brought with it the answer to his question.

Dudley Butler.

NAPOLEON.

"Nations rarely comprehend in adequate season, those prescient nds which anticipate impending calamities, and prepare for them ıile they are yet far off."

When change was imminent amid the hills,
  And autumn winds forgot their fiercer moods,
Half hesitant to break the song that thrills
  Æolic themes through forest solitudes,
Then, with an innate sense, one tree alone
  Had marked the summer's masque as nearly spent
And turned to red; the rest, when frost had come,
  Were to the prescient red obedient.

A nation danced a summer's morris-dance
  And Callous Carnage for a space o'erawed
    Delayed to strike; one man alone foresaw,
And girt himself to greet red fear's advance.
  His keen, prophetic eye has marked him lord,
    Before the rest incarnadined for war.

Philip Richards Dunbar.

THE PROFESSOR'S CHRISTMAS.

Snow was falling fast as the seniors hurried to the last recitation of the term, great flakes so thick and swift that one seemed almost to hear them as they struck the great heaps already piled, and settled quickly down upon the levels. Every branch hung heavy with its burden, and into the setting of the windows the light flurries had heaped little drifts which lay against the panes in all sorts of fantastic shapes. The lights of the classroom shone cheerily out into the night, throwing into view thousands of the darting white crystals as they hurried past the windows, now and again driven against the pane by a light scurry of wind.

This beating of the storm without, and the warmth stealing steadily through chilled limbs, made the room seem very comfortable indeed, while the prospect of vacation and the spirit of the holidays showed their effect plainly in the good nature of the class, and the easy satisfaction with which they settled contentedly down into their seats. Doctor Graves moved nervously in his chair, seeming to appreciate quite fully that these men came to him in no mood for that which he was supposed to present, but he entered soon upon the discussion of the subject. He was a man who could understand fellows, very patient withal; an occasional doze during his most animated lectures was not remarkable, and usually brought no reproach, only now and then a rather broken apologetic acknowledgment of his inability to make the subject interesting, and his own regret therefor. This patience, and the readiness with which he took upon him-

self the fault usually not his at all, was by no means an evidence of weakness in him; indeed, his life was so true an exemplification—almost incarnation—of retiring, humble strength, that in his heart every fellow gave to this kindly, gray-haired teacher his deepest respect. These self-accusations of his always shamed the fellows for a time into the most considerate and respectful attention, for they recognized his complete mastery of the subject, and regretted most deeply that from any action or attitude of theirs he should feel that he was weak and unsuccessful. His wish was to do so very much, his interest so warm, and his spirit so sensitive, that the thought of slight failure, even, gave him real pain and grief. But fellows do forget easily and selfishly, and there seemed unusual occasion at this closing hour of the long fall term. There was evident inattention, distraction, and lack of interest. Thoughts were far away from time and place, and, despite his recognition of the cause of it all, there was pain and discouragement in his voice as he touched upon point after point in an earnest, almost eager way, endeavoring to rally to the occasion all the magnetism and interest of his theme, and the force of his own tired spirit.

Twenty years he had given to his work his best effort and power. Many times he had asked himself, if there had ever been any evidence that he had brought to one man, even, a truth or principle which had made him a stronger, a truer man, more fit for life. His love for the work had led him to this place and kept him here. It had meant much of sacrifice and labor. So far as money and luxuries went, it had brought him little; his remuneration had been in the thought that he was helping to make men, and in the light of that feeling it had been hard only at times to do without, and to turn from openings which had come to stations more desira-

ble to one less unselfish and purposeful. Now he began to feel himself forced to the admission that there had been no assurance of success at all proportional to the hope and effort he had given. There would be such sweet satisfaction in knowing that at least one life had been broadened and strengthened for good purpose by some effort or word of his.

He was speaking rather absently, by reason of this dejection, and questioning within himself, and turned to the windows as if listening to the beat of the fast falling flakes, when the opening of the door, and the step of one who seemed to hesitate at entering, turned his attention quickly to that direction, and cut short his words.

"Do you mind, sir, if I drop in for a few moments? I would like very much to listen."

"You are very welcome, sir." Dr. Graves was always gracious; to-night his sadness gave a tone of tenderness to the words with which he greeted the visitor.

A stranger he was to all, a slight man, old beyond his years, through dissipation. His eyes were mournful, yet lighting at times, as he noted very intently each word of the teacher, whom he followed with the closest interest. He had taken his seat by the door, and to the fellows behind him gave little attention, only once or twice noting their indifference.

By the time the gymnasium clock had struck its three chimes, the lecture was over, and Dr. Graves paused for a moment, looking thoughtfully out into the snowy evening, yet evidently seeing not at all the whirl of flakes before the window, nor the white streaking of their flight past the lamps about the campus.

Suddenly turning to his class, with a weariness about his eyes, and a slight trembling in his voice, he said: "My friends, we have worked together for one term. I trust that

we have gained something worth the while. I have tried to bring to you something which should make you stronger, not in point of information alone, but in that realization of principles and laws from which we draw lessons for our own lives. I confess that I have not satisfied myself, I fear I have not done justly by you; every term's ending brings me to a sort of judgment on myself; and in the light of what I might do and would do, that which I have done seems almost to convict me of betrayal of trust. I have seen many men come into this room for the first time, and go out, after a few weeks of listening and thinking, for the last time. As they went, I have realized more and more that my opportunity with them was past, my privilege had been used, the purpose for which my life has strengthened and kept itself, had been served, in one way or another, once for all with them. This last day has never come with any assurance that it had all been worth while; my only satisfaction has been in feeling that I was doing what I could. No one has ever said,—'You have helped me.' I do not say this to you in any complaining mood. I do not ask for any word of praise. I do ask this, not for myself, but for my interest in you and the lives you touch. In this evening of the year, when hearts look backward and forward, will you not remember that 'gratitude is the fairest flower on the tree of life, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.' And in this season, when gifts are given, and love speaks in offerings, often humble, if there is one who has brightened or strengthened your life, pay him the debt of your gratitude; give him that assurance, at least, that his life has been to some purpose. It will give him new spirit. You can see it for yourself, if you would stand in his place.

"Some of you are going home to a mother who is aging, over whose way the shadows are lengthening. Do not wait

for the opening of the grave to strew your flowers, let them brighten eyes that see. They will be sweet to her. Speak now some of the words which are usually neglected till they are only spoken of her to others. Let her know your gratitude, it is such a little thing for you to do, and means so much to her. Let it not be enough that you are kind and thoughtful, that is the duty of your manhood; this expression of thankfulness may be the privilege of your sonship. There is no service or sacrifice for which a hearty word of thanks does not pay; sometimes we would do our utmost for the grip of a fellow's hand, when words cannot suffice. There is satisfaction in doing one's duty, a sort of stolid pride in sacrificing for others, but how comforting it would be if we might know surely about the fruits of these efforts of ours, might be able to count our achievements over on Christmas day, and say, 'I tried to help him, and I did.'

"Well, fellows, these are not exactly the sort of words one would expect from a man in my position, but I am sure you understand me. As you grow older, you will understand more clearly. I thank you for the courtesies you have shown me. I wish for you all good things always, and, for now, a Christmas whose joy may be in the knowledge of success in some hearty effort."

There are those who believe that one has only to find the way to a man's heart to learn that there is in him an "undiscovered continent of character." Such an optimist would have looked with triumph into the kinder, brighter faces of these fellows; not even the habitually indifferent one was thoughtless now, but sat looking out into the snow with something like a new light in his eyes. No one moved to go out, something held them. The stranger moved nervously in his seat for a moment, then rose abruptly, and began, slowly:

"I came here, sir, to speak with you alone. I had some-

thing for you. I think I have something for my friends here, now, if they will let me say it. I am not a graduate of this college. I am not a college man. I have never seen you before, but I have known you a long time. You cannot know all I mean when I say that. You cannot know what that acquaintance has been to me, nor how it has shaped my life. It was not to see you that I came, not through any curiosity,—it was gratitude. You may think it strange you have never seen me—never spoken to me, do not know my name or anything about me, but in gratitude to you I have come a long distance to tell you that I appreciate it all. You are wondering how it can be? I have a friend, who sat in this room ten years ago. I suppose it looked very much the same, then. I daresay he came in here very much as these men have, and went out as they have; it may be that there were times when he was restless and abstracted, but he did not miss the tone of all these hours; he did not forget the character of the words he heard, he took from it all something which never left him, because it was part of him. He taught me the meaning of friendship. I had little notion of that sort of thing; I knew 'a hale fellow well met,' but I have had only one friend.

"When I would not leave my life, he left his, and came with me, giving up the prospect of professional success, and the things he cared for, and, in order to take me from associations which were vicious, he traveled with me through the mountains and plains of our own country, and afterward in the jungles and wastes of the Old World, avoiding those centres of civilization, giving to me the entire devotion of his life. You can understand that loyalty of that sort triumphs, and when I learned the feeling and motive which could prompt that sort of thing, I wanted it. It was no sentimentality, no weak idea of duty; it was a firm conviction that

the possibilities in one man warrant infinite pains, that there is some chord in the heart of every men which will respond to loyal interest and loving devotion. He had ideals which seemed to me almost too high; his conception of the privileges of life was most noble, there was something in me which responded, and my friend has made me more and more nearly what I might be.

"This is all very personal; it may seem aimless, but I am coming to that. From where did these ideals come? At whose hands did he receive this conception of manhood? Who had led him to this plane of thought? You, sir! Perhaps not by any direct word, perhaps by no series of lectures or themes, but it was you, sir. He caught the spirit of your life, learned your personality, connected with you certain great thoughts which came to him at your suggestion; you became the personification of noble manliness to him. I am not fancying all this; it is no device of my imagination; I have lived with him eight years, and I know that you have been the inspiration of his life, not in memory, but in living incarnation—I may almost say—following you so closely, thinking of you so reverently, that in him I have known you, because he is like you; a product of your teaching, your thinking, your life.

"Nobody ever told you that you had helped them; there have been times when all this hardly seemed worth the while; your life has been sad at times, because you could not see results. If you had labored a thousand years, sir, and had given to the world only that one true man, he who taught me the meaning of friendship, woke in me the divine spirit of manhood, showed to me the beauty and glory of reasonable, purposeful living, you had done well. There are men who sat in these seats before you, in the days gone, now leading the world's thought and action; in the seats before

you, to-day, there are those whose lives shall be strong for advancement and for humanity. They may not come to you in any acknowledgment of that which they have received—it is not natural that they should—but you should know that, because you have given them your best, and done what you could. Some glorious part in their success is yours. I have told you of my debt. I cannot pay it, but I shall remember you, sir, and hope somebody may know you in me."

Up through the storm to the cheer of his home went this gray-haired teacher. He appeared not to care for the snow, which beat upon his upturned face. His shoulders seemed squarer than usual, his step more vigorous, his whole being more spirited and buoyant. At the sound of his step on the porch, the door opened, after a rush of little feet, and into his arms leaped the light of his home, sunny-haired, fair-faced, joyous; and when she had helped to tug off the great coat, with her little hands scarcely reaching his sleeve, and had led him happily in to his big chair by the open fire, she climbed up into his lap, and, looking into his face said, after a moment, with her child's perception, "Why, papa, what makes you look so happy? Are you glad that Christmas is coming?"

Franklin Boyd Edwards.

SUGGESTIONS.

"Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eût l'air d'une pensée."—*Beaumarchais.*

THE PIOUS VICTOR.

O Lord of Battles, in whose ear
  The nation's prayers that thou wilt bless
Their arms in fight, rise year on year,
  We lately prayed in anxiousness.
We bow our heads in prayer again—
  We would Thou had'st been troubled less
About this little war with Spain.

J. M.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE OLDER PERSON.

There was once a Young Man who wanted friends more than anything else in the world, and was much cast down because he found it very hard to make them. So he went to an Older Person for whose opinion he had great respect, and told his trouble, asking for advice.

The Older Person considered for awhile and then said to him, "You know many men, do you not; what do you give to those with whom you would be friends?"

"As much as they will let me," answered the Young Man eagerly. "My time until they weary of me, the best of my thought always, my money if they have need of it, and my sympathy—although they seldom ask for that," he added

"And what," asked the Older Person, "do you receive from those with whom you would be friends?"

The Young Man was silent for a long while, at last he answered slowly. "Now that I come to consider it, I receive very little."

"That is strange," answered the Older Person, "men are not generally so sparing of the good that is in them. Have none ever offered you anything in return for all you have given?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the Young Man, "many things. But to take what they offered I would have had to change certain ideals and principles on which I have tried to form my life; and that I cannot do, for I feel that it would weaken my character."

"What makes you think so?" said the Older Person.

"To give up what one feels to be right is always weak," replied the Young Man. And he shut his lips firmly together.

"Do your ideals and principles never change?" asked the Older Person.

"Yes," said the Young Man, "I am sorry to say that they do. Many things that I once thought wrong do not seem so to me now, and I can forgive faults that I used to consider unpardonable."

"To whom," asked the Older Person, "do you think that this change is chiefly due?" And the Young Man mentioned the name of one whom they both knew.

"You say that he has lowered your ideals," said the Older Person; "therefore I suppose you consider him an enemy."

"On the contrary," cried the Young Man, warmly, "if I have any friend at all, it is he!"

And then he stopped in some confusion, for the Older Person was laughing at him. *H. R. C.*

HELEN.

Out from the meadow-glades,
  Callow of song;
Where the warm twilight fades
  Dim ways along.

Down by the sea's cold strand,
  Where the waves break;
Down where the grim cliffs stand,
  Heartless and bleak.

Out from the storm-cloud's crest,
  Thy face appears—
By saddened dreams oppressed,
  Thy mem'ry cheers.

J. O. T.

ASTOR

CHAT.

[The LIT is in no wise responsible for communications published in these columns. Communications should be signed with the writer's name as a guarantee of good faith.]

DEAR CHAT:—Nothing is sadder than to see old friends fall into weakness, disrepute, and decay. Nothing can be more heartrending than to have the present qualities of weak-mindedness, sometimes even imbecility recall the old days of youth and vigor. Surely when such a fate comes prematurely to one from whom we still expected great things, we are warranted in saying that "*things have not turned out fortuitously.*"

"What is going to become of the Weekly?" That is the question that one hears of a Friday morning at the post-office. One man after another glances down the pages of tasteless editorials, to which even the introduction of scare heads cannot hold the attention of the most casual. Half of them, perhaps, are concerned with the announcements and affairs of one valued college organization, the other half (seemingly written by dint of much racking of the ambitious brains of Freshmen aspirants) general in their character and indefinite as to point. The whole is liberally peppered with poor taste, poor spelling, and much crime against the Queen's English. Following these, we have, if we are "*fortuitous*" a cobweb—usually, of true literary merit—and often vastly amusing. Then, among the "News Items," notice of an Art Course lecture, perhaps, consisting of various scrappy and disjointed

sentences; probably all of them real utterances of the lecturer, but in their present chaotic condition, only less like a resumé of the lecture than like any pad. The whole undoubtedly would win success transferred to a wax phonograph-cylinder in the voice of John McCullough. What an inspiration it must be to the lecturer to read these glowing words.

"Why," everyone is asking, "is this thus?"

Has not the scheme of faculty collaboration in the selection of candidates fostered a literary spirit? Or is the time of the editors fully taken up with the processes and details of managerial election. The editors are right in implying that one in their position "*should not divert his mind from his paper.*" It is small wonder that they did not "*feel equal to the task of getting out a paper and studying for final examinations at the same time.*"

That, however, was not an unmixed misfortune. A friend of your correspondent once said that in the case of "Examinations versus Weekly," he much preferred the examinations.

But it all returns to the old question, "What can be done about the Weekly?" Can any of your readers suggest something?

Junius.

THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS.

Rumors of a most disquieting nature have reached the Scribe's ears in regard to various breaches of the honor system. The Scribe believes that the offender or offenders, as the case may be, belong to the Freshman class, and it seems to him quite proper to address a few words of admonition to the members of that class.

The honor system as it now stands, was first adopted by the college during the Freshman year of the present Senior class, and nobody but members of that class probably entirely realizes and understands the many advantages of the system. Certainly none but they appreciates the difference between the old spy system, when everybody felt it to be quite the proper thing to "get into the faculty" on exams, and the present just and free method by which college students are treated like men and gentlemen.

For the past two years there has not been a single case brought up for trial before the student committee, and the Scribe was in hopes that the existence of such a board of trial would be in the future merely a formality. And the board ought to be simply a formality; the spirit ought to be such in the college that from the day men enter until they graduate the honor system should be to them the most sacred, the most guarded possession and right of their student life.

The men of Williams are universally known as gentlemen, and the reputation of our Alma Mater is a heritage which

each undergraduate should appreciate. Let us all be careful that no one sullies her fair name and good repute.

From our exchanges we clip the following:

GOD'S LIBRARY.

Our souls are riddles, even to ourselves,
  And to each other they are volumes closed,
Which may, indeed, be lifted from the shelves,
  But turning o'er the leaves there is exposed
The unknown tongue of some undreamed of land,
And could we read, we would not understand.

We only know that some in red and gold,
  And some in faded, sombre shades are bound,
And what perchance a tattered page may hold,
  Or what may be in brighter bindings found,
Is lost to our untutored eyes that see
The senseless blot so much more easily.

And if in heedless search there may appear
  Some hidden book which lingers in the hand,
And gazing long, it seems at last that here
  May rest the words the heart can understand,
We partly guess and so spell out with care
Some lines of all that God hath written there.

—*Cornell Era.*

TRIFLERS.

A whirl of skirts and a lightsome laugh,
Red lips, curled in a tempting bow,
Brown eyes' challenge, provoking, sweet—
I stooped in a moment and kissed you so.
  (*For the mistletoe hung in the paneled hall*
  And a kiss is a trifle after all.)

A trifle, surely, but tell me, pray,
What have you done with my earnest plan
To "live for the good of the human race,"
To "think and work for my fellow-man."

Last night it mastered my every wish
And never a trace of it now I find;
'T is vanished and gone like a sun-sped mist,
And naught finds dwelling in heart or mind

Save the haunting gleam of a curly head
And a mischievous, mocking, girlish face,
And an echo of laughter, trilling out
In eerie music about the place.

How should I know that soft, warm lips
Could wield such perilous, ruthless might?
And you —— are dancing with some one else,
The kiss and its giver forgotten quite.
(*For the mistletoe hung in the paneled hall*
And a kiss is a trifle after all.)

—*Grace Goodale, in The Morningside.*

GOLF.

Love and a maiden played at golf,
All on a summer's day;
The balls they used were maidens' hearts,
The clubs were Cupid's fearsome darts;
And merrily went the play.

Sweet, sweet was the song the robins sang,
And blue was the sky above,
The breeze swept over the daisied lea
And turned it into a rippling sea,
While the maiden played with Love.

"Ah, Love!" the maiden cried in fear,
As Cupid raised his dart;
She watched the ball soar far away,
And all that weary, livelong day
She hunted for her heart.

Book Reviews.

The City Wilderness. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

A description and study of the social influences and conditions in South End, Boston, by inmates and associates of the South End House, edited by Robert A. Woods.

The South End is east of the Back Bay and merges into Roxbury. Its worst quarter is but fifteen minutes walk from Beacon St., and the whole area is not more than one half square mile. Here, in an average city poor district, are found all the essential features that our municipal life presents. The whole district is controlled absolutely by political bosses, and the amount of lesser crime and vice is astounding. To any one desiring a better understanding of the present problem of city government and the enormousness of the task of social and civil service reform, this

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book can give a clear presentation of subjects dealing directly with that question. The chapters on "The Roots of Political Power" and "Criminal Tendencies" are most remarkable in what they present. A notable feature is a series of colored plates showing relations and proportions of races, industries, etc., in the district.

THE MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's.—The complete novel in the February issue of *Lippincott's* is "For the French Lilies," by Isabel Nixon Whiteley. The action is chiefly in Italy in 1511-12, and in this remote period the author shows herself at home.

Wardon Allan Curtis tells "The Tale of the Doubtful Grandfather," and a most extraordinary tale it is, such as surely was never told before. In "A Night in Devil's Gully," Owen Hall records an Australian experience of a kind now happily rare.

Austin Bierbower, in "A Diplomatic Forecast," predicts that the leading and predominant powers will soon be England, Russia, and the United States, with Germany as a bad fourth—unless she attacks and overcomes Russia before the latter has carried out her Asiatic plans.

"Cyrano de Bergerac," the play now so much talked of, is the sub-

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ject of an article by Lionel Strachey. H. E. Warner inquires, "Will Poetry Disappear?" and inclines to think it will.

"Lambeth Palace" is briefly described by G. F. Burnley. D. O. Kellogg writes of "James Wilson and His Times," and James M. Scovel supplies some "Recollections of Lincoln."

The poetry of the number is by Viola Roseboro, Dora Read Goodale, Clarence Urmy, and Harrison S. Morris.

Outing.—*Outing* for February offers a generous supply of exceedingly interesting text and artistic illustrations. The number opens with "The New England Fox-Hunt," which is followed by many stirring descriptions of outdoor life and adventures in all parts of the world. The contents are: "The New England Fox-Hunt," by Herbert L. Jilson; "The Man-Eating Tiger," by J. H. Porter, M. D.; "Ma Blonde," a complete story of Canadian life, by M. Gertrude Cundill; "The Savannah Yacht Club," by W. B. Sutlive; "Suburban Tobogganing," by Alice Chittenden; "In the Land of the Lion and the Sun Awheel," by Thomas G. Allen; "Beaver Shooting," by F. Houghton; "The Evolution of the Double-Huller," by A. J. Kenealy; "Bowling," by J. P. Paret; "Caiman Capture in Venezuela," by Winifred Johnes; "Kingfishing," by J. D. Peabody, M. D.; "The Bay Birds of the Colorado," by T. S. Van Dyke; "Some Ice-Yachting Adventures," by Norman

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Wright; "Shooting on the Gulf Coast," by W. B. Leffingwell; "Winter Work with the Camera," by Dr. John Nicol; "Fishing in Hawaiian Waters," and the usual editorials, poems, and records.

The Outlook.—Portraits and sketches of men who are now prominently before the public abound in the February magazine number of *The Outlook.* Thus, there is a very fine portrait of Dr. N. D. Hillis, who succeeds Dr. Lyman Abbott as pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn; an illustrated article on Kipling by Robert Bridges, better known to many readers as the "Droch" of "Life;" a finely illustrated article about Kitchener of Khartoum; a Lincoln birthday page that comprises a strong original poem, a portrait, and a picture of the house in which Lincoln was born; a thoroughly readable article by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson about "My Literary Neighbors;" and an article by John Burroughs on "Nature Study," which is in an entertaining way autobiographic, and has a portrait of the author. Half a dozen or more other illustrated articles make up a number of unusual variety. ($3 a year. The Outlook Company, New York.)

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WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Events of the Month.

The Weekly Board

has elected A. D. Jenkins editor-in-chief and C. H. Seaver assistant editor-in-chief for next year. J. B. Richardson and John Bray were chosen business managers.

At the College Meeting

held on Wednesday, Jan. 18, resolutions were adopted in regard to Williams's position in reference to the triangular league.

An Illustrated Lecture

upon Venice was delivered by Professor Rice before the Art Association on Friday evening, Jan. 20.

The Second Entertainment

in the Thompson course was given on Monday evening, Jan. 23. It consisted of a lecture by Dr. Cunningham on English towns.

The Senior Class

held their class day elections on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 18.

The Day of Prayer

for colleges was held on Thursday, Jan. 25. Dr. Gordon of Boston preached in the chapel.

SANCTUM.

The much-vexed questions relative to the old triangular league reached their final settlement soon after the last college meeting. The results were a rupture with Dartmouth, the offer to Wesleyan of a place in the new triangular league, and Wesleyan's acceptance of the offer. It is hoped, though, that Dartmouth will not misunderstand the motives which led to the break in the old athletic relations. Self-defence, pure and simple, demanded the step, and no feeling of ill-will or prejudice worked to force us into the separation. College sentiment toward Dartmouth is still quite as friendly as it has been in the past, and few games are anticipated with such interest as those with Dartmouth in the spring.

The fact that the troubled waters of college diplomacy have been somewhat cleared is another thing to congratulate ourselves on.

Apropos of the same subject, it may be of interest to some of those who were present at the college meetings, to learn that news has been received that Wesleyan was in receipt of an offer of a league with Brown and Dartmouth, and that she declined to answer it definitely until the final settlement of the old triangular league matters in Williamstown.

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Vol. XIV. MARCH, 1899. No. 8.

ANTHONY HOPE.

In the lobby of a well known New York theater there hangs a small portrait, modestly framed and inconspicuous. Yet there is something very fascinating about it,—so fascinating, that one finds himself passing by the numerous portraits of stage beauties adorning the walls, and pausing again before this little picture. The portrait is of Anthony Hope. Four years ago Mr. Hope was comparatively unknown to us. To-day he is recognized as possibly the most successful writer of lighter romance which the latter half of this century has produced. Such success coming to a man not yet thirty-five years of age, seems phenomenal, and it may therefore be interesting to know something of Mr. Hope's career.

He was born in London and has spent his whole life there. His boyhood surroundings were far from romantic. While at school, he says: "I studied the prescribed text-books fairly well, and played football a trifle better." He graduated from

Oxford in the class of '85. He says of himself: "There, as during my boyhood and youth, my life was common-place and uneventful. Nothing marked it off from those of other boys, absolutely nothing,—I was an example of the average. There were two things which I must admit I had not, two things that are frequently considered to indicate future prominence: pugilistic encounters and literary ambitions. I did not even write poetry, and read very little of anything. I had not the slightest thought of ever taking up literature as my vocation."

For two terms after his graduation Mr. Hope remained at Oxford tutoring, by which means he supported himself. In 1887 he was admitted to the Bar. He was far from successful at the law, so to fill in time and amuse himself, he began to write. In 1889 he completed his first work, "A Man of Mark." The story was an exposure of a South American swindling company, and was founded on fact. The book, at least financially, was a failure.

Mr. Hope then showered the magazines with short stories, very few of which ever got into print. "Father Stafford," his next book, was also a financial failure. This is the only one of Mr. Hope's books which seems to have been written with a moral. His later efforts are more pleasing than purposeful.

Several of Mr. Hope's magazine contributions appeared about this time, and may be said to have been the starting point of his success. It is not necessary to follow in detail his efforts from that time on. Mr. Hope is essentially a worker. He was not in the least daunted by the cold reception given his maiden efforts, and since 1889 he has completed twelve books besides one play and numerous short stories.

Possibly the four books which have brought him most of his success, are "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," "Phroso," and "Rupert of Hentzau." The "Dolly

Dialogues" fairly sparkles, so bright is the conversation between its covers, and it is hard for us to believe that it is not an entirely spontaneous production, the notes of a memory long accustomed to the usages and manners of society. In point of fact they belong entirely to Mr. Hope, have been evolved entirely from his inner self, and only by dint of much labor on his part.

"Phroso" is considered by some superior to the "Prisoner of Zenda." The latter was written in Mr. Hope's chambers at Temple Bar, with the din of the London streets continually in his ears. When we know of Mr. Hope's uneventful life, of the fact that he has never traveled, and is not in any sense of the word a social man, this seems the more wonderful to us. This is undoubtedly his most popular work. He was once asked how he came to conceive of it. He replied: "I would say in a moment if I could, but it is a mystery even to myself. The idea came one morning after a case in court. I began immediately to put it on paper. The whole story as a series of pictures was in my mind."

As to his latest novel, "Rupert of Hentzau," there is a very diversified opinion. Many hold that a sequel to the "Prisoner of Zenda" was absolutely necessary, certainly it was inevitable, and it was as inevitable that all who read the "Prisoner of Zenda" should read its sequel, merely to learn more of the people they had grown so to love. Mr. Hope himself in a recent address, said that romances dealt not with incidents, but with people. We are glad he has said this, because we felt it such a pity to mar the wholly delightful ending of the "Prisoner of Zenda." What more romantic, more satisfying, than that soulful chapter, "If Love were all."

"'I am mad!' I said sullenly.

"'I love your madness, dear,' she answered.

"'Is love the only thing?' she asked in low, sweet tones that seemed to bring a calm even to my wrung heart.

"'My part is lighter, for your ring shall be on my finger and your heart in mine, and no touch save of your lips will ever be on mine.'

"I kissed her as she bade me; but at the last she clung to me, whispering nothing but my name, and that over and over again—and again—and again; and then I left her."

Why may we not think of Flavia doing her duty by the king's side, nobly and peacefully through all her years—of Rudolf, back in quiet England, dreaming of "Streslau's crowded streets" or the "frowning keep" of Zenda, with the last memory he had of those scenes so dear to him ever in his mind—"through the air, from the towers of Zenda that we were leaving far away, into my ears and into my heart the cry of a woman's love—'Rudolf! — Rudolf! — Rudolf!"

Mr. Hope does not write offhand, nor even freely, as one would judge from his works, but his success has been due to a wonderfully imaginative brain, and to his own untiring efforts. Fascinating is the word above all others which describes his work. His stories are clever in their conception—swift and easy in their movement. His men are gentlemen. Even Rupert exclaimed, "I can't kill where I've kissed." One of his cleverest bids for popularity is in leaving his women almost wholly to our imagination. He rarely ever describes them. We are merely told that Flavia was possessed of a "pale face and glorious hair," that Phroso "had the most wonderful eyes in all the world." The Princess Osra, Dolly, and Phroso are all most profound flirts. They flirt with all their surroundings. They even find time to carry on a very successful flirtation with the reader. Another of Mr. Hope's most pleasing characteristics is his delightful blending of the lofty and the mundane. We feel perfectly

satisfied with the quantity of each which he portions out. His situations are never strained. Rudolf may be making the best of love to Flavia, but at Saft's suggestion he never demurs about ceasing, and proceeding immediately to the killing of anybody who is becoming an obstacle in their way.

It is hard to attribute Mr. Hope's success to any one thing. We believe, however, that the largest share of his popularity has come from the fact that in these days of intense realism, he has idealized two things—Love and Death.

THE ADVENTURE OF MICHELLE.

About three miles around the bay from the little Cape Breton fishing town the road forks. One division keeps on along the shore eastward as far as *Gros Nez*, the other turns inland and takes a winding southerly direction for three or four miles, leading down finally to the ocean on the other side of the cape. Here there is a hamlet of a dozen rude fisher-houses, as weather-beaten and comfortless as their bleak, exposed situation can make them. The road is almost too rough to travel over with a wagon, but that is no great disadvantage. The hard-working French fisherman has little use for such luxuries.

For the last two or three miles of its course the road passes through as dreary a country as can be imagined. Except for an occasional stunted, misshapen juniper, there is not a tree to be seen. Here and there are low, dense tangles of blueberry bushes about knee-high, and in some places are thick growths of creeping evergreen. The landscape is all in subdued colors,—dark greens and browns and greys,—far more attractive to an artist than to a farmer. It is a rough country;—there are little gullies and low swamps, and steep, rocky hills all around. The only inhabitants are the wandering sheep which "manage to keep soul and body together" on what must be scanty fare. Indeed they look half-starved. Many have had great patches of wool torn off in the thickets and others have twigs and briars sticking to their matted coats. Everything around is desolate and forsaken. The country people are afraid to pass by towards night, and their

natural fear of the region has been greatly increased by the eerie stories that are told of it. Many, hurrying through at dusk, have seen the little *lutins* running around in the shadows, and some have even had a glimpse of the white horse without any head racing around on cold nights.

But of all the dreadful things to be seen on the moors in the late twilights and evenings of winter none compares with *feu-fuyant.* Most of those who have seen this terror are unable to tell of it—because they are dead; but everyone knows what it is: a strange, uncertain sort of blaze, that sometimes appears to one as he hastens along the road. It seems to leap from rock to rock, from bush to bush, sometimes rising high in the air, and sometimes creeping along the ground, but always slowly drawing closer to the traveler. However fast he may flee, he cannot escape it, and finally it slides up to him with a hissing noise and disappears. But the man is in his death-sickness. They say, however, that there is one way of escaping the *feu-fuyant.* This is done by the help of a needle,—little things are sometimes so useful. When the fire begins its pursuit one must stick the needle upright in the first stump to be found and then run "*comme le diable.*" The *feu-fuyant* will get entangled in the eye of the needle and by whirling round and round will exhaust its own force. This is the way of safety.

It was, I presume, for the sake of encouraging the ignorant and superstitious fisher-people that Monsieur le Curé, many years ago, had a large cross planted on a mound near the way. The *calvaire* is still in place, though dilapidated by time and weather, and can be seen for some distance along the lonely road. The passer feels its protective influence as soon as he comes in view of it, and when he leaves it again by a turn of the road, the moors seem lonelier. And it has been a real protection, too, as is proved by the incident of

Michelle Fourgère,—the only person who ever escaped the *feu-fuyant* without a needle. Anyone can tell you about her, for though she has been dead many years, her story is well known by all the fishermen of the cape.

It seems that when she was still *une jeune fille* she had walked into town one November day to exchange a few pairs of strong, knitted socks for some finery or other. Michelle was soon to be married,—a fine, handsome girl, and pious, too. She would make a good wife for Honoré,—he needed some one to pray for him. It is a delicate matter to choose stuff for one's own wedding and before Michelle's affairs were done, to her surprise it was already late afternoon. Feeling nervous at the very thought of the six miles ahead of her she hurried down the road around the bay and before long was on the moors. But it was already dusk. The wind was rising to a real gale. Dark, rainy-looking clouds were beginning to blow up over the sky. The barrens had never been so lonely, and the dull break of the ocean against the rocks on the other side of the cape had a dismal, foreboding sound.

Michelle began to be thoroughly frightened. It scared her to think of the night being so near. She walked fast, hardly looking where she stepped, and thinking only of the horrible things that might happen. But suddenly her attention was attracted by a sort of luminous haze on one of the farthest hills, which even as she watched it seemed to compact itself and begin to move. Michelle felt a chill of fear run through her whole body. She knew only too well that she was looking at the *feu-fuyant*,—that she was lost. She had no needle. Michelle started to run.

The *feu-fuyant* slid down the hill, and began leaping from hag to hag in the peat-bog at its foot. Then it commenced to glide here and there among the rocks near the road some distance behind Michelle. It moved rapidly, almost noise-

lessly. The poor girl was already becoming exhausted with her swift running. She felt that she could not hold out much longer. She thought of all that she had planned to do that evening,—how she would have exhibited her new finery to her admiring friends,—how they would have laughed and chatted over each article. And she could see the face of Honoré all full of pleasure as he thought of their approaching wedding. She had not realized before the delight of living. Death had never seemed even a possibility to her, and now . . . . . She wished that she had been more lately to confessions . . . she was not ready to die . . . . .

Just then the road turned, and on the next hill, tall and black against a break in the sky, she saw the great *calvaire* of the curé. The sight sent a thrill of hope through her. She would try to reach it. Perhaps it would save her. She would believe so, anyway. There might still be a chance. But the *feu-fuyant* was rapidly coming up with her. She began to hear its low hiss above her own heart-throbs and the noise of the wind and sea. Now she was almost at the *calvaire*. Her head was reeling. She saw nothing but the great black arms of the cross. With one more effort she plunged forward and fell against it. The *feu-fuyant* circled around the spot for one moment, then with a sort of cracking explosion, vanished.

Michelle lay there all night, half conscious that she was saved, but not daring to move from the place. The next morning found her making her way home, numb with cold and exhausted by her experience; but she was very happy, for had she not escaped the *feu-fuyant*, and would not her name be immortal?

Hanna James Smith

THE COMING OF ISEULT.

Lo, I have come, who waited long
Tristram of Lyoness.
Thy word has called me and I have come.
(And oh, the days that thou hast been dumb,
  Tristram of Lyoness!)

Far lies the way to Cornwall's coast,
  Tristram of Lyoness.
But weary leagues of winter sea
Were a little thing, if they led to thee,
  Tristram of Lyoness!

The King's great hall is dark to-night,
  Tristram of Lyoness.
My women weep in the bower-place
For the King and his men have given chase,
  Tristram of Lyoness!

They may seek me long—yet seek in vain,
  Tristram of Lyoness;
They may harry the woods of Tintagel
But the sea it guardeth my secret well,
  Tristram of Lyoness!

And hast thou no word of welcoming,
  Tristram of Lyoness?
Look up, dear Love, and see where stands
Thine Iseult of the Healing Hands,
  Tristram of Lyoness.

Thy lips are dumb and thine heart is still,
  Tristram of Lyoness;
And another woman weeps o'er thee,
Ah, God! that the waves had covered me,
  Tristram of Lyoness!

Arthur Ketchum.

THE TALE OF A STORY.

Jack Thornton had known Marjory ever since he and she had been old enough to play together, so that in her presence he did not feel the same restraint as when talking to other girls. In his make-up he was very much a dreamer and something of a poet; but he was too fond of sitting with his pipe in front of the fire, and not fond enough of turning these dreams into poetry. He wrote stories, however, and by reason of these, he made a great many friends; and these friends, when they knew him better, were held by the personality of the man. It was so different from what they expected of one who seemed reticent and even shy, that they were surprised by it at first, but afterwards captivated. He was in no sense a man of the world. He respected and stood in awe of women, and had too good a heart in him for that. He was rather fond of Marjory, too, in his own way, but that was more the way of a brother than anything nearer. Very often he used to drop in and talk with her about his hopes and ambitions, so he felt very much at home as he leaned back on the divan in the library and watched the light of the fire play hide-and-seek in the girl's dark hair.

"I must n't forget," she said presently, breaking the pleasant little silence that had fallen upon them, "that I want very much to ask your advice. But you had better smoke,—I do n't mind,—and perhaps it will help you to think."

Jack thought it would, so he lit a cigar.

"I want to ask your advice about a story I am writing, if it won't bother you too much. You didn't know I had aspirations, did you? Well, I have, and I am afraid they are doomed unless I can get my characters out of the muddle they are in at present. My heroine"—

"Let's call her Marjory," Jack interrupted, as he took a pencil out of his pocket and started to jot down a few notes. "That is, if you don't mind," he hastened to add as he noticed a peculiar look on the girl's face.

"Marjory shook her head and went over and looked out of the window where the soft light of the street lamp fell on the clean snow. The heavy curtains hid her from Jack so that he could not see her face. After a minute of silence he heard her voice from the window recess.

"Now you must understand that Marjory is in love with two men. No? I don't mean that. I had better say that one is in love with her and she is very much in love with the other. Suppose that I call them No. 1 and No. 2. I don't know how I ever got them in such a fix, but it can't be changed now."

Jack nodded appreciatively.

"You see," Marjory went on, "she has known No. 2 for a very long time, and he has always seemed a sort of hero to her. At first only in a boyish way, but later she has grown to admire and love him for what he is. He seems so far superior to every other man she knows. My other character she admires, of course, and is very grateful for the deep love he has given her. I suppose women like to be loved, don't they?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes, I suppose they do," Jack said rather absently.

"I am afraid you are not paying attention to my story," and Marjory came out from behind the curtain and sat down beside Jack on the divan.

"Oh, yes, I am," Jack protested. "But you must n't expect very much of me. You see, I know so little about women, except as they behave in stories, and I am afraid that is seldom the way they would act in real life."

After a minute or two of silence she went on:

"No. 1 has asked the girl to marry him, and do you think I ought to let her, when she only admires him and perhaps is grateful for his love?"

"But why can't you have her marry No. 2," Jack suggested.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. She—he—that is, he has n't asked her."

"That does rather complicate things. But you might contrive to make him ask her."

"How?" Marjory did not realize the amount of expression she put into that monosyllable, but fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, Jack did n't either.

"I mean, Marjory, could n't you work up some situation in which he would propose? It does n't take much of a situation, for men have been known to do it under all circumstances. That would end your story happily."

"But do n't you see, Jack, I can't be consistent to his character if I do. He is a sort of dreamer and a great deal more fond of books and poetry than of girls."

"Then could n't you make her beautiful enough to impress him? Let it be a sort of sleeping beauty story reversed. She is pretty, is n't she?" he added as a sort of afterthought.

"Ye-yes. But I do n't think that would quite do. Then there would hardly be time enough for that. For Jack, No. 1 has asked her to go driving, and she must give him an answer, and I want to know what answer she shall give. If she marries him she would be happy, but not as in the other way. And it would take her a very long time to bury the

old love,—if she could ever do it," she added in a low voice and with a dreamy look that Jack did not notice.

"A very poor return he has made for it, it seems to me. I think even I could do better than that."

"What do you mean?" she asked breathlessly, her voice hardly more than a whisper.

"Oh, I mean I could do better in a story," Jack said, making matters worse, and then realizing what he had said, he added hastily, "I beg your pardon; I did n't mean to cast slurs on yours. I meant that the sort of fellow your hero seems to be, does n't deserve the love of your girl."

"Oh, but I am sure he does," Marjory protested.

"Then some way must be found to let him know of it. It would n't be right to spoil those two lives. Too many stories in life end that way. Perhaps, somehow, she could give him a hint of her feelings."

"I am afraid it would have to be more than a hint to make him understand."

There was a catch in her voice and she blushed at the longing that came over her to tell him, and still more when Jack said:

"Let 's apply the case to ourselves. Love is very hard to deal with in theory. Let us take as a supposition that you are in love with me, and analyze just what we would do. Now—"

Jack looked up as he heard some one in the hall, and Billy Seymore stepped between the portieres. Billy was Marjory's cousin and was staying at her house.

"Excuse me, but are you coming riding with me as you promised this morning? The sleigh is outside."

Jack half rose from his chair and for a moment he gazed very abstractedly at nothing. Then his gaze slowly turned toward her, and he noticed how beautiful she was, and won-

dered how he had never seen it before. He felt a longing in him that he did not know nor understand, to take her in his arms. As she took a step toward Seymore, it suddenly came to him what it would mean if he did not act quickly. Even then she would have escaped, but for once in his life first impulse ruled, and he was too quick for her.

"Excuse her just a moment, please, Billy, I am advising her about a story."

Then as Billy's back vanished through the doorway he went up to her and took both of her hands and tried to look into her eyes. But her face was turned away, and the room was almost dark. So he said simply:

"Will you take my advice about your story, Marjory?"

About ten minutes later when Billy came back, he heard Marjory's voice from somewhere in the darkness of the library,—

"You are not angry with me because I proposed to *you*, are you, dear?"

Billy didn't hear the reply.

THE GATE OF SAINT ELMO.

The main hall of the Chateâu had, on account of its size, been turned into a mess-room, and presented rather a unique appearance on that evening in May, 1871. The 43d Bavarian Uhlans had been stationed there on account of its good position and nearness to the town of Evereux, which was to be taken in the morning. Down the center of the long room a rough table had been erected which was covered with the finest damask linen the chateâu afforded from under the white folds of which the rude legs showed gaunt and unsteady. Upon this, arranged in stiff and awkward positions by the regimental steward, were silver candelabra, flagons, tankards, and all the other plate which the departed owners had been forced to leave behind to the mercies of the approaching enemy. At one end a large coffee urn of beaten silver had been filled with wine which had been drunk from Dresden china coffee cups.

The knives and forks at each place had a certain uniformity about them, but great individuality was shown in the drinking utensils. Here one man had drunk from a large goblet of antique workmanship while his right and left hand neighbors had used respectively the one a flower vase of Venetian glass, and the other a common stein. Here and there a red pool on the cloth showed where a cup had been overturned. At the further end of the hall stood a fireplace of white marble, the mantel being supported by two statues of Minerva; these, too, were streaked with red which dripped from their heads or ran down their sides, showing where,

after drinking the health of the Kaiser, the men had thrown their glasses at them according to the old German custom, and a little to one side a heap of larger fragments showed where the punch-bowl itself had followed the fate of its smaller brethren.

The room was practically deserted now, most of the men having gone on duty, and there remained only two or three scullions making a negligent attempt to restore order, and a small group of officers, who still sat and talked over the events of the day. The long French windows were open, letting in the evening breeze which occasionally made the wine-soaked cloth flap against the legs of the table. At one of these windows stood Lieutenant von Ehrenburg, his hands idly toying with the clasp of his belt, his eyes turning here and there over the landscape before him and yet appearing to see nothing. In reality he did see something, yet not the view now just beginning to take on the evening shadows.

He was living again his life in the German capital, Berlin, with all its gayety, its theatres, its card tables. That life, so full of pleasure and freedom from care, which he had led so happily till——. He cursed himself for a fool; how unwise he had been; the war being over he could have gone back to it with honor, if without glory, and lived it again with no prospect of a disagreeable change if it had not been for his infernal folly.

Even if he had lost at cards he could have regained it; his luck would have changed; his friends would have helped him. Why had he ever been such a fool as to do the one thing which in another he would have condemned above everything else, to sign another man's name? And now his punishment was close upon him; fate had decreed that the condemning paper should fall into the hands of Captain Auerbach, his worst enemy, who had just been transferred

to the 43d Uhlans, and had already intimated that his exposure would now be only a few days in coming.

He hated Auerbach with that hatred which is only to be found between a gambler with a besmirched reputation such as Von Ehrenburg, and a man of Auerbach's Calvinistic principles, whose openly expressed objection to the habits of most of the men in the regiment had already laid for him the foundation of unpopularity.

His thoughts turned again to what might have been had he not taken that fatal step; and he cursed himself, his luck, and above all, the man who by a turn of his hand could irrevocably ruin him. His position seemed hopeless: it would do him no good to challenge Auerbach, even if he could kill him, a thing very unlikely; he could not take the paper from his body, he could not step forward, open the coat of his fallen enemy and remove the paper from the inner pocket where he always carried it. No, it would fall into the hands of Auerbach's friends and he would be as badly off as before.

He stepped out on the terrace which ran along the front of the house and looked across the intervening valley, just beginning to grow misty as the night advanced, to the town of Evereux, the ancient walls and towers rising from the circle of modern earthworks. Well, it would be taken to-morrow and then——.

Below him at the further end of the spacious garden, turned temporarily into a camp, a line of soldiers were drawn up for inspection, and even as he looked one man was called out from the rank and a rebuke administered about some disarranged part of his uniform. It brought to his mind what would be his condition when his guilt became known.

He saw his regiment drawn up and heard his name called to stand out before them all and to have the decorations torn

from his coat, his sword broken, and then sent out into the world a disgraced man to begin life anew in a strange land under a strange name. The sound of hurrying steps interrupted his revery. A private was running swiftly toward him along the terrace.

"Has anything gone wrong?" he inquired.

The man stopped and saluted. "No, Herr Lieutenant, I go to the general's quarters, he has called for twenty volunteers to blow up the St. Elmo gate on the St. Luce road."

He ran on, and Von Ehrenburg stepped back into the shadow of the window. His first impulse had been to follow and offer himself to lead the attack; that would put an end to it all; for, as the proverb says, "those who blow up gates do not have military funerals," there is nothing left of them to bury.

But second thoughts restrained him. Auerbach could blacken his memory if he chose, and he would rather be there when the evidence against him was produced so that he could offer some defence at least. No, he would wait, fortune might favor him after all.

He glanced up. Who was that coming up the steps at the end of the terrace? He had an instinctive idea that it must be Auerbach. Yes, it was, but he did not want to see him and he turned his eyes in the other direction. As he did so he saw the figure of the commanding officer approaching rapidly and glancing about him as if he were looking for some one. Could he be in search of a leader for the attacking party? If so, here was the man. Auerbach knew the St. Luce road, for he had overheard him say that he had reconnoitred it yesterday, and as he had been on a foraging expedition all day, he could know nothing of the plan for that night.

Could he time his words to make Auerbach say the right thing at the right moment? He hoped so with all his heart

as he stepped forward and confronted his brother officer. He lowered his voice as if his utterance were choked by anger.

"It is fortunate we have met here where I can say what I wish without creating a disturbance. I wish no explanation. You have set the whole regiment talking about me with your lies."

One more look; the commanding officer is almost within earshot; now for the last move.

"A meeting has been arranged for us; do you know the St. Luce road?"

Auerbach had grown pale with anger while his opponent had been speaking, and now his voice rose and could have been heard from one end of the terrace to the other.

"I do know the St. Luce road and I——."

"Ah, just the man I was looking for;" the commanding officer was standing between them, "you are the first man I have been able to find who has reconnoitred it. An attacking party of twenty picked men start at once to mine the St. Elmo gate. I offer you the command of it."

Von Ehrenburg turned away. Auerbach would have to accept that offer or be branded as a coward. His fate had helped him after all and as he entered again into the disordered hall his heart was light.

The next morning the Forty-third Uhlans entered through the ruins of the St. Elmo gate, and in the dispatches Captain Auerbach was reported among the missing.

Dudley Butler.

PROPITIATION.

Dread power, measureless Heredity,
Who gave my fingers certain aptitudes,
And by whose sway, in part, my daily moods
Are turned, what right hast thou to be
Within my frame? Did my infant mind agree
To take upon itself these habitudes,
To like this trade, or crave these special foods?
Who 's master, say, of mine own destiny?

But since, Heredity, I cannot sate
My egotistic preference, and choose
What *I* would be, I 'll ask of thee but this:
That Marjorie, prim Marjorie, whose great-
Great ancestors said "Thee" and "Thou," may lose
Her Quaker prejudice against a kiss.

Philip Richards Dunbar.

THE MAN WITH TWO EARS.

There was once a man and he had two ears.

"That's not unusual!" you say. Wait a moment. When one ear heard "Yes" the other ear heard "No," and if he closed either of them he could n't hear at all.

When Jack Evans returned from a jaunt to New Orleans with a severe attack of typhoid fever, his fellow club-men and numerous friends were unfeignedly sorry for him. The idea of Jack Evans, "Happy Jack," his intimates called him, in trouble of any sort was almost absurd, so happily ordered had been that graceful idler's life up to this time.

After he had passed the critical fever point in safety and began to convalesce, flowers poured into his genial bachelor's flat and little feminine notes which were very soothing as, from their construction, anything or nothing could be read into the text. Magazines, also, and choice spirits to keep his own in proper shape, were forthcoming from the masculine division of his friends. He recovered his health gradually and the fever left him with no apparent evil after-effects, except some slight trouble with his hearing, which disappeared after he regained his strength. But on the morning of the doctor's last visit he made a startling discovery.

His man and general factotum, Watkins, had just come in with a morning paper, and Jack asked him if the doctor had yet come?

"Yes—no, sir," replied that staid worthy.

"What the devil do you mean? I say, has the doctor

Again Jack's right ear heard "Yes," and his left "No," with an appropriate "Sir" to follow. He looked up suspiciously. "Watkins, you do n't drink, at least I never knew you to; what 's the matter with you? Or are you trying to be amusing—kittenish?"

"I said the doctor had n't come yet, sir," replied the innocent Watkins in a slightly aggrieved tone. Jack was loath to suspect his hearing of playing him a trick, and also sure that Watkins was not one to turn "kittenish." After a moment's thought, he decided to clear up this little mystery by an experiment. He glanced out of the window. It was a clear day and the sun shone brightly. "Watkins," he called, "is it raining outside?"

"Perfectly clear outdoors this morning, Mr. Evans."

"No, no. Confound it, answer directly, yes or no, you know."

"Well, then, yes, no, sir, it 's a fine day."

Jack groaned. "Hang it, Watkins, I suppose you did n't say both yes and no, but I hear 'yes' with my right ear and 'no' with my left."

"Try stopping up one ear and perhaps you 'll only hear one of them," suggested his intelligent servant.

Jack jammed a finger firmly into his left ear, intending to hear "Yes" this time; he knew Watkins was speaking for he could see his lips move, but no sound penetrated to his brain. When he removed his finger he could hear perfectly, except when an unlucky "Yes" or "No" slipped into the conversation he heard both the negative and affirmative at the same time and with equal clearness, which left him in some doubt as to what was meant.

Jack Evans found himself in a curious and unparalleled position, for, he reflected, unless medical science could aid him he would be obliged to go through life without asking a

direct question and in more or less uncertainty as to what his fellow-men were saying. He consulted all the specialists on diseases of the ear in New York and numerous physicians of note throughout the country, but, except telling him that the fever was the cause of his trouble, they could do nothing for him. It is true that various technical terms of sonorous importance were used in discussions of his case, but poor Jack took little comfort in them and scorned phrases like "cerebral aberration" and "partial auditory aphasia" as "damn rot." Gradually, however, he found that he was going to get along better than he had supposed possible, for people almost always added little conversational tags to their answers that enabled him to tell which of his ears he was to believe. After a time he returned to his customary life and friends and was cordially welcomed back. He concealed his peculiar affliction as well as he could, and told no one of its existence, for Jack shrank from being branded "queer."

Some of the men at the club found him a bit vague and undecided at times. They even hinted among themselves that "Happy" was "the least bit touched by that fever of his," but as "Happy" had never set up for a mental luminary, it made no difference in their relations with him. Moreover, whenever Jack asked a man if he would "have one" with him, he always trusted the answer given by his right ear, which shows that his knowledge of human nature was unimpaired.

By dint of artful insinuations and his great tower of refuge, the indirect question, young Evans got along very well and escaped numerous pitfalls; but there came a day when the indirect question was doomed.

Miss Bessie Paton was a very pretty girl. She was also rather clever and extremely self-possessed, which, as you can see, makes a somewhat piquant combination Jack Evans

had succumbed to the combination a year before he made his luckless Southern trip, when he met Miss Paton at a midwinter house-party. A midwinter house-party is like a yacht cruise—it develops either love or hate to a pronounced degree. Jack was certain what it had developed in him, but could not fathom Miss Bessie's views on the subject. For Miss Bessie was not all things to all men, but was equally calm in her treatment of each, being, as has been stated, so very self-possessed. Indeed, her dearest friend once said of her, "Dear Bessie's self-possession is so great that no one else will ever possess her." But this was a dearest friend's remark, so perhaps it does n't count.

Jack found that his steps tended more and more frequently of late to the house of Miss Bessie's papa, and that he displayed more than common foresight with her mamma, also that Miss Bessie's own fair face and graceful figure occupied the greater part of his waking hours either in bodily presence or pleasant recollection. In fact, he told himself the time had come when he must ask a direct question with the hope of a great reward, or—well, no need to look forward to a refusal, which he regretfully admitted was perfectly possible. For while Miss Paton seemed to enjoy his society she had never granted him the slightest approach to those little, airy lights-o'-love which usually precede the finale; but how to frame his question so as to escape both yes and no for an answer,—ah! that was the rub!

"I can hardly send Watkins to ask her," he mused, in his solitary bachelor quarters, "though Watkins is a mighty clever chap; but it would n't do, I suppose. No, no, I do n't think it would do. And then, even if I could get up some kind of a conversation to find out whether she would or not, I 'd probably get rattled and ask her direct if [illegible]
me and then I 'd be tread [illegible]

suddenly leaping from his chair, "I'll write." He put this luminous idea into action and wrote a very manly and convincing statement of his love, begging a definite answer. Next morning he received a little note from Miss Bessie, to the following effect:

MY DEAR MR. EVANS: I need hardly say that your letter was something of a surprise to me. In so important a question as you have asked, I think a personal interview is desirable, even necessary. Let me say that I think you fully believe in your own feelings in the matter. I shall be at home this afternoon between four and five o'clock.

Truly your friend,

BESSIE E. PATON.

Jack first kissed and then cursed this missive, and did both with equal vehemence. "No help for it," he said to himself, "I've got to see her and take my chances on getting an answer I can understand. But may my ears be"—and then he made several remarks not at all to the purpose.

A simple solution of the difficulty occurred to him, and one which he thought subtle and effective. "I'll keep cool and say, 'Bessie, my dear, I love you and want you to marry me, and if you *can* say you will marry me—why, why, say it, you know, just say I will!' And there you are," reflected Jack. "She'll say, 'I will,' that is I hope so, and then . . ."

Miss Bessie Paton sat waiting the arrival of Mr. Evans. There was a shade of thoughtfulness on her calm face as of one who sees a plain duty and intends to do it. Jack was a trifle late. His coolness had been leaving him rather rapidly during the last block, and somehow as he climbed the steps and rang the bell an unfamiliar and decidedly limp feeling took hold of him. It was the heat, he argued, it would pass. Miss Bessie, cool and beautiful in a pretty afternoon gown, greeted him much as usual; he took a seat and they chatted

on indifferent matters for a few moments, then Jack rose to his feet with a little preliminary gasp. He had rehearsed his question twenty times on the way up, but the words made an indistinct blur in his mind now.

"Miss Paton—Bessie, I love you, and if you will, you know, just—just say you will and—Bessie, will you marry me?" The critical moment had proved too much for him.

Miss Paton also rose and looking earnestly at him said, "Yes, no, Jack." So Jack heard her. She looked very earnest and very pretty as she stood facing him.

"Confound it," thought Jack, "I don't know which she means, but I'll risk it." He took one step forward, put his arms around her and kissed her on the lips. Now it is a curious fact that this was the very first time in Miss Bessie's existence that she had been in this interesting position, and it took her greatly by surprise. She sighed slightly and her head sank to Jack's shoulder, who, at the touch felt a deep thrill of exultation at his accurate instinct in fathoming her answer.

Five minutes later Bessie gently drew her hand from his and said, "I'll marry you whenever you say, Jack, and it seems so strange, doesn't it, after—after I said I wouldn't?"

SUGGESTIONS.

"Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eût l'air d'une pensée."—*Beaumarchais.*

KENNETH GRAHAME.

He dwells with children of an earlier time,
The "Golden Age" is his—a gift sublime.
We had a childhood, too; but know our loss—
Ours was not gold, alas!—but only dross.

J. O. T.

MISS SUSAN'S WEDDING JOURNEY.

As Miss Susan came from her room and hurried down the stairs, a shower of rice fell upon her from above.

"Friends and loving relatives—in the guise of the cook," she muttered grimly, as she opened the street door.

Tripping quickly down the steps and across the walk she entered her carriage and nestled down in one corner, laughing to herself half hysterically, and wondering whether any of her neighbors had seen her. She flushed hotly as she thought of their comments, if they had, and then, with a contempuous little sniff, decided that it was not their affair, anyway.

"I wonder whether any other girl ever took a wedding trip such as mine will be—unmarried, alone," she whispered softly to herself. "I wish—that I had n't started at all."

Then a moment later, "Dear Edward. I did n't know then, and you—you went away before I understood," and as she rode toward the station she thought sadly of the irony of it all.

"I beg pardon," said some one at her side, "may I share—" then there was silence.

Misa Susan was watching the landscape as it danced by the car window. Turning she looked up into a pair of astonished brown eyes.

"Certainly you may," she answered, with a strange tightening at her throat. "I am so surprised and so glad to see you, Edward; I thought that you were in the West," she added, giving him her little gloved hand.

"I came back upon business, and am returning to-day. I have n't been East for four years," the young man said gravely, as he sat down beside her.

Soon they fell to chatting like old acquaintances, but with never a word of the sorrow each had known in the years since they had parted. She told him of their friends at home, and he, stories of the West. Presently she smiled merrily, and nodded her head at something he said. As she did so, two or three grains of rice fell from her hat upon his shoulder, and a little old lady in the seat behind them, seeing it, laughed good-humoredly. Miss Susan turned to her companion and brushed the white grains from his coat.

"She thinks we 're—on our wedding journey," she said demurely.

The young man turned toward her quickly, and looked into her eyes. In a moment she flushed and turned away her head.

"Susan," he murmured softly.

A. L. G.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

The Thompson Entertainment

Was held on Monday evening, February 13. The performers were De Villeurs, the French illusionist, and the Bower Co.

The Relay Race

Between Williams and Amherst at the B. A. A. meet in Boston on February 18 was won by Williams in record time.

The Fourth Entertainment

In the Thompson course was given on Thursday, February 23, by W. H. Frame and his company.

The Fifth Entertainment

In the Thompson course was given on the evening of March 2 by the Kaltenborn String quartette of New York, assisted by Miss Craft, soprano.

The Art Association

Held a meeting on Friday evening, March 3, when Professor Martier lectured before the association on Italian painting.

The Relay Race

Between Williams and Cornell at the Boston College games on March 4 was won by Cornell. The Williams team consisted of Park, Swift, Russell, and Bray.

Although a fairly large audience was in the Biological laboratory on the evening of March 7 to listen to M. Rôd's lecture in French on *La Litteràture Personelle*, it is doubtful whether the college in general appreciates the honor done it by his visit. Professor Morton sometime ago expressed his desire to have one of the distinguished Frenchmen who visit this country lecture in Williamstown each year. This year he was able to bring here M. Edward Rôd, a well-known critic, and, as most of the French writers of the present are or have been, a Parisian journalist. M. Rôd had only been in the country about a week, and just before his visit here, had begun his course of lectures before the *Cercle Francois* of Harvard.

It is, of course, understood that not many men in college—not so large a proportion, probably, as would understand an English speaker in a French University—are sufficiently familiar with French to follow logically a lecture in the spoken tongue. Those who could, however, were charmed with what M. Rôd had to tell them, while those who understood less, at least counted it a pleasure to hear a man of the culture and attainments of this French litterateur.

Frenchmen are quick to observe and judge of American customs and institutions, particularly any part of our system of education. M. Demolius in *Anglo-Saxon Superiority* devoted four chapters to a comparison of the school systems of his own and other countries. M. Rôd has had the oppor-

tunity to see several of our universities and colleges—he lectured also at Columbia during his month in America—and we trust he has found something in them to admire. Let us be thankful, however, that we can disclaim all responsibility for the weather which greeted him on his arrival.

The LIT. would wish to thank M. Rôd in the name of the college, could its thanks reach him; at any rate it thanks Professor Morton very sincerely for obtaining the lecture. It is probable that M. Bourget will be in this country within the next year, and it is to be hoped that it will be the college's good luck to hear him. Certainly the opportunity to hear so distinguished a man as either of these will be much to be thankful for.

An article in the North Adams *Transcript* of March 7 has called so much attention, both inside the college and out, to the disturbances of a few nights before, that it merits some attention. Understand that the LIT. in no wise exonerates the ungentlemanly circumstances which accompanied the demonstration, but if the outside world is to know of them it is better that it should not be through a maliciously exaggerated and untruthful report. The shed which was destroyed figures as a "building," the "mob" rises in number to sixty, and they are pictured as "frenzied by alcohol." This would all be amusing enough, were the ill-will of the writer not so sure to result in injury to the college. The paper was itself no doubt greatly to blame in printing such a report unverified—but what of the lying correspondent?

CHAT.

Chat hardly realized when he published that communication which occupied his department last month (and by the way Chat was *not* the author of the letter), how great was to be its influence, and how immediate its results. Not only did the college at large discuss the matter with an interest which Chat fears is seldom accorded to his department, but the *Weekly* board was stirred to its depths, and, being thus moved, produced a number so superior in every respect to those which had preceded it that all doubt as to the wisdom of publishing the original article disappeared entirely from Chat's mind.

Criticism, even if one-sided, is a good thing for most of us; and if this department has helped in any way to lift the *Weekly* from the rut into which even the best of our college organizations are prone to fall, Chat feels that he has not lived altogether in vain.

But as for the article causing any real ill feeling between the two papers, that idea is ridiculous. Both are useful in spite of their faults, and both are the better for an occasional encounter like that of last month. Therefore, instead of quarreling further, let both shake hands like good-tempered antagonists and settle down for another season of "the piping times of peace."

This pacific disposition on Chat's part is increased by the knowledge that he has but one month left of his official life, and wishes, as do most of us under similar circumstances, to

leave as few enemies as possible behind him. Hence he desires to put his affairs into as good order as he may, and starts in a month ahead of time to agree with his adversary, while he has a chance to do so.

Which reminds him that the new LIT. board will be chosen immediately after the April number is made up, and he would warn all candidates that next month is their last opportunity for handing in work before the elections.

It seems to Chat that a great deal too much importance has been attached to the recent shed-moving, bill posting, motto-painting activities which have been rife among us of late. Every year the college seems to pass through what Mr. Kipling would call "The Spring Running;" whether because we feel the inspiration of the season, or are rendered restless by the monotony of the winter term. Every year there are those who take the matter very seriously indeed, and talk excitedly of "lawlessness" or "tyranny," according to their position in the governing or governed portion of our community; and every year the whole affair quiets down and passes away with the advent of the spring term.

This year the disturbances have been somewhat more marked than usual owing to ungentlemanly conduct on the one side, and very questionable methods of discipline on the other. But the situation is neither unprecedented nor at all alarming, and the more responsible members of both the faculty and student bodies refuse to regard it as such.

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THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS.

The scribe once heard someone say that college literature was a useless waste of time, and that few of the men who have distinguished themselves in the field of collegiate literature have done anything of particular note in a literary way after they left college.

The scribe is willing to acknowledge the justice of the latter part of the arraignment, but that, too, only to a certain degree. We must not forget that the greatest number of college writers, when they go out into the world, give up their literary aspirations, and devote themselves to other work. And yet, even in that other work the practice of writing has been a good training to the average man. The scribe claims that literary work in college is quite as good mental discipline as the study of Latin and Greek in the regular curriculum. The greatest number of men who have excelled in the classics, while undergraduates, do absolutely nothing further in classical research when they go out from college, and yet we must all realize that the study of those subjects has had a great effect in moulding and forming and purifying the characters of college men. And so, although most of us will probably never devote any great portion of our time to literary work when our college life has been concluded, still we should feel that it has been a potent factor in leading our thoughts and ideas and expressions to what is useful and successful in life. .

And my brother scribes, you should not make discouraging comparisons between your work and the work of the

regular army of the pen. You are at best only volunteers in the field of literature, and as such need training and experience to fit you for the greater struggle after true literary work. Your productions may be crude and immature, but they are, in the greater part, sincere efforts, and where sincerity is displayed the result cannot always be barren.

You should remember that you are now only serving your apprenticeship; fluency and ease will come with practice, and you should look into the literary future with hope and encouragement.

The February issues of the magazines are marked by an increase of essays and very light sketches, and by a decrease of the more ponderous stories.

Probably the most attractive essay is the *Yale Lit.* Prize Essay on "George Meredith and His Philosophical Novel." The subject is treated in a most interesting way, and has little of the heaviness that mars most of our essays. The style is simple and the author has shown his power of personal thought and originality by making very few quotations.

The *Yale Lit.*, by the way, seems to be having quite a boom in essays just at present, there being no less than six in the current number. A little sketch, "The Queen's Beetle," in the same magazine, is written rather cleverly, although the style is not pleasing, and it requires rather an effort to grasp the author's trend of thought.

One of the most cleverly-written sketches of the year is "Faith in the Other Woman" in the *Harvard Monthly*, and there is just enough spice and freshness in it to impart an additional charm and vivacity.

The *Wesleyan Lit.* prints a story entitled, "A Question of Interpretation," based on a most unlikely plot, but not unpleasing in treatment and style.

We clip the following:

THE LAMENT.

He has gone far away, my Love, on the night that our love was born;
Far to the east of the dawning, where the moon outrides the morn.
His horse's hoof-beats are echoed by the pulses of my heart
That has told each aching moment since Honor bade us part.

He has gone far, my Love, to fight the battles of his king,
With my scarf upon his helmet, and on his hand my ring.
My arms were fain to hold him; but my voice rang strong and clear
As I cried, "As you count my love an honor, go forth and never fear.

"Sure as the dawning conquers the shadowed hosts of night,
Sure as the day-star beckons the day o'er yonder height,
So sure art thou to conquer in the battles that are nigh,
So sure art thou to come again when thy heart hears my heart's cry."

Ah, those last words, I trow, were brave enough and fair,
While my heart beat close on his, and his lips were on my hair;
But now he's gone and far away, my heart is like to break.
Ah, send him back, good king, to me, for thy own sweet love's sake!

I'll pray his gods, I'll pray my gods, I'll pray the enemy:
Thy victory, O hostile hosts, but send him back to me!
Pity, O gods,—if such there be! Pity, my mother Earth!
For the day-star has set behind the hills, and the dawn has died at birth.

—*Cornelia Brownell Gould, in Smith College Monthly.*

LOGIC IN LOVE.

A little maid, sun-browned and fair,
With chestnut hair,
I met one day upon the shore;
And what is more,
While we were sitting on the sand,
I took her hand,
And, rascal that I was, I kissed her!—
My little sister.

Next day I saw another maid
Beneath the shade
Of a blue parasol alone.
So to atone
For yesterday, I just breathed low
A word or so.
She, blushing, said, "I'll be your *sister!*"
So I kissed her.

—*Wesleyan Lit.*

THE HYPOCRITE.

Coward from hour of birth,
  Hating the toil of strife,
Lured and tempted by lusts of earth,
  Hear how he lived his life.

Coward from hour of birth,
  Into the thick of the fight
Leaped he as counting his life no worth,
  Battling with sons of night.

Hating the toil of strife
  He sang its joy to his men,
Thrilled and quickened the chilling life
  And set it to fight again.

Lured by the lusts of earth,
  He put earth by with a smile,
Godlike, serene, without scorn or mirth,
  And walked through the flame the while.

This is the tale of his life.
  Listen the tale of his end,
When doubts and longings and fears were rife,
  And the infinite held no friend,

He turned with a wave of his hand,
  A glad calm smile of good-by;
"Till to-morrow!" he said—"we shall understand!"
  And he died as he lived—a lie.

—*Jeannette Bliss Gillespy, in Columbia Lit.*

Book Reviews.

Roman Africa. By Gaston Boissier. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Goston Boissier is a well known French writer on archaeological subjects pertaining to Rome, and his work has been largely translated into English. The present volume is done by Arabella Ward. The work consists of a discussion of the conditions and main features of Algiers and Tunis in Roman times. The investigations are based on a personal acquaintance with the modern country and with the ancient remains. The author spends much time in a scholarly appreciation of what the civilizing influence of Rome was in Africa, comparing it with that of Carthage. An interesting chapter is the one on Trinegad.

For Student Days and Birthdays. By Edith A. Sawyer. Sanborn & Co., Boston. $1.25.

When we become "grown ups" and put away childish follies, among them Kate Greenaway's child's "Birthday Book" is sure to be discarded, and if we ever get another it will be something filled with Matthew Arnold, Browning or Ruskin—stern and pictureless. However, as "Olympians" we wish nothing else, and here in this new birthday book I am sure anyone can satisfy his indulgence for daily themes or his curiosity to discover what *other* great man was born on the same day with him. The book is printed on one side of the page, thus leaving a blank for personal contributions and records of birthdays. Thus, I open the book at random and find for April 1 that Bismarck was born on this day in 1815. The quotations are:

> Who does in the wars more than his captain can,
> Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
> The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
> Than gain which darkens him.
>
> —*Shakespeare.*

He who will do great things must pull himself together; it is in working within limits that master comes out.—*Goethe.*

There is a most remarkable range of representative authors in the quotations, and merely as a book of choice selections it would be most acceptable, and no wonder, for in the preface the authoress wishes to thank "more than a score of college presidents for their co-operation."

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER. By Edwin Caskoden. Bowen, Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. $1.50.

Among the many historical romances of the English court none is more fascinating than that of Mary, sister of Henry VIII, and Brandon. The king tries to force her into one royal marriage after another, but she steadily refuses, until, to save her lover Brandon, she marries the king of France. Louis, however, is soon worn out by the round of gayety that this young beauty leads him. He dies and Mary is secretly married to Brandon, who has followed her to Paris.

The story is thoroughly exciting and charmingly told, being taken directly from the memoirs of Sir Edwin Caskoden, master of the dance to Henry, and ancestor of the author. The idea which is given of the English court is quite different from the usual accounts, and I am inclined to think not very correct; but otherwise the atmosphere of the times permeates the book and makes it a thoroughly historical novel. Various incidents are related exactly as given by the old chronicler Hall, and form an interesting feature in the story.

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THE MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's—The complete novel in the March issue of *Lippincott's* is "The Sport of Circumstances," by Clarinda Pendleton Lamar, a tale of modern Southern life. Joseph A. Nunez, in an article on "Cuba," gives timely and interesting facts relating to animal and vegetable life in our new possession. "Recollections of a London Lawyer," by G. Burnett Smith, tells amusing incidents of London Law Courts, especially connected with the career of Montagu Williams. Owen Hall, in "Imperialism.—An Estimate," talks about the policy of colonization. "Brainerd's Idol," by Wm. T. Nichols, is a tale of an ambitious editor, and is followed by the "Perception of the Picturesque," by J. Hunter. William M. Tisdale gives an interesting sketch of "Chinese Physicians in California," with details about their prescriptions and diagnosis. "Mendicity as a Fine Art" is treated of by Francis J. Siegler. Geraldine Bonner has a romantic story entitled "His Honor." "In the Night," a poem, is by the well-known author of "Nocturnes of New York," Charles G. D. Roberts.

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Outing.—Outing for March carries us through the sporting fields of many lands. North, South, East and West contribute to the entertaining matter of a seasonable and most attractive number. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful. The contents are: "A North Greenland Walrus Hunt," by G. H. Clark; "A Day on Currietuck Sound," by the late T. M. Barnes, Jr.; "The Boston Terrier," by H. W. Huntington; "La Casa de Las Brujas," by Mabel Boyd; "A Tapir Hunt," by G. E. Mitchell; "Sports of the Samoans," by L. P. Churchill; "Crabbing in Great South Bay;" "The Chase of the Coyote," by D. W. Fenton, Jr.; "Types of Yachts," by A. J. Kenealy; "Cycling in the Sandwich Islands," by T. P. Terry; "Winter Sports in Switzerland," by Alice C. Hall; "Skiing to Desolation Lake," by W. H. Elmer; "Fishing in Florida Waters," by W. De Hart; "Water Bicycles," by E. P. Bunyea; "Amateur Rod Making," by H. C. Daniels, and the usual editorials, poems and records.

The Atlantic Monthly—The March *Atlantic* opens with a brief and well-considered editorial, setting forth clearly and dispassionately the present international situation, and the rights and duties of the hour. In this, as in the articles in preceding numbers, the *Atlantic* voices the best and highest ideas and resolves of the most thoughtful and patriotic

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classes of the community in the great task of constructive patriotism which now confronts the Nation. Dr. John Fisk in "Some Cranks and their Crotchets" details at length and most entertainingly some remarkable phases of what he denominates as insane, or more mildly as eccentric, literature, the manifestations of which are as startling in their variety and number as they are entertaining in Dr. Fisk's descriptions. Miss Marion Hamilton Carter's sprightly and amusing protest and revolt as a primary teacher, against certain kindergarten methods and kindergarten children, will furnish entertainment to all readers, while at the same time imparting much wholesome and needed information and food for reflection for parents and educators.

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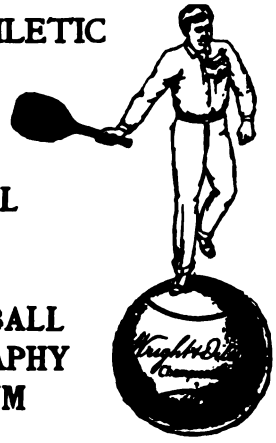

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Vol. XIV. APRIL, 1899. No. 9.

HALL CAINE.

The literature of the present day seems to be passing through a period of romantic revival. It has assumed various forms, some of which will be as transitory as they are startling, but one may safely predict that the net result will be satisfactory. This transition is manifest by the eager reception accorded any book, which, laying aside elaborate and microscopic analysis, is content to tell a *story*. If the characters *live*, not mope, and the story deals with human incident and emotion, the reader cares little what form it takes. Among those who are destined to bring this revival to a successful issue, I venture to place Mr. Hall Caine.

Mr. Caine, when still a young man, achieved considerable literary distinction outside the list of fiction, but it is with him as a novelist that we are here concerned. He belongs to the realistic school of modern writers, and has nothing in common with the other, the so-called supernatural school. Of this class Dickens was, in his day, the leader, and, indeed, in

many instances Mr. Caine seems comparable to Dickens in his more tragic and sentimental vein. Novelists of their kind draw their interests and their appeals from the contrasts of nature and fate, from the riddles of painful earth in relation to human purpose and its result, human desire and its reward, human action and its consequence; from the conflicts of duty, affection, virtue, vice. Mr. Caine's heroes are not the impossible intangibilities, his scenes are not the African deserts, of the other class of writers. He is essentially a romanticist, and his romances are those of reality. He combines moral sanity with imaginative fervor, the familiar with the unfamiliar, the commonplace with the unusual. The power of changing the ordinary into the marvelous by means of an imagination, which, though daring and vivid, still keeps itself within the bounds of probability, is the chief difference between the novel and the romance, and Mr. Caine has accomplished this difficult task with eminent skill. Though his stories are weird, the flesh-and-blood mortals of a commonplace world afford him characters sufficiently complex. He invests them, too, no matter how lowly their station in life, with a dignity of action, and a moral purpose, which serves to set them firmly in the reader's affections. Moreover he does not shun the "delicate" matters of life, nor is he afraid to speak of them in plain English, yet no line in his books is unfit for the purest eye. He may justly claim a place in the list of authors who have indubitably proved that it is possible to be artistic without being immoral, and to paint the heart's emotions without wallowing in the heart's riot.

Mr. Caine's seven novels are: "The Shadow of a Crime," "A Son of Hagar," "The Deemster," "The Bondman," "The Scapegoat," "The Manxman," and "The Christian." Of these "The Deemster" is perhaps the strongest. The scene

is in the Isle of Man; the period 1775. The quaint internal life of the "little nation," at that time, is carefully pictured, and out of certain strange powers possessed by the bishop, as head of the spiritual baronies of man, the story derives its striking *motif*. The son of the bishop kills his cousin, the son of the Deemster or judge, and finally surrenders himself to the civil powers. He is, however, a tenant of the spiritual barony, and this entitles the steward of that barony to try him for his crime. He pleads guilty, and instead of receiving the penalty of death, is cut off from his people; he shall have no name among them; none shall look his way; if he be sick none shall minister to him; if he die no man shall bury him. The scene on the Tynwald Hill, where this strange sentence is pronounced by the bishop upon his son, whom he loves fondly, is, perhaps, the most weird yet compassed by Mr. Hall Caine. The narrative from this point on is a tragic account of how the afflicted and unblessed man works out his redemption, and finally becomes the savior of his people.

"The Scapegoat" is, as Mr. Caine says, "less a novel than a romance, less a romance than a poem." It treats of the condition of the Jews in Morocco, and is a story of marvelous power, almost grand in its simplicity. In the nobility and spirituality of Israel, the central figure, and in the sweetness and tenderness of Naomi, the young Jewish girl, lie the greatest charms of the book. Considered as a work of fiction, "The Scapegoat" is all that one could wish, but one is sometimes led to wonder whether Mr. Caine has altogether succeeded in the purpose of his story—to alleviate the condition of the Jews in Morocco, and to stir up the Christian world to see to it that that land shall no longer be "a reproach to Europe, a disgrace to the century, an outrage upon humanity, a blight upon religion."

His last work, "The Christian," is the most unsatisfactory

of all Mr. Caine's books. The title is a good deal of a libel, for the Rev. John Storm is anything but a Christian. Judging from this title, Mr. Caine intended Storm to be the central figure of the story, but in reality he is merely a foolish fanatic, without an ounce of brains behind his blazing eyes. When stripped of its trappings his life resolved itself into a long, and in the end ineffectual, struggle against his passion for the woman over whom he exercises a sort of guardianship. It is quite impossible to feel any sympathy for the "Christian" who is simply a fool who happens to be religious. Still, this irresolute shuffling hero is, no doubt, possible. But Glory Quayle, the heroine, nurse in a hospital, clerk in a tobacco shop, performer on Sunday evenings at clubs, dancer in music halls, finally actress, preserving her purity all this time by "that admirable antiseptic, a sense of humor," is she possible? Can such innocence exist together with such queer experiences and in the midst of such vile associations? The work has, however, many fine descriptions and clever dialogues, many vivid and exciting scenes, and is now and then an interesting picture of the shady side of London life.

Mr. Hall Caine's greatest faults seem to lie in the haziness of certain portions of his plots, and in an underlying similarity they bear to each other. He is too fond, too, in a metaphorical sense, of using italics and capitals; he writes always at a white heat. He has a rich and picturesque vocabulary, but at times he is too lavish in its use. Perhaps an illustration of his style may be found in the famous criticism made on Dr. Johnson: "He makes his sprats talk like whales." These faults, however, count as nothing beside his merits. Human incident and emotion are two factors in his books, as they have been factors in those of all novelists whose fame is enduring. His incidents have not a cheap

quality; they are the products not of his brain, but of his heart; they deal not with the trivialities of existence, but with the great human issues of life and death. He possesses the power of vivid description, and as they say of painters, I believe, an eye for color. A writer of bold imagination and artistic ability, his conception of a novelist's vocation is a serious and a lofty one. He is no mere purveyor of literary confections. The world of which he writes is no gaudy variety show, with puppets dressed up for the passing amusement of an idle crowd; it is a world of hard problems, in the solving of which poor mortals often beat their heads against the bars of fate and of necessity. But it is also a world of rippling sunshine, of song-birds, of dancing seas, and of purple hills. His pages are studded with charming vignettes of nature. Besides the exposure of life's ironies and sarcasms, there are also abundant episodes of humor, of homely wit, and of repartee, which serve to enliven the tragic force of the narrative.

THE FRECKLELESS VILLAGE.

Slice off the top of the High Alps at an altitude of four thousand two hundred and sixty-nine and five-tenths feet. On this horizontal section draw lines connecting the Uertsch with the Ketsch, the Lenard with the summit of Roseg. Project these lines until they meet and you have, to an inch, the location of the Freckleless Village.

Deep within the forest cantons, hidden in the ramifications of mountain-ranges, it lies, like an oasis of life in the wilderness of rocks, gorges, and glaciers. No binoculared Englishman or bejeweled pork-packer of Chicago ever happened within ten pipes of it. And for good reason: no one was ever fool enough to tunnel the encircling pinnacles; a tramway in that region would go straightway into the hands of a receiver, and no trolley or cable system was ever contrived which could climb the nine loops of the zigzag road that leads up from the valley.

Larch forests grow about and hide it, a cataract throws over it spray impalpable as cosmic dust, the ice-field, like a vast cetacean, hems it in on one side, and guards it even at midnight, crawling along with horrid crackings. Like a mysterious city of a strange people it stands, hushed by the profound silence and solemn hush of the Alps, enchanted by the everlasting slumber of pine and granite.

But was it always freckleless? Far from that; the most natural result of its location was that its inhabitants should be generously befreckled. The shepherds on the high pastures exposed to the elements, the mowers who seek tufted

grass on narrow ledges and face the blistering reflection of ice-fields, the village girls, upon whose pretty faces snow-clad Madlein breathes his chill winds, as they milk the goats—how could even the dimples of these escape being hidden in freckles, especially when the sunsets there are observed to assume a coppery hue? Everybody there from the patriarch down to the youngest baby had freckles. Cembrosca, the famous hunter, looked like an Indian, his freckles were so merged together. As we look for the baby's first tooth, with the same assiduity and solicitude, did these villagers look for the first freckle. But not to encourage it, for they were exceedingly ashamed of these blemishes, and blushed to be commonly called the Freckled Village. They even waited in daily trepidation lest the Emperor of Germany should visit them unawares and expose their peculiarity to the world.

Clarinda, the daughter of Neyer, the burgomaster, the politic, was the prettiest girl in all the village, and many a love-lorn youth languished for a look of her brown eye. To be sure, her face was dusky with freckles, but as this was no peculiarity, it was at the same time no derogation. But though many sought her favor she chose none, and Aldebaran, whom she loved, was cold.

She was of a marriageable age, and as it is the custom there to make matches as early as possible, her father one day said to her:

"Clarinda, I have decided that you shall marry."

"But I don't want to marry, father," returned Clarinda.

"Hush, impudence," growled he. "Make no objections. I have concluded that Plazetto, the baker's son, is destined to become famous. You will be married to him immediately after sheep shearing—do you understand? Immediately after sheep shearing."

"No," said Clarinda. "I do n't choose to marry Plazetto, and I won't;" which, since she did n't love him, was a very simple and natural thing to say.

Then the politic burgomaster tried to wheedle his daughter. "Why do n't you like Plazetto?" he asked with a forced smile. "I think him a very likely youth. He acts in a soberer fashion and seems to have a more profound intellect than the rest."

"No," repeated Clarinda, "I wont marry him. He never laughs. He never dances on the green at parish festivals. On wedding days he wears the same glum face and stands around like a big, awkward booby. Nobody wants to be chosen by him at the Festival of Shearing and called his jewel and his treasure. He's a stupid old dunce. I do n't like him. He never laughs."

At this the politic burgomaster lost his temper, stamped with rage, and cried, "Wicked, undutiful girl, you shall do as I wish. You may go to your room. There shall be nothing but skim milk and black bread for you until you consent."

Clarinda was a high-spirited girl, so she turned up her bewitching, befreckled nose and tripped out of the room.

The truth is that Plazetto was a stupid blockhead who never entered into the merriment. His imperturbability had led Clarinda's father to the false surmise that wise thoughts were passing in his head. Nothing could have been more false. The demand that Clarinda should marry him was quite unreasonable; she was far too pretty.

But nothing made Neyer so combative as resistance. He began to seek for a subterfuge by which he could oblige Clarinda to take Plazetto under her own conditions. He was politic even in his anger. If she had given in, he would perhaps have relented, but now she must marry him whether or no. He would show her parental discipline—Br-r-r!

"So he never laughs!" mused Neyer. "Never laugh, indeed! Ur-r-r! As though daughter of mine must have a laughing lover, a foolish, gibbering idiot, an empty-headed, mincing nincompoop! The girl does n't know her own mind. But she must take Plazetto. He really must be made a little more gay. He is too sober; no girl in my day would take such a fool. How—how can we make the hound laugh?"

The burgomaster scratched his head in perplexity. Then he rose, went to the table and began to search the columns of the *Berliner Forschungszeitung*. All of a sudden he skipped with joy and could scarcely compose himself while he wrote a letter and addressed it to Berlin.

But Clarinda? She obeyed neither the first nor the last of her father's commands. She had slipped out into the little garden where the air was fragrant with almond and cherry trees in bloom, and where a hedge the height of her freckled chin grew round about She picked an azalea of vivid carmine and, putting it in her black hair, looked in the placid brook to note the effect.

"Hateful freckles," she said, and after a pause broke out with: "I won't marry him—I won't, I won't. I love only Aldebaran and he—ignores me. He has been terribly busy about some mysterious business all the year. I wish he would look at me just once. Perhaps I'm too freckled."

Just then she heard somebody going by on the other side of the hedge, talking the while in an undertone. She heard:

"Yes, it must be kept secret for a while—the compound. A little glacier-wine, two parts of goat's milk unskimmed, and carefully add—Ah, stop! Do not utter it. The hedges have ears. It must be kept secret. When the Imperial Freckle Eradicator is perfected and my native village is delivered from the curse of freckles, then everyone shall

become fair-skinned, there will be great fame and large royalties awaiting me, and then—oh, happy day—I shall be no longer a pauper but a millionaire, no longer a prophet without honor in my own country but hailed as the man of the day and the generation, no longer fearful of her father, the burgomaster, but welcomed with open arms as worthy of the hand of Clarinda."

When Clarinda ran and peeped over the hedge he had passed and she could only see the ragged sleeves of his waist coat, his battered straw hat, and a big pail which he carried under his arm. It was Aldebaran.

She clasped her hands ecstatically. "So he loves me after all," she whispered. "He loves me after all. And I shall love him always, even if he were poor all his days."

She took the azalea from her hair and tossed it after him. He started, seeing it fall in front of him, then stooped and picked it up. No one else was near, so Clarinda, peering through the hedge, saw him press it to his lips and put it inside his jerkin.

"I won't marry Plazetto," she repeated, as she looked again into the brook and went into the house.

Some days later a strange mule-train was seen winding up the nine-looped, zigzag road. When it had mounted as far as the village, it stopped in front of the white chapel. There were ten mules in all, on the back of each a pannier containing two sacks. These sacks were labelled in large yellow letters, MUSTARD SEED.

The conductor of this pack train was an eccentric looking individual. He wore a burly coat of bear's fur and a tall Robinson Crusoe hat of the same material. Blue goggles hid his eyes from the glare of the sun, and wreaths of smoke, which he drew from a capacious German pipe, circled about his head.

But, well prepared as he was for the altitude, he was much impeded by the paraphernalia which he carried about him. There were thermometers sticking out of his fur cap like quills on a porcupine, thermometers in the belt of his great coat, a fringe of them sticking out of the tops of his gaiters, and several under each arm. On one side he had slung a hydrometer, on the other a pedometer. On his back were appliances for measuring heights of mountains and the depths of crevasses. From all parts of his person dangled microscopes, hammers, pincers, phials, plummets, and strings of labeled notebooks in which he entered the reading of the instruments after every fifty yards of advance, being much harassed in managing the unruly mules and the cumbrous machinery of his outfit. When he halted in front of the church he muttered:

"What a country! pinnacles! spires! needles that pierce the heavens! and a fool's errand. I am exhausted—pedometer, ten leagues—barometer, four thousand two hundred sixty-nine and five-tenths feet—thermometer, sixty degrees, br-r-r, cold—coat, fifteen pounds, a load."

Although the warm odor of growing orchids was in the air, he muffled himself closer as if afraid of the influenza, looked a while at the glacier, and proceeded to tie his mules in front of the châlet of Neyer, the politic burgomaster. Having done so he knocked, and, with a jingling of dangling thermometers and plummets, entered.

"So you have come," said the burgomaster when they were closeted. "Are you prepared to make him laugh?"

"Yes," returned the *savant*. "I will warrant the article as strong as that used by any Berlin dentist. I have the material in enormous quantities."

"Good," ejaculated the burgomaster, rubbing his hands, "and now explain how you intend to go about it."

"This gas," continued the savant, "under normal temperatures is lighter than air, but only perceptibly so. But if I establish myself upon the glacier and cool the gas, as it is generated, by contact with the ice, it will flow gradually down, filtering through the atmosphere, seeking the level of its density. The glacier, as you are aware, lies in the bed of a 'V' shaped gorge, and the village is close by. Thus the gaseous stream will be kept within narrow bounds as by a funnel, and upon reaching this point will spread undiluted ever the entire village."

"Marvelous," exclaimed Neyer. "The shepherds, the armaillis, have come down from the upper pastures with their sheep and the shearing is nearly done. To-morrow noon the Festival of Shearing will begin. The lads will wear their smart gaiters and doublets after the fashion of William Tell. The girls will put on holiday dresses with peaked caps, and the pétra, the heart-shaped leather cuirass embroidered with blue and gold. They will join in a dance on the green, after which each youth will take a flower and present it to the girl whom he desires to call his jewel and treasure. It is on this occasion that I wish this lad Plazetto to assume a more light-hearted mien. But go easily. Make the gas only strong enough to cause a dignified mirth. I wish nothing to be apparent."

"It shall be accomplished," said the *savant*.

"And be so good as to accept this present of two flagons of wine," continued the burgomaster. "Do not drink it until your task is done, lest the fumes mount to your head and destroy your judgment."

"Never fear," said the other, seizing the flagons with avidity and smelling at the corks.

Next morning there was discernible, some distance above the village on the breast of the glacier, a small, square shack,

from the nearer side of which stuck out a big horn with a belled mouth.

"What fool has ventured on the glacier?" growled Froben, the printer, gazing with the crowd.

"It must be he who came yesterday with the mule train," ventured the politic burgomaster. "I wonder what he is up to?"

"He is preparing to send us music through his horn," said Amerbach, the mower, who had once seen a phonograph.

"No," said Schneiger, the goldsmith, who knew nothing about it, but had an old-fashioned blunderbuss at home. "He is preparing to shoot grenades over the mountains against the French."

Then all turned to the reverend curé. "The curé will tell us," they cried; "our curé knows. He has seen the world. He has been to Paris."

"Yes, my children," responded the curé. "I expected you would turn to me. No one is better fitted to deliver an opinion, for I, as you say, have been to Paris. Now, if you had marked that the mules carried bags labeled MUSTARD SEED, you would have arrived at the conclusion that he is preparing to remove mountains."

A long and weighty silence met this fearful asseveration, and the timorous drew deep breaths.

"Which peak will he take first?" asked Amerbach, the mower.

"Will it be Piz (peak) Zupo?" asked one.

"Will it be Piz Corvatsch?" asked another.

"Will it be Piz Rosatsch?" asked a third.

"Will our village go too?" asked a fourth.

"Can't we prevent it?" asked several all at once.

Neyer, the politic burgomaster, stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth as he listened to these questions. As soon as he could compose himself he said in grave tones:

"Fellow-villagers, even if it is the will of the Almighty that we with the heavens be shriveled like a burning scroll, we can do no better than to meet our fate pursuing our accustomed occupations."

So it was decided that the festival should suffer no interruption.

At noon all the lads and maidens gathered on the village green. Clarinda was there looking more beautiful than ever. Plazetto was also there, but he only stood apart, leaning up against a tree, silent and glum. Neyer was there with the other burgomasters, Froben with his printer's devils, Schneiger with his apprentices, Amerbach with the mowers, Lugano and the cowherds, Samaden, the president of the syndic, and Julier, the secretary of the commune. But all were oppressed by an unnatural silence. Was the earth really coming to an end?

Then a cool, sweet-smelling wind that could hardly be felt, began to blow down from the glacier.

A smile crept over the solemn face of the curé. Then he began to laugh uproariously. He seized Clarinda about the waist and whirled round and round with her across the green. At first the rest were shocked at such levity on the part of their dominie, then they also were taken with the same fit of mirth. They first began laughing and pointing at each other like mad people, and as if moved by a joint impulse, seized partners and whirled after the curé who was still capering like a lamb. Shepherds, mowers, milkers, burgomasters, no matter how gouty or rheumatic, all mixed like children in the dance, laughing as though they would split.

Neyer, the burgomaster, was left alone. Looking about him in amazement, he saw Plazetto, perched high up in the crotch of a tree, frightened and weeping with his face in his hands.

"Come down, Plazetto, come down," cried Neyer, and then the paroxysm seized him and he too began to caper.

Now the sheep, which had been grazing quietly at the farther corner of the green, a flock of a thousand or more, commenced to leap about and utter funny bleatings like giddy and foolish lambs. Then, instead of running about in a circle, they all broke away across the glacier where they were dashed to pieces in a crevasse three hundred feet deep.

No one knows how long this whirl would have continued had not the unforeseen happened. A gigantic booming sound rent the air. The glacier split in two, and a yawning, black cavern formed under the hut of the *savant*. Hut and mules all disappeared into the horrible abyss and the divided ice-field, like the rocks of Charybdis, closed together with a ponderous clashing and splintering.

The cool, sweet wind ceased to blow—the uproar stopped—the crowd, by degrees, became quiet—a great stillness ensued. The curé released Clarinda, the mowers and milkers, the ancient goldsmith, the venerable president of the syndic, stood shamefaced and nobody dared utter the first syllable.

But someone cried: "Look! Here comes somebody down the glacier."

A solitary figure came rapidly toward the village leaping from hummock to hummock, and when near was seen to be Aldebaran. He was waving two flagons at arm's length.

"Where did you get these flagons?" asked Neyer, as Aldebaran came up.

"They are all that were left of the stranger's hut," answered Aldebaran. "I found them on the ice, empty."

"Ah," hissed the burgomaster in a rage, "he got drunk and overdid it. The villain—he deserved his fate."

"Do not lament this loss, fellow-villagers" said Aldebaran. "Let me relate my experience. For a long time I have yearned to deliver my native village from the bane of freckles. My discovery was almost complete—I wished to test it upon myself, and for the last week have been living on the heights, exposed to the sun and all the winds. The compound has stood even this crucial test. Behold me! There is not a freckle on my face."

Wild cheers greeted this declaration, for his complexion, formerly so mottled, now so clear, made it evident he spoke the truth.

He continued, "Do not lament the loss of your sheep. Let another industry spring up among you. My cure for freckles is infallible. Let us all unite in its manufacture. Its revenue will exceed that of sheep-shearing a thousand-fold. We will use the cosmetic ourselves, sell it wholesale to the world, and besides becoming fabulously rich, will be, in a short time, known only as the Freckleless Village."

Wild cheers ensued. Then Neyer, the burgomaster, the politic, who already imagined Aldebaran in princely attire, and vested with supreme honors, said:

"Villagers, rejoice with me that the sheep are lost. I had vowed that my daughter should marry Plazetto as soon as shearing was done. Now that there are no sheep the shearing cannot be completed, and I am hence absolved from my vow. I hereby give Clarinda to our deliverer, Aldebaran, if he will deign to accept her."

At these words everybody uttered a wild huzza, for the dénouement was pleasing. Clarinda kissed her politic father and ran to Aldebaran who clasped her in his arms, oblivious of ragged elbows and patched coat.

Then as the festival continued with a less riotous course, Clarinda and Aldebaran left the crowd and walked together

through the larch forest that bordered the glacier, and wandered hand in hand through a field of rhododendrons. Far above the village, their feet caressed by gentian and delicate edelweiss, their thoughts with the stars, they sat down on a great rock.

Now the sunset came, the rose color of the glacier faded, the colored light on the rocks died. Imperceptibly a veil of shadows succeeded, the moon cast a ghastly blue over far-glittering ice-fields and like dream spirits their souls flitted over the valley below, to the dim chaos of snow-capped summits on the horizon. "Fine as a sifted shower of black snow, a snow made of shadow, the night fell, and the melancholy of the mountain-wilderness, the grand nocturnal solitude of the lofty regions cast over them its charm profound and disquieting."

Then the owl came hooting out of its hollow tree and Aldebaran, the mystical influence of love upon him, sent the well-remembered note with intensified meaning across the deep abysm.

"*Liauba, liauba, po-âriâ.*"

"The heartrending, melancholy yodel lingered in the air, went from echo to echo, till it expired like a lament, and when the last vestige of sound was lost like a sigh in the infinite depths of the valley," her head was on his shoulder, her cheek was moist against his, and she breathed a little sigh of content that was sweet music to him.

MOONLIGHT ON THE HILLS.

I saw a little lantern swing and sway,
Timing a rustic's footsteps up the grange,
And many a needle-pointed glimmer range
The lonely hills I crossed along my way.
I stumbled up the gloom where man, the mole,
Last summer scratched the scrawny slope with plows,
And left to present frost his stubbly rows;
Such signs of Man were irksome to my soul,
And as I paused to look beneath and hark
The night-sounds, shrill a locomotive wail
Re-echoed; lights like garish comet's tail
Moved slow, Nemesic finger in the dark.

Lonely then was I, and melancholy,
Led by neglected paths through leafless groves;
Striding mute where still in winter moves
A dank, sweet smell of amaranth and moly
Out from the rifted entrance to the glen—
Ghosts of summer's vapor—No restraint
Was there, no stain of human presence, taint
Or vandal's touch which Nature must hide again.

Lofty, lonely, melancholy stand
The mighty mountain heads uplifted toward
The empyrean, toward the flaming sword
Orion whirls o'erhead. All silent, grand,

Blue-mottled with wasted snow and moonlight haze,
Dimly through the gloom they sway and nod,
And beckon each to the others and to God,
Continually defying mortal gaze.

The spirit of this mystic, upper zone,
Like reminiscent dreams from out the tomb
Of Fancy's dead, like scents that haunt a room
Long since left empty, pierced me to the bone.
"Here, at least," I cried, "I can forget
The ways in which I met my fellow-man,
Can reacquaint myself with what I am,
And, with a higher purpose in me, set
My mind upon some more celestial theme,
Hold rapter commerce with the heart of things,
Excite to forceful flow the arid springs
Within, imbibe a freer air, and dream—
Well pleased to let Lethean breezes lull
The night and me, well satisfied to drink
Nepenthe from the drowsy moon and sink
In deep oblivion, solace beautiful—"

Then it seemed the inarticulate moan
(The voice all earth-born sorrows send
Through planetary space to mix and blend
Within God's ear, a mournful organ-tone)
Was vibrant in my coarser sense, and dinned
Upon some tightened cord like ocean surge
Along the shore, incessant as the dirge
Which rings "Repent" in the ears of him who sinned.
Yon hill went wheeling down the studded East,
Revealing, scale by scale, the Hydra's length,
Until, at last, full monstrance of her strength
Lay stretched along the vault; yet stars ne'er ceased,

And one, ere leaping off the dull-edged hill,
Upon whose crown the moon had made a bright
And nebulous couch of phosphorescent light,
Seemed to my heightened eye to lie there, still
Diffusing wavy mists of incense-smoke.
Then to my tortured mind I cried: "Put on
Thy sacerdotal vestment; pale and wan
No more from doubting, let the Earth, which spoke
To thee of grander travail, be thy guide.
A plough tears up, at best, a tiny peel;
But wedge *thou* Earth's rind wide in thought and feel
The thews which, aeons past, held up the tide,
Sustained the wounds of continents' convulse.
To more sonorous voices sensitive,
Search out thine own divinity and live
With tender touch upon the ages' pulse.
Ah, then no little lantern need disperse
Its yellow ring of radiance through the night,
And thou shalt hoard no *oil-fed* flame to light
Thy *Soul* and whirl it through the Universe.

Such dreams, as Lucifer grew pale, I wrote
On shriveled leaves and launched upon the winds.
The Sibyl help him understand who finds
Those incoherent pipings of my oat.

Philip Richards Dunbar.

The evening was warm and spring-like. Van Loon settled himself comfortably in his hansom. "Down Fifth avenue to Thirty-fourth, then down Broadway, and do n't hurry," he said to the driver. "Now this," he soliloquized, as he unbuttoned his coat, "is what I call God's country." He glanced at the stately buildings on each side of him with an air of complete and self-satisfied ownership. The moon just showed over the top of one of the sky-scrapers. Van Loon waved his cigar at it. "Pleased to see you again," he said. "Because you 're the only one that knows. Now see here, Van Loon," he continued, "you were very foolish that night, very foolish. Of course it was your last night on board, but you had no business to say some of the things you did.

"It reminds me, Van Loon, of your Junior year at college, and that," he added, "was four years ago." He smiled critically at his cigar. "You used to have more trouble arranging life under theories and ideals. Wasted more good time and money trying to find out which girl you were in love with, and then grew older and found it was n't any of 'em, also discovered that life arranged itself and had no respect for theories or ideals. Knowledge, my friend, knowledge—" He drew a long whistle as the hansom swung into Broadway. Through the myriad lights on either side of the street he could look far down to the big illuminated sign on Madison Square. A happy, chattering throng surged along under the brilliant lights. "Great," ejaculated Van

Loon. "Hold up, driver," he exclaimed suddenly. He leaned out of the hansom and beckoned to a man standing idly on one corner. "I'm inspectin' the city," he called out, "want to help me?"

Willetts climbed into the hansom rather reluctantly. "I thought you were in Europe," he said.

"Just returned," said Van Loon. "Now where were you going when—"

"To the devil," broke in Willetts.

Van Loon whistled. "So?" he said. "Most artistic person. Chairman of the arrangement committee of most of *this* place, according to me."

"Yes," continued Willetts, "you know, or possibly you don't, but there are times in every man's life when he gets very weary of all his surroundings, and nothing much amuses him, and—well, anyway, possibly I am over-much addicted to these spells, but you know I'm engaged, and I've always been able to go to *her*, and get sort of a new lease on life."

"Exactly," said Van Loon.

"And now for some months past she has been altogether changed. Don't seem to want to sympathize with me any more. Of course she's infinitely better than I am, and I ought n't to expect her to understand me very well—but—what's a man going to do?"

"That's just it," said Van Loon, "what *is* a man going to do?"

"When I called on her last, which was a week ago, we almost quarreled. To-day I got a note from her. She is going to the opera to-night, and wants me to lunch with her afterwards—if I have recovered from the uncomplimentary attitude which of late I have displayed toward her."

Van Loon lighted a fresh cigar. "Just so," he said.

"And I'm not going."

"Of course not," said Van Loon; "and you *are* going—?"

"I hardly know where," repeated Willetts.

They rolled swiftly along under the shadow of Grace church. Willetts moved uneasily. "This is like the gloom of the grave," he said. "Let's go over on the Bowery. I say, let's drop in one of those music halls down by Grand street."

"Just the thing," replied Van Loon. "Better keep your coat on," continued the latter; "evening dress do n't go here."

The air was hot and heavy with tobacco smoke. The usual end men sprang the usual stale jests, and the ballet cavorted and sang in its customary way. Van Loon seemed very much at home. He conversed with the leader of the orchestra and whistled the songs. Willetts was sitting rather stiffly.

There was one girl in the chorus who attracted attention immediately. She was slender and rather pretty. By contrast she was almost dainty. When the principals occupied the stage her face was grave and expressionless. She had big, wide, unreasoning eyes which haunted one. Then would come the forced smile when she joined in the chorus and again the relapse.

Willetts leaned over. "That girl looks out of place," he said. "There's infinite pathos and tenderness written on her face."

Van Loon concealed a smile. "Infinite," he murmured.

"I'd give anything to hear her story," continued Willetts. "I'd give anything to know her. Maybe I could help her, and, by Jove, I'd rather talk to her than to most of the girls I know. A man would n't feel so totally outclassed. She'd make a good, sympathetic chum. We could go down to the Continental of an evening and have that glorious beer in those big steins—"

Van Loon was still smiling, a bit cynically. "Let's go and see her," he said.

Willetts hesitated, "You know I never—" he began.

"Oh, that's all right, "said Van Loon; "it's very near the end now; we shan't need to go beyond the stage-door."

They waited about fifteen minutes before she came out. Van Loon stepped up, "I want to present my friend, Mr. Willetts—"

The girl stared at him.

"We enjoyed your acting," began Willetts, "that is we became very much interested in you, and wanted to talk to you. We thought we might help you. Now—would n't you like to dine with us to-night?"

"Drop that plural," interrupted Van Loon, severely.

The girl laughed harshly. "Well, you 're the limit," she said. She coughed violently for a moment. "I have n't run away from home," she continued, "and I guess I shan't be an object of charity for some time yet; not as long as my Jimmy is well, and people still have a thirst. If you 've got any dough you do n't want, though, you can give it to him, you'll find him at 42 Grand. Good-night."

"Most impolite woman, shockingly so," said Van Loon.

Willetts stared silently after the girl. He turned around with rather a shamefaced query on his face. Van Loon glanced at his watch, then shook his stick violently at a night owl across the street. "You can just make the finale of Faust, if you hurry," he said. "It 's grand." The cab drew up beside them, Van Loon hustled Willetts in. "Good-night," he said. "I 'm going to find out if Jimmy's manners are as bad as hers."

Van Loon lighted a cigar. "Very satisfactory evening," he commented. "Because," he went on, "it's witnessed the establishment of two theories which I have entertained for

most of five years, one of which is that it's best for a man to know *something* before he's engaged so he won't want to find it out afterward; and secondly, that men in love are like drunken men—must be humored. And now," he continued, "we 'll investigate James—and the thirst."

Charles Fisher Hepburn.

The church was silent now; the crowd of victorious peasants, half mad with their taste of blood, had marched off toward the chateau on that beautiful autumn afternoon in 1789. The sun had set and the figures in the stained-glass windows, so bright a short time before, were now dark and looked dull and angular in their lead settings. Only here and there a bit of glass brighter than its fellows still caught and held the fading light. When the heavy main door had been broken open, the life-sized crucifix which hung above it had been wrenched from its fastenings and now lay across the bodies of two soldiers, the face of the wooden image smeared with their blood. Above them a bronze lamp hanging by one chain, the other two having been shot away, kept up a steady dripping, while a little to one side an overturned censer, its incense scattered over the stone floor, still burned and sent up its heavy, perfumed smoke.

Further up the aisle lay the body of a peasant, his hand still clutching a silver candlestick, twisted and broken, which he had snatched from the altar for a weapon. The altar rail was splintered with bullets, the heavy embroidered silk cloth stained with powder, and a stray shot had split open the door of the sacrarium in which the communion vessels could be seen. The painting of a saint had been torn across so that the lower part fell forward showing the brown canvas back behind which the spiders, having long nested in security, now ran about, disturbed from their usual quiet. It was on

this scene that Pere Renal looked as he stood with folded arms by one of the pillars which formed the side aisle. Gone, all gone! The splendors of his beloved church, for the decoration of which he had worked so hard and economized so much. Was it fate that had caused the soldiers, flying from the frenzied mob, to choose this place for their last stand? Or was it a judgment on him for the pride he had felt in the beauties of the place? Surely it was the latter, for what right had he even now to lament the loss of worldly goods when his people were in danger? He walked to the main door and looked down the valley to where the little village of Etard lay in a bend of the river surrounded by the vine-clad hills. It was strangely quiet for that hour of the evening and no little wreaths of smoke curled, as was usual, from each red-tiled chimney. Gone, all gone! to join the mad, shouting throng which had started for the chateau, each man bent on avenging his own peculiar wrongs.

He had been called away to visit a sick man early in the day and had but just returned. Whatever work of destruction the mob intended to do at the chateau was completed by now, and it would do no good to go there. No, his attention must be directed to the prevention of further mischief on the part of his flock, and keeping them from harm at the hands of the cavalry from Faleux, whom he knew would soon arrive. The cavalry, he had not thought of them before. Yes, his people must be quieted before their arrival; he had seen the mounted men sweep down on a practically unarmed rabble like that before, and the thought of it made him shudder.

But would they listen to him? Ah! that was it. He remembered how he had failed on a previous occasion when he had faced the wolfish crowd in the days of the famine when they had wish to tear a soldier limb from limb because

he had shot a man who was fleeing with stolen bread under his ragged coat. He had failed then and he would fail now. All his influence gained after so many years of toil would be dashed away in an instant when the animal sides of their natures were aroused. No, his plan must be to get help from the other side, to send a letter to the commandant at Faleux, to which place he felt sure the rabble would march after burning the chateau, and from which the cavalry would ride out to meet them. He must write to the commandant asking him to be merciful and merely keep the crowd in check till he himself arrived when his words, backed by the sight of the drawn swords, might have some effect. He would send the letter by a swift messenger who could reach Faleux in time.

He went into the sacristy; here, too, were signs of the recent conflict. The body of a peasant, whose face was unknown to him and who must have crawled here after being wounded, had, in his last struggles, pulled an embroidered vestment from the wall, and now lay in its folds, a grimy hand protruding from under the dark red velvet. He crossed himself, and sitting down at the desk took up a pen and began: "Monsieur Le Commandant of Faleux—" A rush of feet in the church interrupted him, and turning he found the room half filled with peasants armed with staves and agricultural implements, their eyes glowing with the triumph of their easy victory at the chateau and the lust for further conflict. They were led by Condré, the poacher, a pistol in his hand, and it seemed to Pere Renal as he looked at him that his face had become twice as brutal within the last few hours.

"Pere Renal," the man began but stopped short, his glance falling on the paper lying on the desk. An oath escaped him, and he turned on the priest with rage, mistrust, and fear written in his face. "Ah! betray us to the

soldiers," he snarled. "Not as I live." He raised his pistol, a flash, and as Pere Renal sank forward on the desk, his stiffening fingers, still holding the pen, fell on the paper as if to finish the sentence, "Monsieur Le Commandant of Faleux—"

Dudley Butler.

HILDA THE PROPHETESS.

"And Edith, the Christian maid, dwelt in the house of Hilda, the heathen prophetess."—*Bulwer Lytton.*

"Weave, O maidens, nor ever cease,
  Till purple daylight fade:
Weave, O maidens, each single piece
  That warp and woof have made.

"Out from the shadow of Skulda's doom
  Fate's cold eye guides the thread:
Heed well, O maidens, the whirring loom—
  Weave for the silent dead!"

The maidens crouched at their noiseless task,
  Fearing the prophetess,
And from every cheek the color passed,
  Through dread of Death's caress.

And over the hills the shadows drooped,
  And darkened day to night.
Still over the looms fair Hilda stooped,
  In haughty, darkling might.

"What weave they, there?" a fair one said,
  Who stood by Hilda's side.
To Edith, beauteous Christian maid,
  The prophetess replied.

Her dark eyes gleamed—she raised her hand,
  As invocating Fate:
"The runes of a too belovéd land—
  The death-sheet of the great."

James Owen Tryon.

SUGGESTIONS.

"Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eût l'air d'une pensée."—*Beaumarchais.*

WHERE CINDERS SPECKLE THE SNOW.

Precisely how it had happened the Elder Tramp could not imagine. He had never heard of such a thing before. There lay the Kid stretched out on the snow, motionless—the Kid whom he had toted all the way from Chicago. He had showed him how to lie most easily on the truck journals and to hold on to the brake rod above his head, where the steam pipe keeps it warm in winter; had slept with him in freight cars, and served thirty days with him on a charge of vagrancy.

The Elder Tramp ran his hand through his grizzled hair and looked up at the starry sky. Then he listened to the noise of the river on the other side of the embankment.

"Clean gone," he muttered in a dazed way. "His arm clean gone. He'd a bled to death, if I hadn't tied up the stump with a twisted rag. But he's hurted inside, too—must be—don't see why he wasn't all hashed up. He must 'a dozed—he's only a kid—an' to be on the road two weeks steady. But 'e said he must get home. Yes, he must ha' dozed—with the wheels o' thirty cars waitin' to chew 'im up, dozed and got 'is arm caught in the wheel. 'E must 'a laid between the rails. That's where I found 'im. 'E's goin' pretty fast."

The Elder Tramp went off to a little distance and came

back with his hands full of snow. With it he began to rub the pale face.

"This ain't so full o' cinders," he said softly.

Presently there was a rumbling sound in the distance. The Tramp jumped up shouting: "A passenger train. There's a chance then." He rushed to a pile of new ties near by and began to strip off the fringes of bark. The train was swiftly approaching. Now he had an armful and deposited it in the middle of the track. He struck a match. The train was a quarter of a mile away and the gleam of its headlight already on the rails. He shielded the flame and applied it. A feeble fire sprang up. It grew. Now the wind would not extinguish it. Still he shielded it. The train was fifty yards away. Still he squatted there gazing curiously at the eye of the advancing engine. Now he held up his arm with an imperious repellant gesture. But the pilot of the engine dashed it aside.

The wheels of eight brilliantly lighted cars drew their thunder from the ground and flashed by in a whirlwind.

The engine had thrown up from the stack a particularly large and brilliant spark. It descended in a graceful, illuminated curve and fell by the form of the Kid. Hissing and sputtering, it melted a little hollow into the snow and seemed to glow with greater intensity before it became black.

At that instant the Kid's heart beat with a fierce spasm. Then it fluttered—stopped. The snows of the world had chilled out the last fire in its core. *P. R. D.*

AN ORDINARY CASE.

They sat in a cosy little window-seat apart from the hall, just having finished their fourth dance together (not including "extras").

"I feel as though I had known you all my life," said he, "although I only met you to-night."

"It seems a shame, too," said she, "that you must return to Washington to-morrow, and end such a pleasant acquaintance. You have convinced me, Mr. Hollister, that you're not a jollier like the rest, and consequently I shall not forget you so soon."

"I am glad of that," he returned; "and I am certain that I shall not forget you, either."

Thus they parted, while "Home, Sweet Home" concluded the program for the last and best dance of the winter.

The summer passengers of "The White Mountain Express" had stepped off for a moment to breath the fresh air, while the train waited for another express to pass. An attractive-looking girl still retained her chair, and gazed out of the window with a puzzled and disappointed expression. Opposite her sat a young man, who had frequently caught her eye on the way from New York. Allured by the puzzled expression which he took to be a sign of encouragement, he at last made bold to speak to her.

She met his rather nervous manner with one of unembarrassed composure, and when, at last, an opportunity presented itself, she simply said, looking calmly into his face, "Why, Mr. Hollister,—and you said you would n't forget me!"

QUATRAINS.

Failure.

You labored long to win an honored name—
A monument to fame, undying, 'twas to be;
But when beneath the starlit vault you came,
Its very emptiness was mockery.

To a Poet.

You wrote of misery, of grief, of pain;
Of hate, of poverty—grim, bare, uncouth,
Your words within my heart full long have lain;
But still they live, for you spoke naught save truth.

J. O. T.

Events of the Month.

A Lecture in French

Was delivered before the college on the evening of March 9, by M. Eduard Rod.

The Annual Indoor Meet

Of the track association was held in the gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, March 11.

The Last Entertainment

In the Thompson course was given by the Lotus Glee club, assisted by Mr. Wulf Fries, on Monday evening, March 13.

The Shirt-Tail Parade

Was held as usual on the evening of March 17.

The Annual Meeting

Of the Y. M. C. A., for the election of officers, was held on March 18.

Cap and Bells,

On the evening of March 18, presented a minstrel show and two farces in the opera house.

At a College Meeting

On March 23, Quincy Bent, '01, was elected assistant manager of the football association.

The Annual Contest

In Freshmen declamation was held on Saturday evening, March 25.

A College Meeting

Was held on Tuesday, April 11, to express the regret of the college for the death of Mr. Frederic Ferris Thompson.

SANCTUM.

Sanctum takes pleasure in announcing that the election of editors of the LIT. has resulted in the choice of Messrs. Dudley Butler, Charles Fisher Hepburn, and James Owen Tryon of the class of 1900, and Mr. Arthur Lawson Goodwillie of the class of 1901. Mr. Alfred Dudley Britton has been elected chairman of the new board, which will enter on its duties at once, bringing out the May issue. Sanctum wishes to take this opportunity to wish the board the best of fortune for the volume 1899-1900, that they may avoid the errors of a former board, and maintain the position which the LIT. should hold among college publications.

The college learned with the deepest sorrow of the death of one of the greatest of her benefactors, Frederick F. Thompson, at his home in New York, April 10. Although the news of his death came as a shock, Mr. Thompson has been ill for a year and confined to his bed for two months with an intestinal disease. The Friday preceding his death his illness was complicated by a hemorrhage, and he did not survive the crisis.

Mr. Thompson was born in 1836, and was graduated in 1851. Since that time his name has been well known in college both as trustee, and because of his numerous gifts to his Alma Mater. The three laboratories and the course which bears his name are but four among a large number of instances of his generosity. The funeral was held at his home in New York, and the interment was at Canandaigua.

It seems that a certain misapprehension has existed touching the new Y. M. C. A. building, so-called. The fact that the building has been almost without exception spoken of under this name has given rise to the belief, common with the greater number of college men, that it was to be essentially the headquarters of that organization, to which had been added such living-rooms, recreation-rooms, or meeting places of other societies as were calculated to increase power and attractiveness of the association. This, it turns out, is not by any means to be the *raison d'être* of the building which is intended to be simply and solely a college club-house, and which is to bear the name, not of any society, but, in all probability, of the gentleman who has contributed chiefly to its erection. True, there is to be a large meeting-room used by the Y. M. C. A., or for mass-meetings, or by any organization of sufficient size to demand so large a hall; there will also be rooms for class prayer-meetings—but Gargoyle and other institutions whose aims are not identical with those of the Y. M. C. A. are to be represented, too. The control of the building is not designed to be in the hands of the Y. M. C. A.

It appears, therefore, that we are really to have the much-desired College club. It is somewhat unfortunate, then, that the nature of the new building was not more clearly represented at the time subscription-books were in evidence; for, undoubtedly, many would have given who did not see fit to subscribe for a Y. M. C. A. building. Sanctum hopes for a more general understanding of the facts of the case.

CHAT.

After a protracted season of rain, snow, sleet, and mud, that tried the tempers and tested the constitutions of us all, it really looks as though spring had at last arrived. The snow has disappeared except for a few obstinate drifts; the mud lessens in depth day by day. The Freshman hats and the Senior caps and gowns lend light and dignity respectively to the campus, and the creations of Dunn and P. J. Boland anticipate the gala dress which Nature is shortly to assume. To '99 spring brings the resignation of college power and influence, to the other classes their further acquisition; and to Chat it brings the end of his editorial labors.

It is something both of relief and regret that he sits down to this his final task—relief, since he is rather a lazy mortal; regret, because during the past year he has derived at least as much enjoyment from his page in the LIT. as any one in college. Chat has no fears that this department will languish without him; in fact, one of the main things a Senior learns is that nothing in college will be materially affected by his graduation; and this bit of knowledge, by the way, although by no means flattering, will, if carefully retained and frequently applied, prove invaluable to us all in wider spheres of activity than college.

There is nothing for him left to do but bow gracefully and step back from the footlights to escape being hit by the rapidly-descending curtain. To his successor he wishes a readier pen than his own; to the Seniors, the safe arrival of their degrees; to the faculty, wisdom and diplomacy in governing us; and to the college, the best of good fortune always.

And now for the bow and the curtain.

THE SIGN OF THE SHEARS.

The *Amherst Lit.* prints an interesting issue called the editors' number, which is filled with contributions from the retiring board. It brings home to us very forcibly the realization that this is, indeed, the last number of our own board, and that from now on we will be simply tolerated as "has beens." The scribe, for one, has found his work decidedly pleasant, and bespeaks for his successor the same good-will and toleration from the college that he has received, and he retires with the knowledge that the department will be carried on during the coming year with more vigor and discrimination than he was able to impart to it.

News comes to us that two Columbia Seniors have undertaken, for the coming year, the publication of a new magazine, whose object is to encourage writing among recent college graduates. The editors feel that in a great majority of cases contributions of an unknown author to the magazines of established reputation, such as *Scribner's* or *Harper's*, do not receive the editorial attention due them, and are often rejected without a really just consideration.

The young editors wisely aim high, and hope to place their publications on a par with the very best literary productions of the day. Whether or not they can obtain really first-class literary material is a grave question, but the idea is a good one, and deserves commendation.

To return to the *Amherst Lit.* The number is not particularly remarkable, and gives us, I fear, the impression that the editors were a bit worn out by their year's hard work,

and were filling in with the overflow of past numbers. One story, however, is distinctly good. "The Blunting of His Sword" describes remarkably well the cynically clever writer who has gained his reputation by tearing down men's ideals and criticizing their best efforts, with the result that his own range of vision and discrimination has become narrow and unreal.

One of the most interesting stories of the month is in the *Nassau Lit.*, entitled "A Daughter of the Far South." It is modeled rather after the style of "The Choir Invisible," with the course of true love running decidedly perversely, and when, finally, the restraining influences are removed, we find that the man has forgotten, and the burden of sorrow, as usual, falls on the woman alone.

The *Mount Holyoke* publishes a pleasing number, and the sketches entitled "The Finding of the Oversoul" and "A Case of Consistency" are particularly interesting for their simplicity and grace of touch.

We clip the following:

ON THE ELEANOR CROSS AT WALTHAM.

In peace thou standest, 'midst the airs of morn,
  When green leaves rustle in the misty breeze
And sigh for very joy of being born;
  But thou art mute and still, and not as these
That whisper of the life and light of love,—
  These that but faintly know of that Sun's fire
  Which ne'er can die save worlds and stars be lost;
Thou standest here a dumb remembrancer
  Of his great love, who made the rough rock move
  To graceful form, unchanged by flame or frost.

His Queen's fair body lay in very death
  Upon the bier which rested in thy place,
While loyal folk stood by with waiting breath,
  And gazed in pity on the dear dead face;
With cloth of Raynes, and leopards' heads of gold

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TILDEN FOUN

Wrought in the far-brought silk of purple hue,
With ostrich plumes a-silvered on her shroud,
She lay all motionless and icy cold;
And England wept with lamentation loud,
That came no quieter as long days grew.

* * * * * * *

The works of heart and love live evermore,
Though life—as mortals count—be passed beyond
The sea, and men must always leave the shore
Of these green isles when with his ivory wand
The Angel points, and calls to mansions new,
Unseen, but builded in the starry land—
All song and joy and praise to Him the High:
And here the brilliant sun sweeps yet a few
More shades around the dial, and the sand
Still slips away as Heaven draws more nigh.

—*Robert Bachman, Jr., in Nassau Lit.*

"Then I turned my harp,—took off the lilies we twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide—those sunbeams like swords!"

—BROWNING'S SAUL.

Then twine thy harp with lilies, oh, my Soul,
Ere yet the fierce rays of the noonday sun
Shall beat upon thee, as the swift years roll,
Bearing thee onward till thy race is run.

Lest in thy full life's blinding heat and glare,
Dry then and brittle grown, its strings should break,
And in the harmony, ere thou 'rt aware,
The jarring note a strange discord should make.

So twine thy harp with lilies, pure and sweet,
With noble thoughts and aspirations high,
With simple faith, and childhood's trust to meet
In all around thee only love's reply.

Thus shall thy harp strings, pliable and strong,
As in the morn, so in life's noontide be,
And redolent of hope and truth thy song
Shall cheer some waiting souls thou canst not see.

Then twine thy harp with lilies, oh, my Soul,
So shall its notes, yet sweeter, truer grown,
Together blend in one harmonious whole,
A melody that thou canst call thine own.

—*B. B. G. 1902, Mount Holyoke.*

TO . . . . . .

Thou art to me most like an autumn day
When golden clouds drift over pensive streams,
When luscious grapes hang low upon the vine,
When breezes murmur in some low, sad strain,
When yet the bluebirds linger near the lane,
And clearly penciled is each slanting line
Of sun-burnt hill; when bluest is the bay
Where many a wing-like sail in whiteness gleams.

What spirit has this day that makes me weep?
What spirit has this day that makes me sing?
Sadness and love together make me reap
Such blessings as about some pure soul cling.
Thou art to me most like an autumn day,
For in thy soul Heaven's sympathy holds sway.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

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BRANDED.

We met, and at a single glance
  A spark was kindled in my breast,
But as we talked—oh, fatal chance!—
  In careless wise I made a jest.
Too soon we parted; then I heard—
  Oh, grim reward of my endeavor!
Oh, final, hopeless, damning word!—
  He called me *clever*.

Oh, flush of hope so quick to fade!
  Oh, deadly joke! Oh, words accurst!
Though new impressions may be made,
  'T is only one can be the first.
Unhappy being that I am,
  Branded and stigmatized forever,
Why did I make that epigram?
  He thinks me *clever!*

—*Smith Monthly.*

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Book Reviews.

The French Revolution and the English Poets (A Study in Historical Criticism). By A. E. Hancock. Henry Holt & Co., New York city.

This essay was originally written by Dr. Hancock as a thesis for the degree of Ph. D. at Harvard University, and he publishes it "as a slight contribution to the strictly scientific or historical criticism of the English Romantic Movement." The book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the principal literary features of the French Revolution, briefly outlining the ideas of Helvetius, Holback, and Rousseau, and concluding with a chapter on William Godwin. The second part, after emphasizing the significance of the Romantic Movement, deals with the work of Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge as affected by the Revolution. The essay has proved thoroughly worth publishing, and Dr. Hancock should be encouraged to continue his investigations in this rather difficult and untraversed field of literary labor.

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THE MAGAZINES.

Outing.—*Outing* for April appeals to a soft spot in the heart of the sportman and the lover of nature. Among its contributions are "Five Weeks Awheel in France," "Ducking in Comfort," "The Hurlingham Club of Buenos Ayres," "Baits and Still Fishing," "An April Fishing Camp," "A Quiet Nook for Anglers," "Staging Through Mountain and Desert," "Springtime Rambles in Birdland." Aquatics claims "Duty and Discipline Afloat," "Four Months on Board the Yankee," by the "Man on the Bridge," and "The Brockville Rowing Club," whilst fiction is superbly represented by the late John Heards, Jr.'s, story of "The Maid of Tirol." The illustrations are numerous and of the highest artistic merit.

The Outlook.—The illustrated articles of the April magazine number of *The Outlook* include one by F. Marion Crawford, the famous novelist, on Leo XIII; a personal and anecdotal article on M. Loubet by Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, called "A Peasant President"; "The Face of Christ in Art," a collection of opinions from prominent clergymen of all denominations, with many reproductions of the paintings referred to; a somewhat unusual poem called "The Violin," which has four full-page pictures; and a curiously entertaining article by W. H. Richardson, called "A Day with the Pennsylvania Amish." There are also several important unillustrated articles—the chief of which is the article by Mr. Charles B. Spahr in his series, "America's Working People,"—and the usual full news, editorial, and critical departments. *The Outlook* continues to be unique, in that it is at the same time a monthly illustrated magazine and a weekly newspaper under one subscription ($3 a year). The Outlook Co., New York.

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PRIZES.

The editors wish to announce that a prize of $15 will be awarded to the best story, and a prize of $10 for the best essay, submitted by undergraduates. The conditions are as follows:

First.—All manuscripts must be given to the editors before December 10, 1898.

Second.—Only one story or essay will be considered from each competitor; it will be allowable, however, to compete with both a story and an essay.

Third.—The editors make no stipulations as to the length of articles, but suggest that they should contain not less than 1,000 nor more than 3,500 words.

Fourth.—The names of those to whom the prizes shall be awarded will be announced in the January issue of the magazine, and the successful story and essay published in that number.

Fifth.—The editors reserve the right to publish any articles so submitted if they desire, and all articles thus published will count towards qualifying the writer for election to the board.

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The Williams Literary Monthly

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MARCH, MDCCCXCIX.

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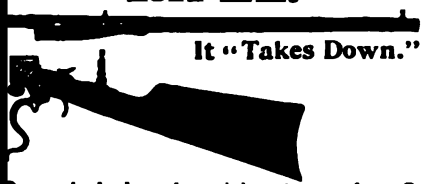

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